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A DERELICT

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

WHEN the war-ships of a navy lie cleared for action outside a harbor, and the war-ships of the country with which they are at war lie cleared for action inside the harbor, there is likely to be trouble. Trouble between war-ships is news, and wherever there is news there is always a representative of the Consolidated Press.

As long as Sampson blockaded Havana and the army beat time back of the Tampa Bay Hotel, the central office for news was at Key West, but when Cervera slipped into Santiago Harbor and Sampson stationed his battle-ships at its mouth, Key West lost her only excuse for existence, and the press boats buried their bows in the waters of the Florida Straits and raced for the cable station at Port Antonio. It was then that Keating, the "star" man of the Consolidated Press Syndicate, was forced to abandon his young bride and the rooms he had engaged for her at the Key West Hotel, and accompany his tug to the distant island of Jamaica.

Keating was a good and faithful servant to the Consolidated Press. He was a correspondent after its own making, an industrious collector of facts. The Consolidated Press did not ask him to comment on what it sent him to see; it did not require nor desire his editorial opinions or impressions. It was no part of his work to go into the motives which led to the event of news interest which he was sent to report, nor to point out what there was of it which was dramatic, pathetic, or outrageous.

The Consolidated Press being a mighty corporation, which daily fed seven hundred different newspapers, could not hope to please the policy of each, so it compromised by giving the facts of the day fairly set down, without heat, prejudice, or enthusiasm. This was an excellent arrangement for the papers that subscribed for the service of the Consolidated Press, but it was death to the literary strivings of the Consolidated Press correspondents.

"We do not want descriptive writing," was the warning which the manager of the great syndicate was always flashing to its correspondents. "We do not pay you to send us pen pictures or prose poems. We want the facts, all the facts, and nothing but the facts."

And so, when at a presidential convention a theatrical speaker sat down after calling James G. Blaine "a plumed knight," each of the "special" correspondents present wrote two columns in an effort to describe how the people who heard the speech behaved in consequence, but the Consolidated Press man telegraphed, "At the conclusion of these remarks the cheering lasted sixteen minutes."

No event of news value was too insignificant to escape the watchfulness of the Consolidated Press, none so great that it could not handle it from its inception up to the moment when it ceased to be quoted in the news-market of the world. Each

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"You lie," Channing shouted.—Page 142.

night, from thousands of spots all over the surface of the globe, it received thousands of facts, of cold accomplished facts. It knew that a tidal wave had swept through China, a cabinet had changed in Chili, in Texas an express train had been held up and robbed, "Spike" Kennedy had defeated the "Dutchman" in New Orleans, the Oregon had coaled outside of Rio Janeiro Harbor, the Cape Verde fleet had been seen at anchor off Cadiz; it had been located in the harbor of San Juan, Porto Rico; it had been sighted steaming slowly past Fortress Monroe; and the Navy Department reported that the St. Paul had discovered the lost squadron of Spain in the harbor of Santiago. This last fact was the one which sent Keating to Jamaica. Where he was sent was a matter of indifference to Keating. He had worn the collar of the Consolidated Press for so long a time that he was callous. A board meeting—a mine disaster—an Indian uprising—it was all one to Keating. He collected facts and his salary. He had no enthusiasms, he held no illusions. The prestige of the mammoth syndicate he represented gained him an audience where men who wrote for one paper only were repulsed on the threshold. Senators, governors, the presidents of great trusts and railroad systems, who fled from the reporter of a local paper as from a leper, would send for Keating and dictate to him whatever it was they wanted the people of the United States to believe, for when

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they talked to Keating they talked to many millions of readers. Keating, in turn, wrote out what they had said to him and transmitted it, without color or bias, to the clearing-house of the Consolidated Press. His "stories," as all newspaper writings are called by men who write them, were as picturesque reading as the quotations of a stock ticker. The personal equation in his work appeared no more offensively than it does in a typewriting machine.

Consequently, he was dear to the heart of the Consolidated Press, and as a "safe" man, was sent to the beautiful harbor of Santiago—to a spot where there were warships cleared for action, Cubans in ambush, naked marines fighting for a foothold at Guantanamo, palm-trees and coral-reefs—in order that he might look for "facts."

There was not a newspaper man left at Key West who did not writhe with envy and anger when he heard of it. When the wire was closed for the night and they had gathered at Josh Kerry's, Keating was the storm centre of their indignation.

"What a chance!" they protested. "What a story! It's the chance of a lifetime." They shook their heads mournfully and lashed themselves with pictures of its possibilities.

"And just fancy its being wasted on old Keating," said the *Journal* man. "Why, everything's likely to happen out there, and whatever does happen, he'll make it read like a Congressional Record. Why, when I heard of it I cabled the office that if the paper would send me I'd not ask for any salary for six months."

"And Keating's kicking because he has to go," growled the *Sun* man. "Yes, he is, I saw him last night and he was sore because he'd just moved his wife down here. He said if he'd known this was coming he'd have let her stay in New York. He says he'll lose money on this assignment, having to support himself and his wife in two different places."

Norris, "the star man" of the *World*, howled with indignation.

"Good Lord!" he said, "is that all he sees in it? Why, there never was such a chance. I tell you, some day soon all of those war-ships will let loose at each other and there will be the best story that ever came over the wire, and if there isn't, it's a regular loaf any way. It's a picnic, that's what it is, at the expense of the Consolidated Press. Why, he ought to pay them to let him go. Can't you see him, confound him, sitting under a palm-tree in white flannels, with a glass of Jamaica rum in his fist, while we're dodging yellow fever on this coral reef, and losing our salaries on a crooked roulette wheel."

"I wonder what Jamaica rum is like as a steady drink," mused the ex-baseball reporter, who had been converted into a war correspondent by the purchase of a white yachting cap.

"It won't be long before Keating finds out," said the *Journal* man.

"Oh, I didn't know that," ventured the new reporter, who had just come South from Boston. "I thought he didn't drink. I never see Keating in here with the rest of the boys."

"You wouldn't," said Norris. "He only comes in here by himself, and he drinks by himself. He's one of those confidential drunkards. You give some men whiskey and it's like throwing kerosene on a fire, isn't it? It makes them wave their arms about and talk loud and break things, but you give it to another man and it's like throwing kerosene on a cork mat. It just soaks in. That's what Keating is. He's a sort of a cork mat."

"I shouldn't think the C. P. would stand for that," said the Boston man.

"It wouldn't, if it ever interfered with his work, but he's never fallen down on a story yet. And the sort of stuff he writes is machine made; a man can write C. P. stuff in his sleep."

One of the *World* men looked up and laughed.

"I wonder if he'll run across Channing out there," he said. The men at the table smiled, a kindly, indulgent smile. The name seemed to act upon their indignation as a shower upon the close air of a summer day. "That's so," said Norris. "He wrote me last month from Port-au-Prince that he was moving on to Jamaica. He wrote me from that Club there at the end of the wharf. He said he was at that moment introducing the President to a new cocktail, and as he had no money to pay his passage to Kingston he was trying

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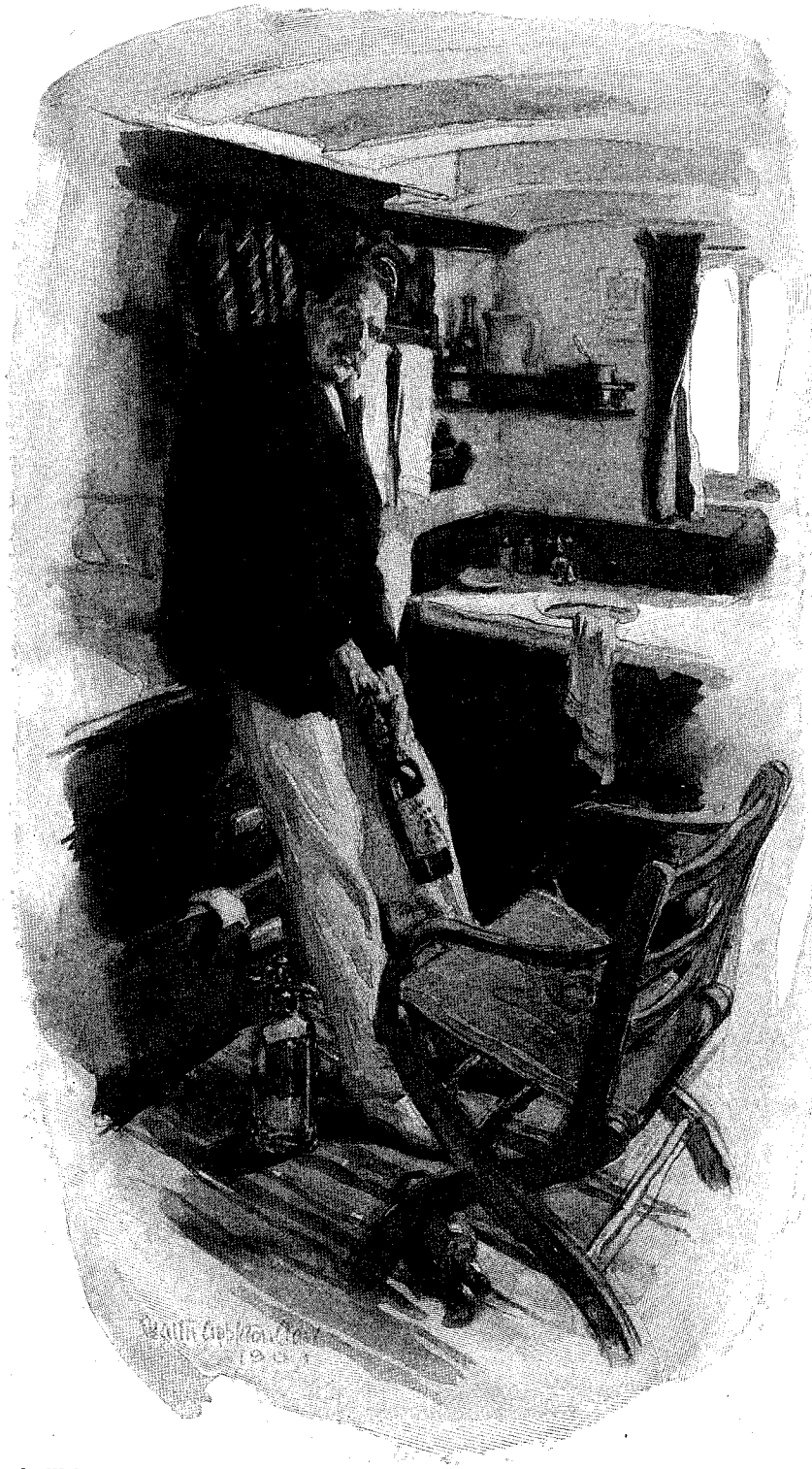

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

"Why, it's ol' Charlie Channing," he exclaimed, drowsily.—Page 144.

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to persuade him to send him on there as his Haitian Consul. He said in case he couldn't get appointed Consul, he had an offer to go as cook on an oil tramp."

The men around the table laughed. It was the pleased, proud laugh that flutters the family dinner-table when the infant son and heir says something precocious and impudent.

"Who is Channing?" asked the Boston man.

There was a pause and the correspondents looked at Norris.

"Channing is a sort of a derelict," he said. "He drifted into New York last Christmas from the *Omaha Bee*. He's been on pretty nearly every paper in the country."

"What's he doing in Haiti?"

"He went there on the Admiral Decatur to write a filibustering story about carrying arms across to Cuba. Then the war broke out and he's been trying to get back to Key West, and now, of course, he'll make for Kingston. He cabled me yesterday, at my expense, to try and get him a job on our paper. If the war hadn't come on he had a plan to beat his way around the world. And he'd have done it, too. I never saw a man who wouldn't help Charlie along, or lend him a dollar." He glanced at the faces about him and then winked at the Boston man. "They all of them look guilty, don't they," he said.

"Charlie Channing," murmured the baseball reporter, gently, as though he were pronouncing the name of a girl. He raised his glass. "Here's to Charlie Channing," he repeated. Norris set down his empty glass and showed it to the Boston man.

"That's his only enemy," he said. "Write! Heavens, how that man can write, and he'd almost rather do anything else. There isn't a paper in New York that wasn't glad to get him, but they couldn't keep him a week. It was no use talking to him. Talk! I've talked to him until three o'clock in the morning. Why, it was I made him send his first Chinatown story to the *International Magazine*, and they took it like a flash and wrote him for more, but he blew in the check they sent him and didn't even answer their letter. He said after he'd had the fun of writing a story, he didn't care whether it was published in a Sunday paper or in white vellum, or never published at all. And so long as he knew he wrote it he didn't care whether anyone else knew it or not. Why, when that English reviewer—what's his name—that friend of Kipling's—passed through New York, he said to a lot of us at the Press Club, 'You've got a young man here on Park Row—an opium-eater, I should say, by the look of him, who if he would work and leave whiskey alone, would make us all sweat.' That's just what he said, and he's the best in England!"

"Charlie's a genius," growled the baseball reporter, defiantly. "I say, he's a genius."

The Boston man shook his head. "My boy," he began, sententiously, "genius is nothing more than hard work, and a man——"

Norris slapped the table with his hand.

"Oh, no, it's not," he jeered, fiercely, "and don't you go off believing it is, neither. I've worked. I've worked twelve hours a day. Keating even has worked eighteen hours a day—all his life—but we never wrote 'The Passing of the Highbinders,' nor the 'Ships that Never Came Home,' nor 'Tales of the Tenderloin,' and we never will. I'm a better news gatherer than Charlie, I can collect facts and I can put them together well enough, too, so that if a man starts to read my story he'll probably follow it to the bottom of the column and he may turn over the page, too. But I can't say the things, because I can't see the things that Charlie sees. Why, one night we sent him out on a big railroad story. It was a beat, we'd got it by accident, and we had it all to ourselves, but Charlie came across a blind beggar on Broadway with a dead dog. The dog had been run over and the blind beggar couldn't find his way home without him, and was sitting on the curbstone, weeping over the mongrel. Well, when Charlie came back to the office he said he couldn't find out anything about that railroad deal, but that he'd write them a dog story. Of course they were raging crazy, but he sat down just as though it was no concern of his, and sure enough he wrote the dog story. And the next day over five hundred people stopped in at the office on

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

He had seen an empire . . . wiped off the map in twenty minutes.—Page 146.

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their way down town and left dimes and dollars to buy that man a new dog. Now, hard work won't do that."

Keating had been taking breakfast in the ward-room of H. M. S. Indefatigable. As an acquaintance the officers had not found him an undoubted acquisition, but he was the representative of seven hundred papers, and when the Indefatigable's ice machine broke, he had loaned the officers' mess a hundred pounds of it from his own boat.

The cruiser's gig carried Keating to the wharf, the crew tossed their oars and the boatswain touched his cap and asked, mechanically, "Shall I return to the ship, sir?"

Channing, stretched on a bench, with his back to a palm-tree, observed the approach of Keating with cheerful approbation.

"It is gratifying to me," he said, "to see the press treated with such consideration. You came in just like Cleopatra in her barge. If the flag had been flying, and you hadn't steered so badly, I should have thought you were at least an admiral. How many guns does the British Navy give a Consolidated Press reporter when he comes over the side?"

Keating dropped to the sand and crossing his legs under him, began tossing shells at the water.

"They gave this one a damned good breakfast," he said, "and some very excellent white wine. Of course the ice machine was broken, it always is, but then Chablis never should be iced, if it's the real thing."

"Chablis! Ice! Hah!" snorted Channing. "Listen to him! Do you know what I had for breakfast?"

Keating turned away uncomfortably and looked toward the ships in the harbor.

"Well, never mind," said Channing, yawning luxuriously. "The sun is bright, the sea is blue, and the confidences of this old palm are soothing. He's a great old gossip, this palm." He looked up into the rustling fronds and smiled. "He whispers me to sleep," he went on, "or he talks me awake—talks about all sorts of things—things he has seen—cyclones, wrecks and strange ships and Cuban refugees and Spanish spies and lovers that meet here on moonlight nights. It's always moonlight in Port Antonio, isn't it?"

"You ought to know, you've been here longer than I," said Keating.

"And how do you like it, now that you have got to know it better? Pretty heavenly? eh?"

"Pretty heavenly!" snorted Keating. "Pretty much the other place! What good am I doing? What's the sense of keeping me here? Cervera isn't going to come out, and the people at Washington won't let Sampson go in? Why, those ships have been there a month now, and they'll be there just where they are now when you and I are bald. I'm no use here. All I do is to thrash across there every day and eat up more coal than the whole squadron burns in a month. Why, that tug of mine's costing the C. P. six hundred dollars a day, and I'm not sending them news enough to pay for setting it up. Have you seen 'em yet?"

"Seen what? Your stories?"

"No, the ships!"

"Yes, Scudder took me across once in the Iduna. I haven't got a paper yet, so I couldn't write anything, but——"

"Well, you've seen all there is to it, then; you wouldn't see any more if you went over every day. It's just the same old harbor mouth, and the same old Morro Castle and same old ships drifting up and down; the Brooklyn full of smoke-stacks, and the New York with her two bridges and all the rest of them looking just as they've looked for the last four weeks. There's nothing in that. Why don't they send me to Tampa with the army and Shafter—that's where the story is."

"Oh, I don't know," said Channing, shaking his head. "I thought it was bully!"

"Bully, what was bully?"

"Oh, the picture," said Channing, doubtfully, "and—and what it meant. What struck me about it was that it was so hot, and lazy, and peaceful, that they seemed to be just drifting about, just what you complain of. I don't know what I expected to see; I think I expected they'd be racing around in circles, tearing up the water and throwing broadsides at Morro Castle as fast as firecrackers.

"But they lay broiling there in the heat just as though they were becalmed. They

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seemed to be asleep on their anchor-chains. It reminded me of a big bull-dog lying in the sun with his head on his paws and his eyes shut. You think he's asleep, and you try to tiptoe past him, but when you're in reach of his chain—he's at your throat, what? It seemed so funny to think of our being really at war. I mean the United States, and with such an old established firm as Spain. It seems so presumptuous in a young republic, as though we were strutting around, singing, 'I'm getting a big boy now.' I felt like saying, 'Oh, come off, and stop playing you're a world power and get back into your red sash and knickerbockers, or you'll get spanked!' It seems as though we must be such a lot of amateurs. But when I went over the side of the New York I felt like kneeling down on her deck and begging every jackey to kick me. I felt about as useless as a fly on a locomotive engine. Amateurs! Why, they might have been in the business since the days of the ark, all of them might have been descended from bloody pirates; they twisted those eight-inch guns around for us just as though they were bicycles, and the whole ship moved and breathed and thought, too, like a human being, and all the captains of the other war-ships about her were watching for her to give the word. All of them stripped and eager and ready—like a lot of jockeys holding in the big race horses, and each of them with his eyes on the starter. And I liked the way they all talk about Sampson, and the way the ships move over the stations like parts of one machine, just as he had told them to do.

"Scudder introduced me to him, and he listened while we did the talking, but it was easy to see who was the man in the Conning Tower. Keating—my boy!" Channing cried, sitting upright in his enthusiasm, "he's put a combination lock on that harbor that can't be picked—and it'll work whether Sampson's asleep in his berth, or fifteen miles away, or killed on the bridge. He doesn't have to worry, he knows his trap will work—he ought to, he set it."

Keating shrugged his shoulders tolerantly.

"Oh, I see that side of it," he assented. "I see all there is in it for *you*, the sort of stuff you write, Sunday special stuff, but there's no *news* in it. I'm not paid to write mail letters, and I'm not down here to interview palm-trees either."

"Why, you old fraud!" laughed Channing. "You know you're having the time of your life here. You're the pet of Kingston society—you know you are. I only wish I were half as popular. I don't seem to belong, do I? I guess it's my clothes. That English Colonel at Kingston always scowls at me as though he'd like to put me in irons, and whenever I meet our Consul he sees something very peculiar on the horizon line."

Keating frowned for a moment in silence, and then coughed consciously.

"Channing," he began uncomfortably, "you ought to brace up."

"Brace up?" asked Channing.

"Well, it isn't fair to the rest of us," protested Keating, launching into his grievance. "There's only a few of us here and we—we think you ought to see that and not give the crowd a bad name. All the other correspondents have some regard for—for their position and for the paper, but you loaf around here looking like an old tramp—like any old beach-comber, and it queers the rest of us. Why, those English artillerymen at the Club asked me about you, and when I told them you were a New York correspondent they made all sorts of jokes about American newspapers, and what could I say?"

Channing eyed the other man with keen delight.

"I see, by Jove! I'm sorry," he said. But the next moment he laughed, and then apologized remorsefully.

"Indeed, I beg your pardon," he begged, "but it struck me as a sort of—I had no idea you fellows were such swells—I knew I was a social outcast, but I didn't know my being a social outcast was hurting anyone else. Tell me some more."

"Well, that's all," said Keating, suspiciously. "The fellows asked me to speak to you about it and to tell you to take a brace. Now, for instance, we have a sort of mess-table at the hotel, and we'd like to ask you to belong, but—well—you see how it is—we have the officers to lunch whenever they're on shore and you're so disreputable"—Keating scowled at Channing, and concluded, impotently, "Why

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don't you get yourself some decent clothes and—and a new hat?"

Channing removed his hat to his knee and stroked it with affectionate pity.

"It is a shocking bad hat," he said. "Well, go on."

"Oh, it's none of my business," exclaimed Keating, impatiently. "I'm just telling you what they're saying. Now, there's the Cuban refugees, for instance. No one knows what they're doing here, or whether they're real Cubans or Spaniards."

"Well, what of it?"

"Why, the way you go round with them and visit them, it's no wonder they say you're a spy."

Channing stared incredulously, and then threw back his head and laughed with a shout of delight.

"They don't, do they?" he asked.

"Yes, they do, since you think it's so funny. If it hadn't been for us the day you went over to Guantanamo the marines would have had you arrested and court-martialed."

Channing's face clouded with a quick frown. "Oh," he exclaimed, in a hurt voice, "they couldn't have thought that."

"Well, no," Keating admitted grudgingly, "not after the fight, perhaps, but before that, when you were snooping around the camp like a Cuban after rations." Channing recognized the picture with a laugh.

"I do," he said, "I do. But you should have had me court-martialed and shot; it would have made a good story. 'Our reporter shot as a spy, his last words were—' what were my last words, Keating?"

Keating turned upon him with impatience, "But why do you do it," he demanded. "Why don't you act like the rest of us? Why do you hang out with all those filibusters and runaway Cubans?"

"They have been very kind to me," said Channing, soberly. "They are a very courteous race, and they have ideas of hospitality which make the average New Yorker look like a dog hiding a bone."

"Oh, I suppose you mean that for us," demanded Keating. "That's a slap at me, eh?"

Channing gave a sigh and threw himself back against the trunk of the palm, with his hands clasped behind his head.

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of you at all, Keating," he said. "I don't consider you in the least." He stretched himself and yawned wearily. "I've got troubles of my own."

He sat up suddenly and adjusted the objectionable hat to his head.

"Why don't you wire the C. P.," he asked, briskly, "and see if they don't want an extra man? It won't cost you anything to wire, and I need the job, and I haven't the money to cable."

"The Consolidated Press," began Keating, jealously. "Why—well, you know what the Consolidated Press is? They don't want descriptive writers—and I've got all the men I need."

Keating rose and stood hesitating in some embarrassment. "I'll tell you what I could do, Channing," he said, "I could take you on as a stoker, or steward, say. They're always deserting and mutinying; I have to carry a gun on me to make them mind. How would you like that? Forty dollars a month, and eat with the crew?"

For a moment Channing stood in silence smoothing the sand with the sole of his shoe. When he raised his head his face was flushing.

"Oh, thank you," he said. "I think I'll keep on trying for a paper—I'll try a little longer. I want to see something of this war, of course, and if I'm not too lazy I'd like to write something about it, but—well—I'm much obliged to you, any way."

"Of course, if it were my money I'd take you on at once," said Keating, hurriedly.

Channing smiled and nodded. "You're very kind," he answered. "Well, good-by."

A half hour later in the smoking-room of the hotel Keating addressed himself to a group of correspondents.

"There is no doing anything with that man Channing," he said in a tone of offended pride. "I offered him a good job and he wouldn't take it. Because he got a story in the *International Magazine*, he's stuck on himself, and he won't hustle for news—he wants to write pipe dreams. What the public wants just now is news."

"That's it," said one of the group, "and

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we must give it to them—even if we have to fake it."

Great events followed each other with great rapidity. The army ceased beating time, shook itself together, adjusted its armor and moved, and, to the delight of the flotilla of press boats at Port Antonio, moved, not as it had at first intended, to the north coast of Cuba, but to Santiago, where its transports were within reach of their megaphones.

"Why, everything's coming our way now!" exclaimed the *World* manager in ecstasy. "We've got the transports to starboard at Siboney, and the war-ships to port at Santiago, and all we'll need to do is to sit on the deck with a field-glass, and take down the news with both hands."

Channing followed these events with envy. Once or twice as a special favor the press boats carried him across to Siboney and Daiquiri, and he was able to write stories of what he saw there; of the landing of the army, of the wounded after the Guasimas fight and of the fever camp at Siboney. His friends on the press boats sent this work home by mail on the chance that the Sunday editor might take it at space rates. But mail matter moved slowly and the army moved quickly, and events crowded so closely upon each other that Channing's stories when they reached New York were ancient history and were unpublished, and, what was of more importance to him, unpaid for. He had no money now, and he had become a beach-comber in the real sense of the word. He slept the warm nights away among the bananas and cocoanuts on the Fruit Company's wharf, and by calling alternately on his Cuban exiles and the different press boats, he was able to obtain a meal a day without arousing any suspicions in the minds of his hosts that it was his only one.

He was sitting on the stringer of the pier-head one morning waiting for a press boat from the "front" when the Three Friends ran in and lowered her dingy, and the *World* manager came ashore, clasping a precious bundle of closely written cable-forms. Channing scrambled to his feet and hailed him.

"Have you heard from the chief about me yet?" he asked. The *World* man frowned and stammered, and then taking Channing by the arm hurried with him toward the cable office.

"Charlie, I think they're crazy up there," he began, "they think they know it all. Here I am on the spot, but they think——"

"You mean they won't have me," said Channing. "But why?" he asked, patiently. "They used to give me all the space I wanted."

"Yes, I know, confound them, and so they should now," said the *World* man, with sympathetic indignation. "But here's their cable; you can see it's not my fault." He read the message aloud. "Channing, no. Not safe, take reliable man from Siboney." He folded the cablegram around a dozen others and stuck it back in his hip-pocket.

"What queered you, Charlie," he explained, importantly, "was that last break of yours New Year's, when you didn't turn up for a week. It was once too often, and the chief's had it in for you ever since. You remember?"

Channing screwed up his lips in an effort of recollection.

"Yes, I remember," he answered, slowly. "It began on New Year's eve in Perry's drug-store, and I woke up a week later in a hack in Boston. So, I didn't have such a run for my money, did I? Not good enough to have to pay for it like this. I tell you," he burst out suddenly, "I feel like hell being left out of this war, with all the rest of the boys working so hard. If it weren't playing it low down on the fellows that have been in it from the start, I'd like to enlist. But they enlisted for glory, and I'd only do it because I can't see the war any other way, and it doesn't seem fair to them. What do you think?"

"Oh, don't do that," protested the *World* manager. "You stick to your own trade. We'll get you something to do. Have you tried the Consolidated Press yet?"

Channing smiled grimly at the recollection.

"Yes, I tried it first."

"It would be throwing pearls to swine to have you write for them, I know, but they're using so many men now. I should think you could get on their boat."

"No, I saw Keating," Channing ex-

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plained. "He said I could come along as a stoker, and I guess I'll take him up, it seems——"

"Keating said that!" exclaimed the *World* man. "Keating? Why, he stands to lose his own job, if he isn't careful. If it wasn't that he's just married the C. P. boys would have reported him a dozen times."

"Reported him, what for?"

"Why—you know. His old complaint."

"Oh, that," said Channing. "My old complaint?" he added.

"Well, yes, but Keating hasn't been sober for two weeks, and he'd have fallen down on the Guasimas story if those men hadn't pulled him through. They had to, because they're in the syndicate. He ought to go shoot himself; he's only been married three months and he's handling the biggest piece of news the country's had in thirty years, and he can't talk straight. There's a time for everything, I say," growled the *World* man.

"It takes it out of a man, this boat work," Channing ventured in extenuation. "It's very hard on him."

"You bet it is," agreed the *World* manager, with enthusiasm. "Sloshing about in those waves, seasick mostly, and wet all the time, and with a mutinous crew, and so afraid you'll miss something that you can't write what you have got." Then he added, as an after-thought, "And our cruisers thinking you're a Spanish torpedo boat and chucking shells at you."

"No wonder Keating drinks," Channing said, gravely. "You make it seem almost necessary."

Many thousand American soldiers had lost themselves in a jungle, and had broken out of it at the foot of San Juan Hill. Not wishing to return into the jungle they took the hill. On the day they did this Channing had the good fortune to be in Siboney. The *World* man had carried him there and asked him to wait around the water-front while he went up to the real front, thirteen miles inland. Channing's duty was to signal the press boat when the first despatch rider rode in with word that the battle was on. The *World* man would have liked to ask Channing to act as his despatch rider, but he did not do so, because the despatch riders were either Jamaica negroes or newsboys from Park Row—and he remembered that Keating had asked Channing to be his stoker.

Channing tramped through the damp, ill-smelling sand of the beach, sick with self-pity. On the other side of those glaring, inscrutable mountains, a battle, glorious, dramatic and terrible, was going forward, and he was thirteen miles away. He was at the base, with the supplies, the sick, and the skulkers.

It was cruelly hot. The heat-waves flashed over the sea until the transports in the harbor quivered like pictures on a biograph. From the refuse of company kitchens, from reeking huts, from thousands of empty cans, rose foul, enervating odors, which deadened the senses like a drug. The atmosphere steamed with a heavy, moist humidity. Channing staggered and sank down suddenly on a pile of railroad ties in front of the commissary's depot. There were some Cubans seated near him dividing their Government rations, and the sight reminded him that he had had nothing to eat. He walked over to the wide door of the freight depot, where a white-haired, kindly faced and perspiring officer was, with his own hands, serving out canned beef to a line of Cubans. The officer's flannel shirt was open at the throat. The shoulder-straps of a colonel were fastened to it by safety-pins. Channing smiled at him uneasily.

"Could I draw on you for some rations?" he asked. "I'm from the Three Friends. I'm not one of their regular accredited correspondents," he added, conscientiously, "I'm just helping them for to-day."

"Haven't you got a correspondent's pass?" asked the officer. He was busily pouring square hardtack down the throat of a saddle-bag a Cuban soldier held open before him.

"No," said Channing, turning away, "I'm just helping."

The officer looked after him, and what he saw caused him to reach under the counter for a tin cup and a bottle of lime-juice.

"Here," he said, "drink this. What's the matter with you—fever? Come in here out of that sun. You can lie down on my cot, if you like."

Channing took the tin cup and swal-

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lowed a warm mixture of boiled water and acrid lime-juice.

"Thank you," he said, "but I must keep watch for the first news from the front."

A man riding a Government mule appeared on the bridge of the lower trail, and came toward them at a gallop. He was followed and surrounded by a hurrying mob of volunteers, hospital stewards, and Cubans.

The Colonel vaulted the counter and ran to meet him.

"This looks like news from the front, now," he cried.

The man on the mule was from civil life. His eyes bulged from their sockets and his face was purple. The sweat ran over it and glistened on the cords of his thick neck.

"They're driving us back!" he shrieked. "Chaffee's killed, an' Roosevelt's killed, an' the whole army's beaten!" He waved his arms wildly toward the glaring, inscrutable mountains. The volunteers and stevedore's and Cubans heard him open-mouthed and with panic-stricken eyes. In the pitiless sunlight he was a hideous and awful spectacle.

"They're driving us into the sea!" he foamed.

"We've got to get out of here, they're just behind me. The army's running for its life. They're running away!"

Channing saw the man dimly, through a cloud that came between him and the yellow sunlight. The man in the saddle swayed, the group about him swayed, like persons on the floor of a vast ball-room. Inside he burned with a mad, fierce hatred for this shrieking figure in the saddle. He raised the tin cup and hurled it so that it hit the man's purple face.

"You lie!" Channing shouted, staggering. "You lie! You're a damned coward. You lie!" He heard his voice repeating this in different places at greater distances. Then the cloud closed about him, shutting out the man in the saddle, and the glaring, inscrutable mountains, and the ground at his feet rose and struck him in the face.

Channing knew he was on a boat because it lifted and sank with him, and he could hear the rush of her engines. When he opened his eyes he was in the wheel-house of the Three Friends, and her captain was at the wheel smiling down at him. Channing raised himself on his elbow.

"The despatch rider?" he asked.

"That's all right," said the captain, soothingly. "Don't you worry. He come along same time you fell, and brought you out to us. What ailed you—sunstroke?"

Channing sat up. "I guess so," he said.

When the Three Friends reached Port Antonio, Channing sought out the pile of coffee-bags on which he slept at night and dropped upon them. Before this he had been careful to avoid the place in the daytime, so that no one might guess that it was there that he slept at night, but this day he felt that if he should drop in the gutter he would not care whether anyone saw him there or not. His limbs were hot and heavy and refused to support him, his bones burned like quicklime.

The next morning, with the fever still upon him, he hurried restlessly between the wharves and the cable office, seeking for news. There was much of it; it was great and trying news, the situation outside of Santiago was grim and critical. The men who had climbed San Juan Hill were clinging to it like sailors shipwrecked on a reef unwilling to remain, but unable to depart. If they attacked the city Cervera promised to send it crashing about their ears. They would enter Santiago only to find it in ruins. If they abandoned the hill, two thousand killed and wounded would have been sacrificed in vain.

The war critics of the press boats and of the Kingston Club saw but two courses left open. Either Sampson must force the harbor and destroy the squadron and so make it possible for the army to enter the city, or the army must be reinforced with artillery and troops in sufficient numbers to make it independent of Sampson and indifferent to Cervera.

On the night of July 2d, a thousand lies, a thousand rumors, a thousand prophecies rolled through the streets of Port Antonio, were filed at the cable office and flashed to the bulletin boards of New York City.

That morning, so they told, the batteries on Morro Castle had sunk three of Sampson's ships; the batteries on Morro Castle

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had surrendered to Sampson; General Miles with 8,000 reinforcements, had sailed from Charleston; eighty guns had started from Tampa Bay, they would occupy the mountains opposite Santiago and shell the Spanish fleet; the authorities at Washington had at last consented to allow Sampson to run the forts and mines, and attack the Spanish fleet; the army had not been fed for two days, the Spaniards had cut it off from its base at Siboney; the army would eat its Fourth of July dinner in the Governor's Palace; the army was in full retreat; the army was to attack at daybreak.

When Channing turned in under the fruit-shed on the night of July 2d, there was but one press boat remaining in the harbor. That was the Consolidated Press boat, and Keating himself was on the wharf signalling for his dingy. Channing sprang to his feet and ran toward him, calling him by name. The thought that he must for another day remain so near the march of great events and yet not see and feel them for himself, was intolerable. He felt there was no sacrifice to which he would not stoop, if it would pay his passage to the coast of Cuba.

Keating watched him approach, but without sign of recognition. His eyes were heavy and bloodshot.

"Keating," Channing begged as he halted, panting, "won't you take me with you? I'll not be in the way, and I'll stoke or wait on table, or anything you want, if you'll only take me."

Keating's eyes opened and closed sleepily. He removed an unlit cigar from his mouth and shook the wet end of it at Channing, as though it were an accusing finger.

"I know your game," he murmured, thickly. "You haven't got a boat and you want to steal a ride on mine—for your paper. You can't do it, you see, you can't do it."

One of the crew of the dingy climbed up the gangway of the wharf and took Keating by the elbow. He looked at him and then at Channing and winked. He was apparently accustomed to this complication. "I haven't got a paper, Keating," Channing argued, soothingly. "Who have you got to help you?" he asked. It came to him that there might be on the boat some Philip sober, to whom he could appeal from Philip drunk.

"I haven't got anyone to help me," Keating answered, with dignity. "I don't need anyone to help me." He placed his hand heavily and familiarly on the shoulder of the deck hand. "You see that man?" he asked. "You see tha' man, do you? Well, tha' man, he's too good for me an' you. Tha' man—used to be the best reporter in New York City, an' he was too good to hustle for news, an' now he's—now he can't get a good job—see? Nobody'll have him, see? He's got to come and be a stoker."

He stamped his foot with indignation.

"You come an' be a stoker," he commanded. "How long you think I'm going to wait for a stoker? You stoker, come on board and be a stoker."

Channing smiled guiltily at his good fortune. He jumped into the bow of the dingy and Keating fell heavily in the stern.

The captain of the press boat helped Keating safely to a bunk in the cabin and received his instructions to proceed to Santiago Harbor. Then he joined Channing. "Mr. Keating is feeling bad tonight. That bombardment off Morro," he explained, tactfully, "was too exciting. We always let him sleep going across, and when we get there he's fresh as a daisy. What's this he tells me of your doing stoking?"

"I thought there might be another fight to-morrow, so I said I'd come as a stoker."

The captain grinned.

"Our Sam, that deck-hand, was telling me. He said Mr. Keating put it on you, sort of to spite you—is that so?"

"Oh, I wanted to come," said Channing.

The captain laughed comprehendingly. "I guess we'll be in a bad way," he said, "when we need you in the engine-room." He settled himself for conversation with his feet against the rail and his thumbs in his suspenders. The lamps of Port Antonio were sinking into the water, the moonlight was flooding the deck.

"That was quite something of a bombardment Sampson put up against Morro Castle this morning," he began, critically. He spoke of bombardments from the full

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experience of a man who had seen shells strike off Coney Island from the proving grounds at Sandy Hook. But Channing heard him eagerly. He begged the tug-boat captain to tell him what it looked like, and as the captain told him he filled it in and saw it as it really was.

"Perhaps they'll bombard again to-morrow," he hazarded, hopefully.

"We can't tell till we see how they're placed on the station," the captain answered. "If there's any firing we ought to hear it about eight o'clock to-morrow morning. We'll hear 'em before we see 'em."

Channing's conscience began to tweak him. It was time, he thought, that Keating should be aroused and brought up to the reviving air of the sea, but when he reached the foot of the companion-ladder, he found that Keating was already awake and in the act of drawing the cork from a bottle. His irritation against Channing had evaporated and he greeted him with sleepy good-humor.

"Why, it's ol' Charlie Channing," he exclaimed, drowsily. Channing advanced upon him swiftly.

"Here, you've had enough of that!" he commanded. "We'll be off Morro by breakfast-time. You don't want that."

Keating, giggling foolishly, pushed him from him and retreated with the bottle toward his berth. He lurched into it, rolled over with his face to the ship's side and began breathing heavily.

"You leave me 'lone," he murmured, from the darkness of the bunk. "You mind your own business, you leave me 'lone."

Channing returned to the bow and placed the situation before the captain. That gentleman did not hesitate. He disappeared down the companion way, and, when an instant later he returned, hurled a bottle over the ship's side.

The next morning when Channing came on deck the land was just in sight, a rampart of dark green mountains rising in heavy masses against the bright, glaring blue of the sky. He strained his eyes for the first sight of the ships, and his ears for the faintest echoes of distant firing, but there was no sound save the swift rush of the waters at the bow. The sea lay smooth and flat before him, the sun flashed upon it; the calm and hush of early morning hung over the whole coast of Cuba.

An hour later the captain came forward and stood at his elbow.

"How's Keating?" Channing asked. "I tried to wake him, but I couldn't."

The captain kept his binoculars to his eyes, and shut his lips grimly. "Mr. Keating's very bad," he said. "He had another bottle hidden somewhere, and all last night—" he broke off with a relieved sigh. "It's lucky for him," he added, lowering the glasses, "that there'll be no fight to-day."

Channing gave a gasp of disappointment. "What do you mean?" he protested.

"Why, look for yourself," said the captain, handing him the glasses. "They're at their same old stations. There'll be no bombardment to-day. That's the Iowa nearest us, the Oregon's to starboard of her, and the next is the Indiana. That little fellow close under the land is the Gloucester."

He glanced up at the mast to see that the press boat's signal was conspicuous, they were drawing within range.

With the naked eye Channing could see the monster, mouse-colored war-ships basking in the sun, solemn and motionless in a great crescent, with its one horn resting off the harbor mouth. They made great blots on the sparkling, glancing surface of the water. Above each superstructure, their fighting tops, giant davits, funnels, and gibbet-like yards twisted into the air fantastic and incomprehensible, but the bulk below seemed to rest solidly on the bottom of the ocean, like an island of lead. The muzzles of their guns peered from the turrets as from ramparts of rock.

Channing gave a sigh of admiration.

"Don't tell me they move," he said. "They're not ships, they're fortresses!"

On the shore there was no sign of human life nor of human habitation. Except for the Spanish flag floating over the streaked walls of Morro, and the tiny blockhouse on every mountain-top, the squadron might have been anchored off a deserted coast. The hills rose from the water's edge like a wall, their peaks green and glaring in the sun, their valleys dark with shadows. Nothing moved upon the white beach at their feet, no smoke rose

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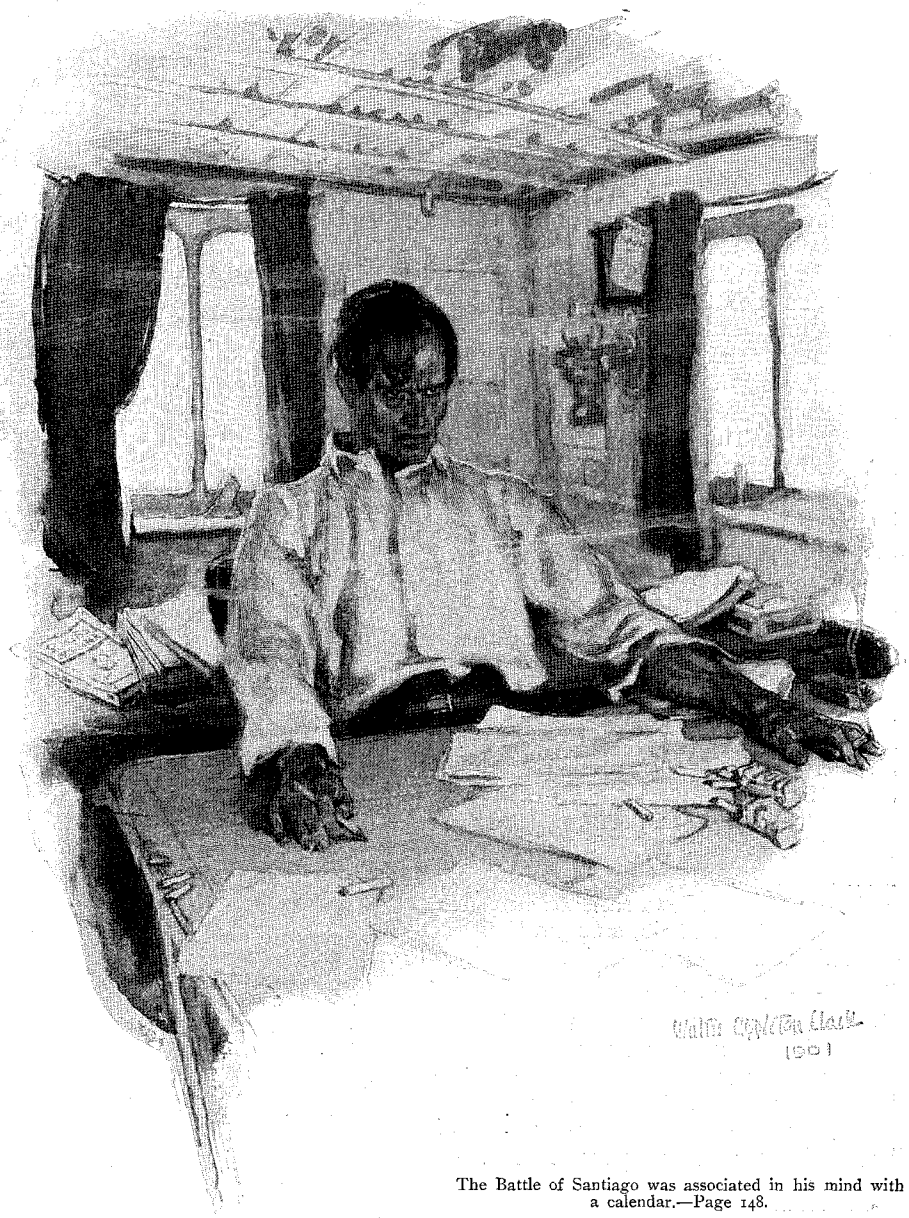

The Battle of Santiago was associated in his mind with a calendar.—Page 148.

from their ridges, not even a palm stirred. The great range slept in a blue haze of heat. But only a few miles distant, masked by its frowning front, lay a gayly colored, red-roofed city, besieged by encircling regiments, a broad bay holding a squadron of great war-ships, and gliding cat-like through its choked undergrowth and crouched among the fronds of its motionless palms, were the ragged patriots of the Cuban army, silent, watchful, waiting. But the great range gave no sign. It frowned in the sunlight, grim and impenetrable.

"It's Sunday," exclaimed the captain. He pointed with his finger at the decks of the battle-ships, where hundreds of snow-white figures had gone to quarters. "It's church service," he said, "or it's general inspection."

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Channing looked at his watch. It was thirty minutes past nine. "It's church service," he said. "I can see them carrying out the chaplain's reading desk on the Indiana." The press boat pushed her way nearer into the circle of battle-ships until their leaden-hued hulls towered high above her. On the deck of each, the ship's company stood ranged in motionless ranks. The calm of a Sabbath morning hung about them, the sun fell upon them like a benediction, and so still was the air that those on the press boat could hear, from the stripped and naked decks, the voices of the men answering the roll-call in rising monotone, "one, two, three, *four;* one, two, three, *four.*" The white-clad sailors might have been a chorus of surpliced choir-boys.

But up above them the battle-flags slumbering at the mast-heads stirred restlessly, and whimpered in their sleep.

Out through the crack in the wall of mountains, where the sea runs in to meet the waters of Santiago Harbor, and from behind the shield of Morro Castle, a great, gray ship, like a great, gray rat, stuck out her nose and peered about her, and then struck boldly for the open sea. High before her she bore the gold and blood-red flag of Spain, and like a fugitive leaping from behind his prison walls she raced forward for her freedom, to give battle, to meet her death.

A shell from the Iowa shrieked its warning in a shrill crescendo, a flutter of flags painted their message against the sky. "The enemy's ships are coming out," they signalled, and the ranks of white-clad figures which the moment before stood motionless on the decks, broke into thousands of separate beings, who flung themselves panting down the hatchways, or sprang cheering to the fighting-tops.

Heavily but swiftly, as islands slip into the water when a volcano shakes the ocean-bed, the great battle-ships buried their bows in the sea, their sides ripped apart with flame and smoke, the thunder of their guns roared and beat against the mountains, and from the shore the Spanish forts roared back at them, until the air between was split and riven. The Spanish war-ships were already scudding clouds of smoke, pierced with flashes of red flame, and as they fled fighting, their batteries rattled with unceasing, feverish fury. But the guns of the American ships, straining in pursuit, answered steadily, carefully, with relentless accuracy, with cruel persistence. At regular intervals they boomed above the hurricane of sound like great bells tolling for the dead.

It seemed to Channing that he had lived through many years. That the strain of the spectacle would leave its mark upon his nerves forever. He had been buffeted and beaten by a storm of all the great emotions; pride of race and country, pity for the dead, agony for the dying, who clung to blistering armor-plates, or sank to suffocation in the sea; the lust of the hunter, when the hunted thing is a fellow-man; the joys of danger and of excitement, when the shells lashed the waves about him, and the triumph of victory, final, overwhelming, and complete.

Four of the enemy's squadron had struck their colors, two were on the beach, broken and burning, two had sunk to the bottom of the sea, two were in abject flight. Three battle-ships were hammering them with thirteen-inch guns. The battle was won.

"It's all over," Channing said. His tone questioned his own words.

The captain of the tug-boat was staring at the face of his silver watch, as though it were a thing bewitched. He was pale and panting. He looked at Channing piteously, as though he doubted his own senses, and turned the face of the watch toward him.

"Twenty minutes!" Channing said. "Good God! Twenty minutes!"

He had been to hell and back again in twenty minutes. He had seen an empire, which had begun with Christopher Columbus and which had spread over two continents, wiped off the map in twenty minutes.

The captain gave a sudden cry of concern. "Mr. Keating," he gasped. "Oh, Lord, but I forgot Mr. Keating. Where is Mr. Keating?"

"I went below twice," Channing answered. "He's insensible. See what you can do with him, but first—take me to the Iowa. The Consolidated Press will want the 'facts.'"

In the dark cabin the captain found Keating on the floor where Channing had dragged him, and dripping with the water which Channing had thrown in his face.

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

"We've got a great story! We want a clear wire."—Page 150.

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He was breathing heavily, comfortably. He was not concerned with battles.

With a megaphone Channing gathered his facts from an officer of the Iowa who looked like a chimney sweep, and who was surrounded by a crew of half-naked pirates, with bodies streaked with sweat and powder.

Then he ordered all steam for Port Antonio, and going forward to the chart-room, seated himself at the captain's desk, and pushing the captain's charts to the floor, spread out his elbows, and began to write the story of his life.

In the joy of creating it, he was lost to all about him. He did not know that the engines, driven to the breaking point, were filling the ship with their groans and protests, that the deck beneath his feet was quivering like the floor of a planing mill, nor that his fever was rising again, and feeding on his veins. The turmoil of leaping engines and of throbbing pulses was confused with the story he was writing, and while his mind was inflamed with pictures of warring battle-ships, his body was swept by the fever, which overran him like an army of tiny mice, touching his hot skin with cold, tingling taps of their scampering feet.

From time to time the captain stopped at the door of the chart-room and observed him in silent admiration. To the man who with difficulty composed a letter to his family, the fact that Channing was writing something to be read by millions of people, and more rapidly than he could have spoken the same words, seemed a superhuman effort. He even hesitated to interrupt it by an offer of food.

But the fever would not let Channing taste of the food when they placed it at his elbow, and even as he pushed it away, his mind was still fixed upon the paragraph before him. He wrote, sprawling across the desk, covering page upon page with giant hieroglyphics, lighting cigarette after cigarette at the end of the last one, but with his thoughts far away, and as he performed the act, staring uncomprehendingly at the captain's colored calendar pinned on the wall before him. For many months later, the Battle of Santiago was associated in his mind with a calendar for the month of July, illuminated by a colored picture of six white kittens in a basket.

At three o'clock Channing ceased writing and stood up, shivering and shaking with a violent chill. He cursed himself for this weakness, and called aloud for the captain.

"I can't stop now," he cried. He seized the rough fist of the captain as a child clings to the hand of his nurse.

"Give me something," he begged. "Medicine, quinine, give me something to keep my head straight until it's finished. Go, quick," he commanded. His teeth were chattering, and his body jerked with sharp, uncontrollable shudders. The captain ran, muttering, to his medicine-chest.

"We've got one drunken man on board," he said to the mate, "and now we've got a crazy one. You mark my words, he'll go off his head at sunset."

But at sunset Channing called to him and addressed him sanely. He held in his hand a mass of papers carefully numbered and arranged, and he gave them up to the captain as though it hurt him to part with them.

"There's the story," he said. "You've got to do the rest. I can't—I—I'm going to be very ill." He was swaying as he spoke. His eyes burned with the fever, and his eyelids closed of themselves. He looked as though he had been heavily drugged.

"You put that on the wire at Port Antonio," he commanded, faintly, "pay the tolls to Kingston. From there they are to send it by way of Panama, you understand, by the Panama wire."

"Panama!" gasped the captain. "Good Lord, that's two dollars a word." He shook out the pages in his hand until he found the last one. "And there's sixty-eight pages here," he expostulated. "Why the tolls will be five thousand dollars!" Channing dropped feebly to the bench of the chart-room and fell in a heap, shivering and trembling.

"I guess it's worth it," he murmured, drowsily.

The captain was still staring at the last page.

"But—but look here," he cried, "you've—you've signed Mr. Keating's name to it! 'James R. Keating.' You've signed his name to it!"

Channing raised his head from his folded arms and stared at him dully.

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

Threw a frightened look toward the open door.—Page 152.

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"You don't want to get Keating in trouble, do you?" he asked with patience. "You don't want the C. P. to know why he couldn't write the best story of the war? Do you want him to lose his job? Of course, you don't. Well then, let it go as his story. I won't tell, and see you don't tell, and Keating won't remember."

His head sank back again upon his crossed arms. "It's not a bad story," he murmured.

But the captain shook his head; his loyalty to his employer was still uppermost. "It doesn't seem right!" he protested. "It's a sort of a liberty, isn't it, signing another man's name to it, it's a sort of forgery."

Channing made no answer. His eyes were shut and he was shivering violently, hugging himself in his arms.

A quarter of an hour later, when the captain returned with fresh quinine, Channing sat upright and saluted him.

"Your information, sir," he said, addressing the open door politely, "is of the greatest value. Tell the executive officer to proceed under full steam to Panama. He will first fire a shot across her bows, and then sink her!" He sprang upright and stood for a moment, sustained by the false strength of the fever. "To Panama, you hear me!" he shouted. He beat the floor with his foot. "Faster, faster, faster," he cried. "We've got a great story! We want a clear wire, we want the wire clear from Panama to City Hall. It's the greatest story ever written—full of facts, facts, facts, facts for the Consolidated Press—and Keating wrote it. I tell you, Keating wrote it. I *saw* him write it. I was a stoker on the same ship."

The mate and crew came running forward and stood gaping stupidly through the doors and windows of the chart-room. Channing welcomed them joyously, and then crumpled up in a heap and pitched forward into the arms of the captain. His head swung weakly from shoulder to shoulder.

"I beg your pardon," he muttered, "I beg your pardon, captain, but your engine-room is too hot. I'm only a stoker and I know my place, sir, but I tell you, your engine-room is too hot. It's a burning hell, sir, it's a hell!"

The captain nodded to the crew and they closed in on him, and bore him, struggling feebly, to a bunk in the cabin below. In the berth opposite, Keating was snoring peacefully.

. . . . . .

After the six weeks' siege the Fruit Company's doctor told Channing he was cured, and that he might walk abroad. In this first walk he found that, during his illness, Port Antonio had reverted to her original condition of complete isolation from the world, the press boats had left her wharves, the correspondents had departed from the veranda of her only hotel, the war was over, and the Peace Commissioners had sailed for Paris. Channing expressed his great gratitude to the people of the hotel and to the Fruit Company's doctor. He made it clear to them that if they ever hoped to be paid those lesser debts than that of gratitude which he still owed them, they must return him to New York and Newspaper Row. It was either that, he said, or, if they preferred, he would remain and work out his indebtedness checking bunches of bananas at twenty dollars a month. The Fruit Company decided it would be paid more quickly if Channing worked at his own trade, and accordingly sent him North in one of its steamers. She landed him in Boston, and he borrowed five dollars from the chief engineer to pay his way to New York.

It was late in the evening of the same day when he stepped out of the smoking-car into the roar and riot of the Grand Central Station. He had no baggage to detain him, and as he had no money either he made his way to an Italian restaurant where he knew they would trust him to pay later for what he ate. It was a place where the newspaper men were accustomed to meet, men who knew him, and who would lend him money to buy a bath, clean clothes, and a hall bed-room, until he found work.

Norris, the *World* man, greeted him as he entered the door of the restaurant, and hailed him with a cry of mingled fright and pleasure.

"Why, we didn't know but you were dead," he exclaimed. "The boys said when they left Kingston you weren't expected to live. Did you ever get the money and things we sent you by the Red Cross boat?"

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

Stood irresolutely in the twilight of the street.—Page 152.

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Channing glanced at himself and laughed.

"Do I look it?" he asked. He was wearing the same clothes in which he had slept under the fruit-sheds at Port Antonio. They had been soaked and stained by the night dews and by the sweat of the fever.

"Well, it's great luck, your turning up here just now," Norris assured him heartily. "That is, if you're as hungry as the rest of the boys are who have had the fever. You struck it just right; we're giving a big dinner here to-night," he explained, "one of Maria's best. You come in with me. It's a celebration for old Keating, a farewell blow-out."

Channing started and laughed.

"Keating," he asked. "That's funny," he said. "I haven't seen him since—since before I was ill."

"Yes, old Jimmie Keating. You've got nothing against him, have you?"

Channing shook his head vehemently, and Norris glanced back complacently toward the door of the dining-room, from whence came the sound of intimate revelry.

"You might have had, once," Norris said, laughing, "we were all up against him once. But since he's turned out such a wonder and a war hero, we're going to recognize it. They're always saying we newspaper men have it in for each other, and so we're just giving him this subscription dinner to show it's not so. He's going abroad, you know. He sails to-morrow morning."

"No, I didn't know," said Channing.

"Of course not, how could you? Well, the Consolidated Press's sending him and his wife to Paris. He's to cover the Peace negotiations there. It's really a honeymoon trip at the expense of the C. P. It's their reward for his work, for his Santiago story, and the beat and all that——"

Channing's face expressed his bewilderment.

Norris drew back dramatically.

"Don't tell me," he exclaimed, "that you haven't heard about *that!*"

Channing laughed a short, frightened laugh, and moved nearer to the street.

"No," he said. "No, I hadn't."

"Yes, but good Lord! it was *the* story of the war. You never read such a story! And he got it through by Panama a *day* ahead of all the other stories! And nobody read them any way. Why, Captain Mahan said it was 'naval history,' and the *Evening Post* had an editorial on it, and said it was 'the only piece of literature the war has produced.' We never thought Keating had it in him, did you? The Consolidated Press people felt so good over it that they've promised, when he comes back from Paris, they'll make him their Washington correspondent. He's their 'star' reporter now. It just shows you that the occasion produces the man. Come on in, and have a drink with him."

Channing pulled his arm away, and threw a frightened look toward the open door of the dining-room. Through the layers of tobacco-smoke he saw Keating seated at the head of a long, crowded table, smiling, clear-eyed and alert.

"Oh, no, I couldn't," he said with sudden panic. "I can't drink, doctor won't let me. I wasn't coming in, I was just passing when I saw you. Good-night, I'm much obliged. Good-night."

But the hospitable Norris would not be denied.

"Oh, come in and say 'good-by' to him anyhow," he insisted. "You needn't stay."

"No, I can't," Channing protested. "I—they'd make me drink or eat and the doctor says I can't. You mustn't tempt me. You say 'good-by' to him for me," he urged. "And Norris—tell him—tell him—that I asked you to say to him, 'It's all right,' that's all, just that, 'It's all right.' He'll understand."

There was the sound of men's feet scraping on the floor, and of chairs being moved from their places.

Norris started away eagerly. "I guess they're drinking his health," he said. "I must go. I'll tell him what you said, 'It's all right.' That's enough, is it? There's nothing more?"

Channing shook his head, and moved away from the only place where he was sure to find food and a welcome that night.

"There's nothing more," he said.

As he stepped from the door and stood irresolutely in the twilight of the street, he heard the voices of the men who had gathered in Keating's honor upraised in a joyous chorus.

"For he's a jolly good fellow," they sang, "for he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny!"

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BENJAMIN PARROT'S FANCY

By Zack

I NEVER heard tell that furreners thought much of Dunstable Weir, as a place to live in, till old Benjamin Parrot came back along home from Australia and promised to leave all his money—he was most amazing rich—to the first man that took his fancy; but no sooner did the news get abroad than the price o' houses went up, there wasn't building room to contain the folk, and the village bid fair to become a town. It seemed a bit hard to me and t'others who had been born and bred in the parish, and us didn't give these extry lumps no special welcome; for, though they started a "tea-totalers" club and Band o' Hope teas, us had always been well content wi' the ale at the Red Lion afore, and us didn't noways feel less willun' to bide by it arter us had smacked our lips over their new-fangled brews. Benjamin Parrot watched 'em all out o' his small ferret eyes wonderful unconsarned, and it soon became pretty clear that the man that shud take his fancy hadn't put his foot inside the village. Law bless 'ee, they didn't lose heart, not they—they busticumed the more, that's what they did. The charch o' Dunstable Weir wor mortal old and fally-to-piecey, they patched un up on the outside—well, us didn't complain o' that, 'tiddn't noways comfortable to be fetched out o' a quiet snooze by a big drap o' rain pat 'pon tap the crown o' your head; but not content they tarns a good job into a bad un, and cuts down all the pews inside o' the charch so that everyone could see everyone else—a kind o' prying that no self-respecting body in Dunstable Weir would have demeaned to afore. Well, then they buckles to and puts a banging great stove in the middle o' the aisle, over agin Benjamin Parrot's pew. Warmth in reason is a thing I'm the last to complain of; but the church was terrible small and the stove terrible big, and the first Sunday it was lit Benjamin Parrot was forced to off wi' his coat and sit in his shirt-sleeves. 'Twasn't long arter that the flooring gived way and stove and all fell quat on top o' the Squire's old Aunt Jane, who had been lying a peaceful corpse there twenty years. It was this same winter—and a bitter cold winter it was—that Martin Fippard's wife fell sick and died. No one knowed 'zactly what 'twas that carried her off, more'n that it was a persistent sickness with a deal o' cling about it. I was present at her taking and though I be partial to death-beds, folks being wonderful much theirselves at such times, there seemed a bit too much human nature about Susan Fippard's. Her wasn't noways old when her died, close upon her thirty-ninth year or thereabouts, and being well-featured was personable to the last. It was always a matter of curiosity in the village what 'twas that made her take to Martin, a terrible plain man wi'out a plain man's tongue; but there's no denying her was mortal fond o' un, as he was willun' to be o' her, only owing to the contrariness o' things he couldn't get beyond simillication. Folks said—but they tell up such lies—that he had acted unfaithful from the first. Be that as it may there was one little twig o' a woman, Belle Hart was her name, and Susan Fippard couldn't abide the sight o' her. The queer thing was that though no mortal soul ever saw Martin go nigh the maid, the village all agreed 'long o' Susan that there be times when folks' eyes be to let, and there be more to be zeen than be zeed. It zim'd to me that if once they'd been caught together, folks wouldn't o' been so terrible sure they was guilty, but it was jest the never finding 'em out that made things look so special black. Not that folks was wishful to spare pains over the matter, and they laid most as many traps for Martin as they did for the fancy o' Benjamin Parrot. I reckon myself that the village was mistook, and didn't zee nought, because there was nought to zee; but I niver said so, not holding contradictiousness recommendatory in a single man such as I be. Martin took things wonderful quiet; there was times when I couldn't help but wonder if he knowed that all the village was on the

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watch for un. But he was never speechful, and grew more word-shy with years. There was only one street to Dunstable Weir; it straggled over the best part o' two hills, the river running atween 'em. Over agin the bridge the houses fell sort o' back from the road, one banging great allum * standing up by hisself on a patch o' green over against the Red Lion Inn. A few paces away, on t'other side o' the road, was Belle Hart's cottage. Five stone steps led to the door; they was a bit worn in places, but the hand-rail was sound and painted pea green, and the rest o' the wood-work was colored the same. Belle was a milliner by trade though her used her needle for other odd jobs, such as the making o' new coverings for the Squire's seat in charch, and bags for the Hall hams. Her could be seen most days sitting aside her window sewing, plainer in winter than t'other times because by then the fuchsias had died back a bit. Most o' us would drop in now and awhile at the Red Lion for a glass o' beer, but Martin never came 'cept Saturday nights, then just as the charch-clock struck the quarter after eight us would hear un coming over the cobble-stones—one o' his legs was a bit shorter than t'other and gave a draggy sound to his walk, so us always knowed 'twas he. When he got opposite Belle Hart's cottage he'd stop a bit and look in; most like the blind ud be down, and there ud be the shadder o' the little woman thrawed acrass. Us over at the Red Lion used to unbutton our eyes, but us never saw nought worth seeing; the little shadder that maybe had been bobbing and twisting a moment afore would bide stone quiet, then Martin ud move on and the shadder wud brisk up and flit about as shadders will. Martin wasn't noways a sociable man; he'd throw down his bit, take his glass, go out and niver say a word, not as much as "good-evening" to any o' us. The village didn't think well o' such silence, holding that 'twas a queer thing a man so much telled about should have nought to tell back. Some reckoned 'twas shame kept un to silence, but I think myself 'twas just the nature that was in him. Not that there wasn't contradictious points to Martin; he was a careful man, never laying out a penny where he wasn't fo'ced, but he didn't take no special interest in Benjamin Parrot, leastways not first-along; and, when I said 'twas a scandalacious thing o' they furren lumps to come here sniffing round after gold, just as if Dunstable Weir was public property the same as South Africa, he only answered that "Mostlike they wud bring more money into the village than they'd ever succeed in taking out o' it." Zim'd a poor-spirited fashion o' looking at matters, but he wasn't no patriot, taking no interest in war or the grasping ways o' t'other nations, though there was not a child in the parish who couldn't have told him that if 'twasn't for England there would be little enough honesty left in the world, or religion either for the matter o' that. At election times he never went near the Red Lion, but just bided at home; and when the Squire had us all up to the Great House to dinner and said he hoped that we'd all "vote straight," Martin got up and said, "What was straight for one wasn't always straight for t'other," which the village held, for a silent man, was saying a deal too much. Farmer Burden was terrible put out, Martin being carter to he, and went so far as to ax if the Squire was wishful to have Martin turned away; but the Squire wouldn't hear o' it, and because o' that there be some who reckon the Squire's own politics iddn't sound.

Well, curious to relate, the one man that Benjamin Parrot took note of was none other than Martin, though to be sure what wi' this thing and that the village fair twanged wi' his name. Folks would have twittered louder had they known whose fancy he was like to take, but each o' em was so sure that he himself was the man, that 'twas some time afore they suspicioned the truth. Benjamin Parrot lived in a big house at the far end of the village; he was a big man hisself by nature, wi' the dropsy which made un bigger. His legs swelled so toward the last that he was forced to get the carpenter to make un a wheel chair, and he paid me sixpence an hour to draw it. Us always went the same way, down one hill, 'cross the bridge and up t'other side. When us passed Belle Hart's cottage Benjamin Parrot would fit the tips o' his fingers together and say:

"So this is where the woman lives that all this to-do's about, eh?"

* Elm.

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Arter a bit us would come round by Martin's, and old Parrot 'ud stop again:

"And here's t'other woman's cottage," he'd continny. "Do 'ee reckon there's any truth in the tale, Zack?"

"Well," I answered, scratching my head to ease out the words, "me and the village be one and the same mind in public, but when I gits by myself I has a single man's judgment."

It was jest about this time that Susan Fippard fell sick, though maybe her had been ailing longer than us thought. Her began life mortal proud, and such iddn't the first to show when the world goes ill wi' em; but there was sommat in her stronger than pride, and thic was jealousy. A banging, great-hungered, wide-bellied thing; you could most see her pride fall away bit by bit afore it, till her didn't seem to have no self-respect left. Drink and jealousy be much o' a muchness and one 'ull bring folks as low as t'other. The village was terrible took up wi' watching, though they all said 'twas a poor sight to see. I was sorry for the woman, having gone droo sommat the like myself at one time, but 'tiddn't no great tale and I reckon 'twill die wi' me. Folks say, though I can't swear to the truth o' it, that her went down on her knees and begged Belle Hart not to take Martin away from her, and Belle just stitched and stitched and answered nary a word. After all, the maid hadn't done nought, but folks didn't blame her the less for that.

When it became as plain as spring in May that Susan was marked for death, no one pitied her much, holding that she had brought it all on herself, and if Martin had spoke up bold and throwed all the blame on his wife there was more'n one person in Dunstable Weir who would have stood his friend. But he didn't say nought and the village held the silence for unhandsome and never forgived un for it. About this time he gave up coming to the Red Lion o' Saturdays, and when his work brought un that side o' the bridge he never so much as dropped a glance on the little green-painted windy where Belle Hart sat all alone to herself sewing. Well, as I said before, 'twas terrible cold that winter, the snow came chunking down and nipped off the tree-tops, just for all the world as if they was so many heads o' cabbage. Martin's cottage stood higher than the rest o' the houses and more open to the weather, the thatch was bulged down wi' the weight on top o' it and the snow drifted up in the corner o' Susan's bedroom so Martin was fo'ced to take her down to the kitchen to die comfortable and warm. I was out o' work about then, it bein' a deal too cold for Benjamin Parrot to take his ride in the chair, so I made a point o' dropping in to ax how Susan did, part from curiosity and part because it was cheaper to sit aside a neighbor's fire than light one o' my own. The weather made folks fair scared o' going outside their doors, and I niver was in a house at such a time when there was less company on the watch, so to speak. Her died on a Friday, getting on for six o'clock. It had been dimmet * since a quarter afore three, the sky was that packed wi' snow. Farmer Burden he gave Martin a holiday, there bein' next to no work doing, so he and me us sat one on each side o' the fire, and Susan her lay stretched out on the bed, wi' her face turn'd to the wall most o' the time. Us was silent, not having nought particular to say. After a bit I fell into a doze and when next I opened my eyes Martin had turned round in his chair and was facing Susan. Her was sitting up straight, looking terrible full o' life, though there wasn't much more than an hour of it left in her. One big loop o' hair had got loose from the rest and her wound it round her fingers and twisted it up quick and irritable, though I reckon myself her didn't know what her was doing.

"Pramise," her said, "pramise."

But he sort o' held back.

"Pramise her sha'n't come here after I be gone."

Martin moved uneasy-like, crossing and uncrossing his legs. He was a big man, wi' a big face wonderful scanty o' looks.

"Her's never worked'ee no harm," he said at last.

"Pramise, and then I shall die quiet."

He didn't make no answer, but I heard the fingers o' his great hands crack as he twitched 'em apart.

"'Tis cold out there, Martin," her said, "mortal cold and dark."

"Aye," he answered, "it's been freezing these dree weeks and more."

* Twilight.

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I could see the beads o' sweat standing out on the face o' un for all that.

"Martin," her cried, shrill-like, "you pramised to be faithful to me afore the altar."

"And I have been true to'ee, Susan."

"But you and her will ha' killed me between 'ee."

He sat stone quiet, and if he looked about for words, he didn't find 'em.

All to-wance her held out her arms to un: "You iddn't glad o' it? You iddn't glad I be leaving 'ee——"

He rose up and went to her and put his arms round her poor thin body terrible pitiful, but he didn't answer, and kaining across at 'em I saw sommat o' what it was to be wi'out the gift o' words. I reckon, though, her understood un better'n I did, for her seemed sort o' comforted.

"You've been a good husband to me, Martin, in spite o' it all," she said.

He gave a banging great sob and the sound o' it seemed to take the life out o' her. "I'll no ax it o'ee. Marry her if you will"—and wi' that her face stiffened and she fell back dead.

Martin he stood a-looking down on her, then he took her hand in his and called me up to the bedside.

"Zack," said he, "you be my witness that I promise never to marry t'other woman."

"I wudn't pass my word on it if I was you," I answered, being no friend to rash promises. But he didn't pay no heed.

"See," he said, taking me by the arm, "her's heard."

Sure enough, her did look more content-like.

I hiked off down to the Red Lion, for I felt that a drop o' sommat warm and speech wi' ordinary folk would be a relief. The bar was well-nigh full o' men stamping the snow off their feet so as to give the liquor they'd swallowed time to trickle into the right place afore they went back once more to work. When I had telled my tale two or three times over from start to finish, someone proposed us should step across to Belle Hart's cottage and hear what her had to say to it.

Us trapesed in wi'out stopping to knock. She was sitting afore the fire sewing. Her throwed a terrible scornful look out o' her black eyes—I reckon myself her knowed what had brought us.

"Well," her said, "be the church on fire and have'ee come for blankets to put it out?"

"No," us answered, "Martin's wife be dead."

"And what's that to me," she said, "that you should take upon yourselves to burst open my door wi'out so much as a 'By your leave'?"

I felt a bit sorry us had come, for there was no mistaking that us looked amazing foolish, standing gapnesting across at her. Then one o' em pushed me forward.

"Zack 'ull tell'ee all about it," he said.

I wasn't altogether pleased wi' the job set for me. "Her died comfortable at the last," I said, edging away a bit. Belle turned away that small head o' hers so us couldn't see nought but the braids o' her black hair, that was coiled up neat and glossy.

"Poor soul," her said, softly, "poor soul."

"Zack hasn't telled 'ee all," the great gawken bawled out, the same man that had spoke afore.

"Do the telling yourselves," I answered, for I was fair sick o' the business.

So they telled her.

"Be that all?" her axed, quiet-like.

"Ess," they answered.

"Then maybe you'll go out the way you came in," her said.

And us did, feeling amazing subdued over so small a matter.

Well, wi' the burying o' Susan the weather fell round once more to soft, and I went back to work at Parrot's. The old man was a deal more interested to hear o' Martin's promise than iver Belle Hart had been, and made me tell un the tale over and over again.

"Do'ee reckon he'll bide by his word, Zack?"

"I can't say," I'd answer.

Benjamin Parrot 'ud fit the tips o' his fingers together:

"I like a man that sticks to his promise, but—" and he'd stop short and end to hisself "Fippard should ha' thought o' t'other woman."

Spring dropped round and what wi' the shooting o' the crops and birds calling one to t'other, there was a wonderful lot o'

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nature about. Martin's blood seemed to quicken under it, for he started to visit Belle Hart open, and 'twasn't long before it got whispered abroad that he was about to put out o' mind all that he had said so mortal solemn on the day his wife died. The whole village cried shame on un, though, as far as that goes, no one could say if there was truth in the tale or not.

Over against Martin's cottage there was a tiddleliwinkie* bit o' a wood, the road ran along the lower end o' it, wi' a narrer path that led up through the trees. 'Twas close to this spot, one arternoon late in spring, that I came on Martin and Belle sort o' unawares. I was out wi' the chair, and the old man, his head lolling on tap his shoulders, had dropped off into a doze. Being mortal weary o' always ding-donging along the same bit o' road, I waited till I saw he had bitten well into his sleep, and then I wheeled un up the side track through the trees. Well, us hadn't gone far afore I catched sight o' Martin's broad shoulders. I knew well enough who 'twas because o' late he had taken to wearing a brown coat week-a-days that he had hisself patched wi' green. Unconscious-like I went a bit softer and the next moment who should step out from among the trees but Belle. Then I stopped quat and the old man woke up and glowered about un, but zeeing, no doubt, who there was in front he bided as silent as a stone. Martin and the maid was that took up one wi' t'other they didn't pay no heed to aught else. Her sat down 'pon tap a big log and Martin stood 'long side o' her. Not a word passed the lips o' either o' 'em, and I was jest thinking to myself that for sweethearts they made a terrible poor display, when all to wance Martin fell to cursing. He cursed hiszulf and folks in general, and the maid; he cursed the tongue atween his teeth, which zimed proper enough considering the use he was putting it to—he cursed God Almighty—a thing I had never known no man in Dunstable Weir ha' the face to do afore. Belle Hart her sat there and listened, not a finger did her hold up to keep the words back from coming, though I cud zee her small white face grow sort o' smaller and whiter afore my eyes. All of a minute the wuds stopped o' their-zulves, and he flung his arm round the branch o' a tree and leaned his vace up agin it. Then 'twas that Belle riz and went over to 'un, but he flung her off becase, he said, that if the dead cud hear maybe they cud zee as well, and wi' that he fell to laughing in a fashion that was amazing disquietful for them that cudn't enter into the joke. The maid kained across at un rather pitying and I reckoned arter a bit maybe her'd say sommat to make un give over sich show-sides, but her jest tarned and hiked off through the wood. I drawed the chair back tenderful the way us had come, for 'twasn't no manner o' use gapnesting at Martin. The day arter that the old man didn't feel over-well, and had me up to his room. 'Twas the smallest in the house, and poked away over the back kitchen. Nought hung on the wall 'cept an old calendar and a soft black hat wi' a clay pipe stuck in the band; but a bed stood in one corner, a chest o' drawers in t'other, while atween 'em and the door was a table and a candle-stick bang in the middle o' it. The vantysheeny† furniture was all away in the front part o' the house, which, arter all, was where it shud ha' been, and Benjamin Parrot lying there in the bare tiddleliwinkie room didn't zeem so terrible much out o' place either.

"Zack," he says, as I pulled a lock o' hair to un, because, when all was done, I was in his employ—"what sort o' a man be this Martin Fippard? Do he think much o' money?"

"More'n most," I answered, "though for the matter o' that all o' us likes the feel o' siller atween our wants and our-zulves."

"Well," said Benjamin Parrot, "if he acts the way I wish, he can be done wi' sich things as wants, for I'll make the man my heir."

"Begore," I tummil'd out, "if things are to be settled thic easy, there's more'n one o' us that would give 'ee satisfaction."

A curious smile crossed the old man's face, but he made as if he hadn't heard. "Let un marry Belle Hart and the money's his."

"Why, dom it," said I, "iddn't that what he's been arter doing all along?"

"There's his promise to his dead wife."

"When I drop un a word o' what you

* Insignificant.

† Showy.

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say I reckon 'twill be your promise, not hers, he'll be thinking upon."

Benjamin Parrot zot up in the bed. "You'll keep what I tell 'ee to yourzulf," he rapped out sharp.

"'Tiddn't possible; a janius couldn't be answerable for sich, much less ordinary folk zame ez I be."

The old man let fly another o' they curious smiles o' his.

"Oh, yes, Zack," he said, "you'll bide silent because—" and he stopped quat and fitted the tips o' his fingers terrible careful each to each—"because if Martin don't git the money maybe you will."

"Lord help us," I answered, sinking down 'pon tap the bed, "there shall be no silenter man inside the village or out o' it than myzulf."

"Ah," piped old Parrot, "I knowed I cud trust 'ee under the circumstances."

From that time on I felt sort o' different toward Martin Fippard. I'd never seen aught to mislike in the man afore, but now 'twas much as if he was a-trying to keep me out o' my own. I watched un suspicious and 'tis wonderful how black folks' ways 'ull look the moment you give over trusting 'em.

To show me clear enough that the Almighty was much o' the same mind, it was at this identical moment that Martin's old black sow took upon herzulf to die in straw, and her whole litter had to be raised by hand, which made away with a lot o' the profit. Martin was terrible put out over it, it was a deal o' money, and he was a careful man. He axed me to sit up wi' her one night so that he might snatch a bit o' sleep hisself; but the poor critter was that bad wi' the spazams that 'twas more'n one man's work to hold her, so he was forced to bide up jest the same. 'Twas a wet night, and the roof of the sty leaked painful, me and Martin was humped up in one corner wi' the sick sow atween us, and an old horn lantern hanging from a nail above our heads. The light fell on Martin's face, and I could see he was thinking hard, as well he might at such a time.

"Zack," he said all to-wance, "do'ee reckon that Benjamin Parrot be so terrible rich as folks give out?" I was rather taken aback because I reckoned that he was going to say sommat about the sow, or Belle Hart, or maybe both of 'em together. "Whativer makes 'ee ax such a question?" I said.

Martin ran a finger and thumb through his bristly red beard.

"Because he tells me that I be the sort o' man he could fancy."

"Lord ha' mercy on us, why should un take a fancy to the likes o' you!" I spoke more than usual sharp, because it kind o' gave me a stab to hear the name o' Parrot in Martin's mouth 'tall.

"That I can't tell'ee," Martin answered, "I only know what he said."

"And what did he say?" I axed.

"He said that if I tarned out to be the man he took me for, he'd leave me all his money."

"A likely game thic," I said; "what do he take 'ee for?"

"If you could tell me thic, I should know what to be after," said Martin.

After that us was silent a bit, for the old sow fell into one o' her spazams, and us and her was all over the sty. When the fit was past, and Martin had pulled some o' the straw out o' his hair and eyes, he turned to me.

"Zack," he said, "do'ee reckon Benjamin Parrot has heard tell o' that promise I made Susan?"

"'Twould be a queer thing if he hadn't," I answered.

"Well, has that aught to do wi' it?"

"Why should it ha' aught to do wi' the matter," I tummil'd out hasty, for hadn't I promised to keep the old man's secret?

But Martin was fixed to the subject: "If so be I was to marry again," he said.

My heart banged up agin my ribs, and then stopped quat:

"He wouldn't leave 'ee the money, I s'pose," I answered. The wuds slipped out unconscious, for I hadn't a mind to say aught sich.

Martin breathed a bit hard. "That's how I reckoned it out myself," he said.

"Good Lord!" he added sharp-like, looking down at the old sow that was lying wi' her legs crossed like the crusader in Dunstable Weir church; "her's parted!"

Sure enough, her was dead.

"'Tis a terrible pity that the selling o' sich as bacon is agin the law," Martin muttered to himself, taking the lantern

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down from the peg, and blowing out the candle.

"Well, there iddn't nothing to be said against your eating her," I answered short, for it seemed to me he might have left the light burning a bit longer, leastways till us was out o' the sty which wasn't over clean.

"I shall that," he said, "but I'd a deal rather ha' the money safe in my pocket."

Martin didn't go nigh Belle Hart's cottage for three or four weeks arter that, and when Saturday came round he niver so much as put a foot inside the door o' the Red Lion. I met un whiles and again, and I thought to myself that he missed the spirits, though 'twas nought but a glass once in seven days, for his face had a divered anxious look on it. I reckoned 'twud be safer to let the village know that Benjamin Parrot had spoke o' making Martin his heir, though I didn't tell 'em the conditions, having, so to speak, promised faithful to keep 'em to mezulf. Folks was none too pleased, for they couldn't abear the thought o' un coming in for Benjamin Parrot's money, and at the same time they was curious to see what ill would befall Martin if he broke his promise to Susan. It was just about now that Farmer Burden's daughter came home. Her'd been up to Exeter to learn the millinery trade and brought a 'mazing lot o' bonnets and female trash back 'long wi' her. The women was pleased to have their hats and sich trimmed by someone t'other from Belle, because they said there was too much talk about Belle for her to be as respectable as her should be. So, after that, few folks knocked at the little pea-green door, and Belle sat aside her windy wi' her hands in her lap most days. Her seemed to be thinking a deal, which iddn't good for maids, they, poor souls, not being built for sich. I dropped in once and axed her to make me a new tie for Sundays out o' a bit o' red and yaller striped satin that I'd bought cheap into Barnstaple Fair, for I couldn't abide to see they small fingers o' hers so mortal still. While I sat and watched her working, who should come to the windy and gape in, but Martin. Her didn't look up, but I reckon her knowed right enough who was there, for her stitched terrible fast. After awhile he hiked off. I niver was able to wear that tie for 'twas made so inventive I cudn't git into it. When I drawed old Benjamin Parrot past the little, pea-green windy thic zame arternoon he tarned to me and said:

"So Martin hasn't married her yet?"

I didn't make no answer, becase luck is a contrary thing and the moment you reckon 'tis on your side it skips acrass to t'others.

One dinner hour, as I was sitting down to a slice o' bread and bacon, and thinking to myself that 'twasn't often a single man had a hot meal, when, who should drop in but Martin. 'Twas a goodish while since I'd set eyes on un and I marked that he hadn't grown younger wi' time.

"Zack," he tumbled out, sort o' breathless, "they tell me her's to be sold up."

I knew well enough that he was speaking o' Belle Hart, because I'd heard the same tale from more pair o' lips than one; but feeling a bit unfriendzome toward Martin I took another munch at the bread and bacon afore answering.

"Well," I said at last, "I don't see that it much matters to you if her be, considering that you iddn't going to get married to her."

"Then, it's true," he exclaimed, and wi' that he sat down quat on the only bit o' butter in the house, I having laid the same beside me for convenience sake.

"Hivers," I called out, "you needn't quat 'pon tap the butter if it be."

That turned his attention and he got up, pretty smart, taking the best part o' the butter wi' un.

"These be only my workaday trousers, praise the Lord," he said.

I didn't make no commentary, being taken up wi' finishing the bread and bacon for fear lest worse might befall, but when that was put away I looked across at un—and zommat made me zay:

"'Tis a pity for you that Benjamin Parrot takes so long a-dying."

"Curse un and his money," said Martin, and wi' that he got up as if he would go, but I called un back from the door.

"Why," I said, "'tis as like as not that the old man be worth thousands on thousands."

"Girt God Almighty—I'll not go nigh the maid," Martin cried, sort o' tremorful.

"There's more depends on your keep-

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ing away than you reckons on," I answered; which was true, though maybe not in the way he took it. When Martin was gone, I hiked straight off to the Common, and when I got full in the middle o' the green I zet to and laughed, but there was zommat queer about thic laugh, so that I was forced after a bit to give over and listen to the zound o' un. After thic I turned tail and erned* back to the village as fast as my legs would carry me. Toward the end o' the week Martin begged a holiday from Farmer Burden and went to Barnstaple, a matter o' ten miles by train from our village. The little pea-green door o' Belle Hart's cottage was on the latch, and the windys was all wide open, because I went to zee, yet all that day I felt sort o' suspicious. Then all to wance the idea comed over me to marry the maid mezulf, and zay nought about it to no one, for it zim'd her'd been talked about enough. So the vallering night I dropped into her cottage jest as it might be for a bit o' a tell. I'd smartened mezulf up a bit and my face had a respectable shine on, for I hadn't spared the soap. The maid was looking wonderful purty, and her cheeks had a dash o' color in 'em that had been missing for many a day. I hadn't thought out no special plan, so I zot mezulf down, reckoning maybe the wuds would come if I waited patient. The village niver held me for good-looking, though I reckon if I stood a bit higher in my shoes—I be just under five foot—there's more'n one o' the maids would ha' found me personable. I'd bought a new pair o' cords and they gave out a fine full-bodied creak each time I shifted in my chair. 'Twas a good thing I had 'em on becase they took it out o' the zilence and sort o' made conversation atween theirzulves.

"La! Zack," said Belle arter a bit, "but you be dressed up wonderful smart."

"Tasty for the tasty," I answered, "and your looks become 'ee, ez they always do."

She gave a little snip o' a laugh. "So you think I'm looking well to-night?"

"Thet's zo."

She was zilent a bit, then all-to-wance her tarned and laid a hand on my arm: "You be an old friend, Zack," her said, "and I know I can trust 'ee."

*Ran.

Law jay! thought I to mezulf, be her going to ax me or I her? Zo I nodded my head and left it to my breeches to do the friendly.

"I be a married woman, Zack," said she.

"Married!" said I.

"Ess, married," said she.

"Not married!" said I.

"Ess, married," said she.

"Good Gosh!" said I, "and who to?"

She bent down and sort o' whispered: "Martin," says she. That was a bit too much. Ever since the day Benjamin Parrot had spoke o' leaving me his money I'd felt so terrible alive and now all to a sudden the life was knocked clean out o' me. I reckon Belle saw sommat in my face that scart her for she said, sort o' anxious:

"You won't tell. Will 'ee, Zack?"

"Tell?" said I.

"You won't. Will 'ee?" says she.

"Tell!" said I.

"You won't, Zack. Will 'ee?" says she.

"Whativer should I tell for?" said I.

"I knowed I could trust 'ee," says she.

Then I found my feet and trapesed home, and jest as I came nigh the door Farmer Burden drove down the hill in his gig. He pulled up when he saw me and bawled acrass:

"Benjamin Parrot's wuss, the dropsy's started to mount."

I went into the house and slammed the door in his face. The fire was out, so I zot mezulf down afore a handful o' gray ash and the wind riz and hollered sort o' painzome. I was niver no friend to wind, there's zommat evil about un even when he purrs zoft and makes as if he wudn't hurt 'ee for the world; but this night, what wi' one thing and t'other, the zound o' his voice gived me the shudders.

"Tell," says I to mezulf, "o' course I won't tell. Why should I tell?" And the wind sort o' took the wuds up derisive:

"No, you won't tell," says he. "You know too much for thic."

"'Tis Martin's place to tell," says I. "Let um tell hiszulf."

"Martin mustn't tell," says the wind. "You'd lose the money then."

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"The old man is dying," says I.

"Dying," bawled the wind—"dying."

"S'posing he died to-night," says I, "and niver knowed nought?"

"You'd git the money," says the wind thic terrible whispery, that I fair shuddered at the sound o' the wuds. Then I tried to measure mezulf agin Martin, the zame maybe as the Almighty might be doing up above. I'd never broke no promise to the dead or drove my wife in zarrer to the grave. Minding on all the ill things Martin had done, I began to feel a bit more comfortable, for it zim'd as if the Lord must be on my side.

"Oh, o' course, He's on your side," says the wind.

There comed a banging great knock at the door and I started fair to drop. I reckoned 'twas the Evil One hiszulf, though why iver such an idea should crass my mind I can't tell. I had forgot to fasten the catch so there was nought atween me and whoiver 'twas. Then the door opened and in walked Martin. Hivers! I would 'most as soon it had been the devil.

"Zack," says he, "they've sent for me down to Parrot's. The old man's dying."

I didn't answer at all, and when Martin saw that I hadn't wuds he walked over to where I zot, and put one hand upon the chimney-shelf, rested his face agin it and gapnested down on the gray cinders.

"Dom Benjamin Parrot," he muttered, sort o' slow. "Dom un."

"Be 'ee going?" I axed.

Martin tarned his great empty-zeeing eyes on my face.

"What's the good?" he answered. "Me and Belle was married the day afore last."

I hadn't nought to say, but the old clock in the corner kept on bellowing "Wan minute less for Benjamin Parrot. Wan minute less for Benjamin." All to wance Martin tarned as if he was about to be going, and at that zommat made me jump up and catch hold o' his arm.

"S'posing you don't tell," says I.

Martin gripped hold o' my arm thic hard I nigh hollered wi' the pain o' it.

"I've axed mezulf thic," he said.

My breath got that scart I was forced to zit down, for it zim'd to me that the devil wud ha' one or t'other o' us, and I prayed to God that it might be Martin.

"Zack," said he, "what wud it feel like to come by the money unhonest?"

I kind o' crept togither. "Why do 'ee ax me thic, *now*," I answered. But he didn't pay no speshil heed, and the clock hammered out so loud "Wan or t'other o' 'ee will have to pay for this," that I was certain sure Martin would hear and take heed in time. Instead o' thic he put his hand deep down in his pocket and pulled out a big canvas bag. Untying the string round the neck o' it, he poured a power o' gold and siller into his hand.

"It's took me all my life to save ut," he said, "and 'tiddn't a penny more than seven and seventy pun."

The sight o' the money sort o' hardened me. "Not much put aside o' Benjamin Parrot's," I answered.

"But it's come by honest," said Martin.

"'Tis only thieves and sich that harp so on baing honest," I tumm'l'd out. I couldn't abide the sound o' the wud on his lips thic often.

"Maybe," Martin answered, "for 'tis only since I thought o' baing a thief I've took to saying it."

Wi' that there riz up in my heart a banging great desire that he, not me, should try and steal the money dishonest, and I hungered after zommat temptatious to zay which hadn't no lie in it.

"Who'd be the loser s'posing you didn't tell?" I axed. Then I laughed out short and sharp, for I could answer that question better than he.

The wuds made Martin start. "S'posing I was to have a son," he said.

"You should think o' that afore you drow away the money——"

"I niver much keered to have childer," he said, half to hiszulf. "They eats up more'n they brings in most days, and a man be lucky when he comes to die if he has got enough together to pay for his own funeral and his wife's arter him, but s'posing so be that Belle bore me a son, I shud like un to be honest. I couldn't a-bear to blacken aught that comed to me droo her."

I sort o' hated the man. "Iddn't Benjamin Parrot dying while 'ee stand there and prate so purty about baing honest,"

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I burst out. "And don't 'ee reckon to git the money if so be he shud die not knowing that you and Belle be man and wife."

"By the Lord," cried Martin, "I'll tell un the truth afore it be too late."

Then I saw what a vool I'd been to tauntify un, and I caught hold o' his arm.

"Bide where you be, the wuds wasn't meant serious." He pushed me from un.

"I'll make no thief o' the child," he said.

The wuds had but jest crossed his lips when a great solemnzome call-conscience sound comed booming droo the house. Us started one to t'other.

"You be too late," I said, "'tis the Passing Bell."

"The church clock is giving the hour," answered Martin, but I could zee the sweat creep out upon his vace as us stood and waited.

Zure enough there it comed again, two, dree, four, vive, sax, seven, hate, nine, ten, 'leven, twalve. And wi' the last stroke there fell sich a zilence as will drop upon us, no doubt, at the last day when the Books be opened and us harks to hear how all that us have doed has looked in the eyes o' God Almighty Hiszulf.

Standing there all o' a-listen, I didn't pay no more heed to Martin, for it zim'd to me that I stud afore the Jidgment Seat o' God and He kained down into my heart. I drapped on my knees and hid my vace afore Un. How long I kneeled there I can't tell, but when I comed to mezulf I was alone.

. . . . . .

'Twas a week and a day after thic Benjamin Parrot died. Then it came out that he hadn't left no money, and the furniture had to be sold to pay for his funeral. Zim's twadn't nought but an annuity he had arter all. He kind o' played wi' folks. "Human nater," he said, "was built for experimentation, and twadn't to be supposed that the Almighty should have all the pulling o' the strings to Hiszulf."

AFTER-WORD

By Grace Goodale

You did know I loved you,
That last night.
Why did you not kiss me?
Ah, you might!

Just one kiss to last me
All my life,
Just one kiss to help me
Still the strife.

I could not mistake you,
You had showed,
Clear and straight before me,
The long road
I must travel lonely,
Without you.
Should I blame you? What else
Could you do?

But your task was finished;
I could see
Nowhere in your nature
Need of me.

All my foolish day-dreams
Were quite gone.
Only I, who dreamed them,
Must live on;

Live, with hopeless future,
Empty past.
Then why not have kissed me
At the last?

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PHŒBVS ON HALZAPHRON

By A. T. Quiller-Couch
(Q)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

God! of whom music
And song and blood are pure,
The day is never darkened
That had thee here obscure.

EARLY in 1897 a landslip on the tall cliffs of Halzaphron—which face upon Mount's Bay, Cornwall, and the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic—brought to light a curiosity. The slip occurred during the night of January 7th to 8th, breaking through the roof of a cavern at the base of the cliff and carrying many hundreds of tons of rock and earth down into deep water. For some weeks what remained of the cavern was obliterated, and in the rough weather then prevailing no one took the trouble to examine it; since it can only be approached by sea. The tides, however, set to work to sift and clear the *detritus*, and on Whit-Monday a party of pleasure-seekers from Penzance brought their boat to shore, landed, and discovered a stairway of worked stone leading up from the back of the cavern through solid rock. The steps wound spirally upward, and were cut with great accuracy; but the drippings from the low roof of the stairway had worn every tread into a basin and filled it with water. Green slippery weeds coated the lowest stairs; those immediately above were stained purple and crimson by the growth of some minute fungus; but where darkness began, these colors passed through rose-pink into a delicate ivory-white—a hard crust of lime, crenelated like coral by the ceaseless trickle of water which deposited it.

At first the explorers supposed themselves on the track of a lost holy well. They had no candles, but by economizing their stock of matches they followed up the mysterious and beautiful staircase until it came to a sudden end, blocked by the fallen mass of cliff. Still in ignorance whither it led or what purpose it had served, they turned back and descended to the sunshine again; when one of the party, scanning the cliff's face, observed a fragment—three steps only—jutting out like a cornice some sixty or seventy feet overhead.

This seemed to dispose of the holy well theory, and suggested that the stairway had reached to the summit, where perhaps an entrance might be found. The party returned to Penzance, and their report at once engaged the attention of the local Antiquarian Society; a small subscription list was opened, permission obtained from the owner of the property, and within a week a gang of laborers began to excavate on the cliff-top directly above the jutting cornice. The ground here showed a slight depression, and the soil proved unexpectedly deep and easy to work. On the second day, at a depth

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of seven feet, one of the men announced that he had come upon rock. But having spaded away the loose earth, they discovered that his pick had struck upon the edge of an extremely fine tessellated pavement, the remains apparently of a Roman villa.

Yet could this be a Roman villa? That the Romans drove their armies into Cornwall is certain enough; their coins, ornaments, and even pottery, are still found here and there; their camps can be traced. That they conquered and colonized it, however, during any of the four hundred years they occupied Britain has yet to be proved. In other parts of England the plough turns up memorials of that quiet home life with its graces which grew around these settlers and comforted their exile; and the commonest of these is the tessellated pavement with its emblems of the younger gods, the vintage, the warm south. But in the remote west, where the Celts held their savage own, no such traces have ever been found.

Could this at last be one? The pavement, cleared with care, proved of a disappointing size, measuring 8 feet by 4 at the widest. The *tesseræ* were exceptionally beautiful and fresh in color; and each separate design represented some scene in the story of Apollo. No Bacchus with his panther-skin and Mænads, no Triton and Nymphs, no loves of Mars and Venus, no Ganymede with the eagle, no Leda, no Orpheus, no Danaë, no Europa—but always and only Apollo! He was guiding his car; he was singing among the Nine; he was drawing his bow; he was flaying Marsyas; above all—the only repeated picture—he was guiding the oxen of Admetus, goad in hand, with the glory yet vivid about his hair. Could it (someone suggested) be the pavement of a temple? And, if so, how came a temple of the sun-god upon this unhomely coast?

The discovery gave rise to a small sensation and several ingenious theories, one enthusiastic philologue, going so far as to derive the name Halzaphron from the Greek, interpreting it as "the salt of the west winds" or "Zephyrs"; and to assert roundly that the temple (he assumed it to be a temple) dated far back beyond the Roman Invasion. This contention, though perhaps no more foolish than a dozen others, undoubtedly met with the most ridicule.

And yet in my wanderings along that coast I have come upon broken echoes, whispers, fragments of a tale, which now and again, as I tried to piece them together, wakened a suspicion that the derided philologer, with his false derivation, was yet "hot," as children say in the game of hide-and-seek.

For the stretch of sea overlooked by Halzaphron covers the lost land of Lyonnesse. Take a boat upon a clear, calm day, and, drifting, peer over the side through its shadow, and you will see the tops of tall forests waving below you. Walk the shore at low water and you may fill your pockets with beech-nuts, and sometimes—when a violent tide has displaced the sand—stumble on the trunks of large trees. Geologists dispute whether the Lyonnesse disappeared by sudden catastrophe or gradual subsidence, but they agree in condemning the fables of Florence and William of Worcester, that so late as November, 1099, the sea broke in and covered the whole tract between Cornwall and the Scillies, overwhelming on its way no less than a hundred and forty churches! They prove that, however it befell, we must date the inundation some centuries earlier. Now if my story be true—But let it be told:

In the year of the great tide Graul, son of Graul, was king in the Lyonnesse. He lived at peace in his city of Maenseyth, hard by the Sullêh, where the foreign traders brought their ships to anchor—sometimes from Tyre itself, oftener from the Tyrian colonies down the Spanish coast; and he ruled over a peaceful nation of tinners, herdsmen, and charcoal-burners. The charcoal came from the great forest to the eastward where Cara Clowz in Cowz, the gray rock in the wood, overlooked the Cornish frontier; his cattle pastured nearer, in the plains about the foot of the Wolves' Cairn; and his tinners camped and washed the ore in the valley-bottoms—for in those days they had no need to dig into the earth for metal, but found plenty by puddling in the river-beds.

So King Graul ruled happily over a happy people until the dark morning when a horseman came galloping to the palace

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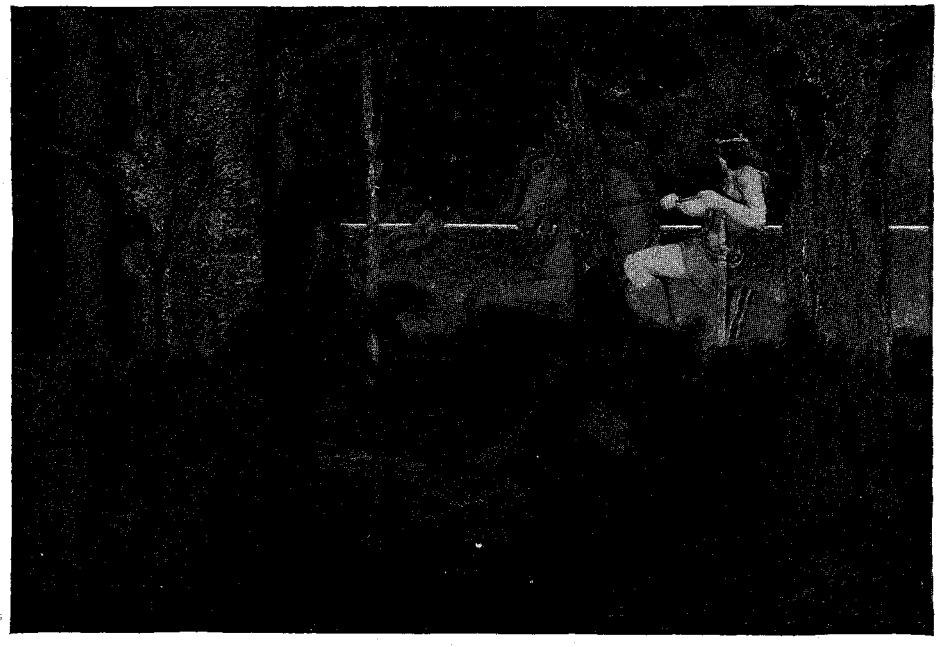

The rolling downs were not, but in their place a bright line.

of Maenseyth with a cry that the tide had broken through Crebawethan and was sweeping north and west upon the land, drowning all in its path. "Hark!" said he, "already you may hear the roar of it by Bryher!"

Yann, the King's body-servant, ran at once to the stables and brought three horses—one for Queen Niotte; one for her only child, the Princess Gwennolar; and for King Graul the red stallion, Rubh, swiftest and strongest in the royal stalls, one of the Five Wonders of Lyonnesse. More than six leagues lay between them and the Wolves' Cairn, which surely the waters could never cover; and toward it the three rode at a stretch gallop, King Graul only tightening his hand on the bridle as Rubh strained to outpace the others. As he rode he called vain warnings to the herdsmen and tinners who already had heard the far roar of waters and were fleeing to the hills. The cattle raced ahead of him, around him, beside him; he passed troop after troop; and among them, in fellowship, galloped foxes, badgers, hares, rabbits, weasels; even small field-mice were skurrying and entangling themselves in the long grasses, and toppling head over heels in their frenzy to escape.

But before they reached the Wolves' Cairn the three riders were alone again. Rubh alone carried his master lightly, and poised his head to sniff the wind. The other two leaned on their bridles and lagged after him, and even Rubh bore against the left-hand rein until it tired the King's wrist. He wondered at this; but at the base of the cairn he wondered no longer, for the old gray wolf, for whose head Graul had offered a talent of silver, was loping down the hill-side in full view, with her long family at her heels. She passed within a stone's throw of the King and gave him one quiet, disdainful look out of her green eyes as she headed her pack to the southward.

Then the King understood. He looked southward and saw the plain full of moving beasts. He looked northward, and two miles away the rolling downs were not, but in their place a bright line stretched taut as a string, and the string roared as if a great finger were twanging it.

Queen Niotte's horse had come to a standstill. Graul lifted and set her before him on Rubh's crupper, and called to Gwennolar to follow him. But Gwennolar's horse, too, was spent, and in a little while he drew rein and lifted her, too, and set her on the stallion's broad back behind him. Then forward he spurred again

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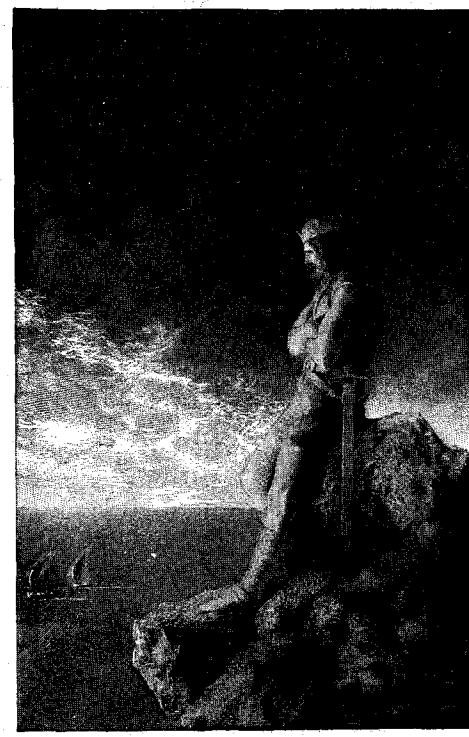
and southward after the wolves—with a pack fiercer than wolves shouting at Rubh's heels, nearer and yet nearer.

And Rubh galloped, yet not as before; for this Gwennolar was a witch—a child of sixteen, golden-tressed, innocent to look upon as a bird of the air. Her parents found no fault in her, for she was their only one. None but the Devil, whom she had bound to serve her for a year and a day, knew of her lovers—the dark young sailors from the ships of Tyre, who came ashore and never sailed again nor were seen—or beneath what beach their bodies lay in a row. To-day his date was up, and in this flood he was taking his wages.



And their King . . . watched . . . their dark sails moving out against the sunset.—Page 169.

Gwennolar wreathed her white arms around her father and clung to him, while her blown hair streamed like gold over his beard. And King Graul set his teeth and rode to save the pair whom he knew to be dearest and believed to be best. But if Niotte weighed like a feather, Gwennolar with her wickedness began to weigh like lead—and more heavily yet, until the stallion could scarcely heave his strong loins forward, as now the earth grew moist about his hoofs. For far ahead of the white surge-line the land was melting and losing its features, trickles of water threading the green pastures, channelling the ditches, widening out into pools among the hollows—traps and pitfalls to be skirted, increasing in number while the sun sank behind and still the great rock of Cara Clowz showed far away above the green forest.

Rubh's head was leaning and his lungs throbbing against the King's heels. Yet he held on. He had overtaken the wolves; and Graul, thinking no longer of deliverance, watched the pack streaming beside him but always falling back and a little back until even the great gray dam dropped behind. A minute later a scream rang close to his ear; the stallion leaped as if at a water-brook, and as suddenly sank backward with a dozen wolves on his haunches.

"Father!" shrieked Gwennolar. "Father!"

He felt her arms dragged from around

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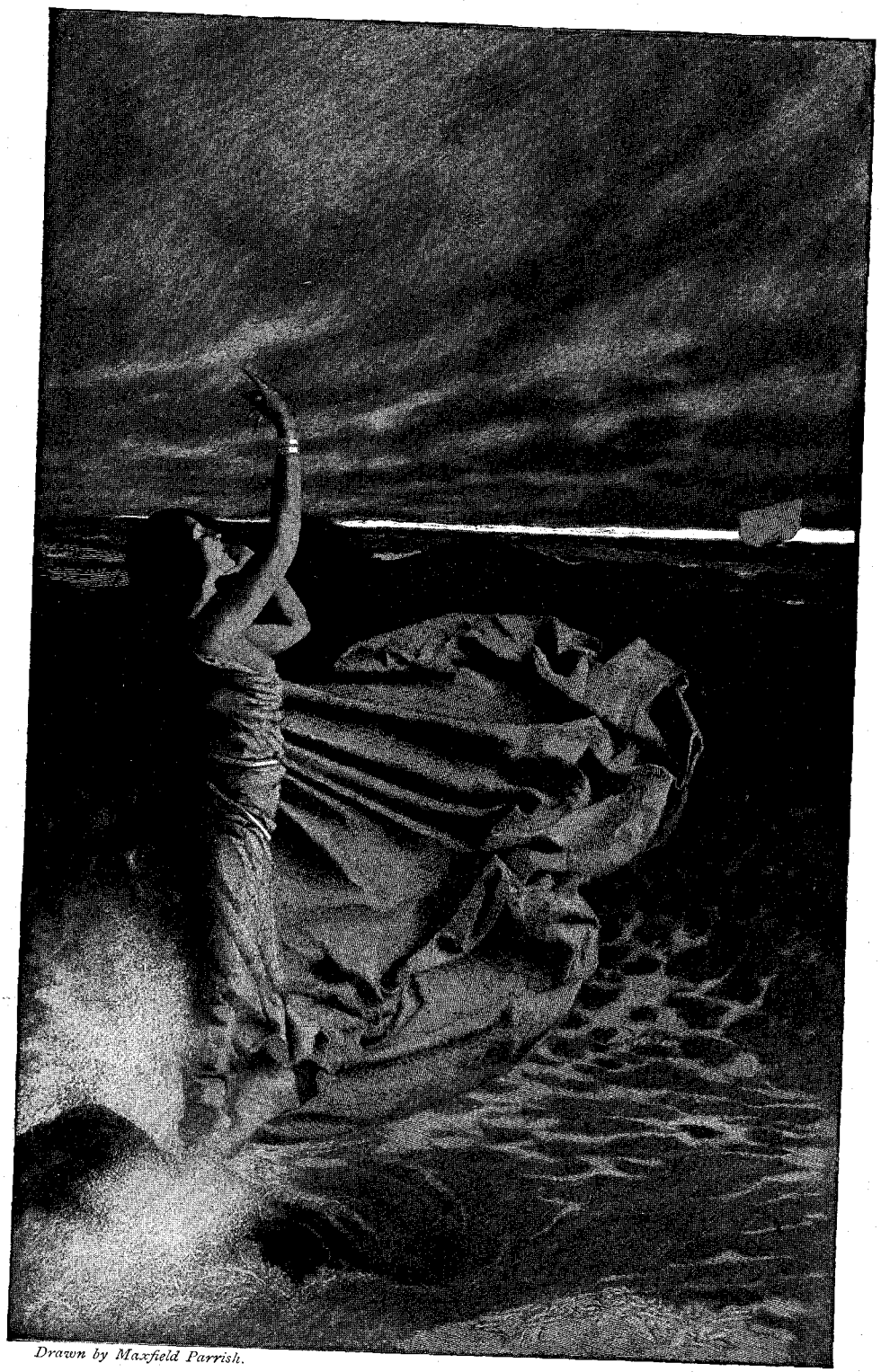

Drawn by Maxfield Parrish.

Through the night she calls to men, luring them down to their death.—Page 172.

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One black noon in November a company of men crossed the sands

his neck. With an arm over his wife, Niotte, he crouched, waiting for the fangs to pierce his neck. And while he waited, to his amazement the horse staggered up, shook himself, and was off with a bound, fleet as an arrow, fleeter than ever before, yet not fleeter than the pack now running again and fresh beside him. He looked back. Gwennolar rose to her knees on the turf where the wolves had pulled her down and left her unhurt; she stretched out both arms to him, and called once. The sun dipped behind her, and between her and the sun the tide—a long bright-edged knife—came sweeping and cut her down. Then it seemed as if the wolves had relinquished to the waters not their prey only but their own fierce instinct; for the waves paused at the body and played with it, nosing and tumbling it over and over, lifting it curiously, laying it down again on the green knoll, and then withdrawing in a circle while they took heart to rush upon it all together and toss it high, exultant and shouting. And during that pause the fugitives gained many priceless furlongs.

They reached the skirts of the great forest and dashed into its twilight, crouching low while Rubh tore his way between the gray beech-trunks and leaped the tangles of brier, but startled no life from bough or undergrowth. Beast and reptile had fled inland; and the birds hung and circled over the tree-tops without thought of roosting. Graul's right arm tightened about his wife's waist, but his left hand did no more than grasp the rein. He trusted to the stallion, and through twilight and darkness alike Rubh held his course.

When at length he slackened speed and came to a halt with a shudder, Graul looked up and saw the stars overhead and a glimmering scarp of granite, and knew it for the gray rock, Cara Clowz. By the base of it he lowered Niotte to the ground, dismounted, and began to climb, leading Rubh by the bridle and seeking for a pathway. Behind him the voices of crashing trees filled the windless night. He found a ledge at length, and there the three huddled together—Niotte between swooning and sleep, Graul seated beside her, and Rubh standing patient, waiting for the day. When the crashing ceased around them, the King could hear the

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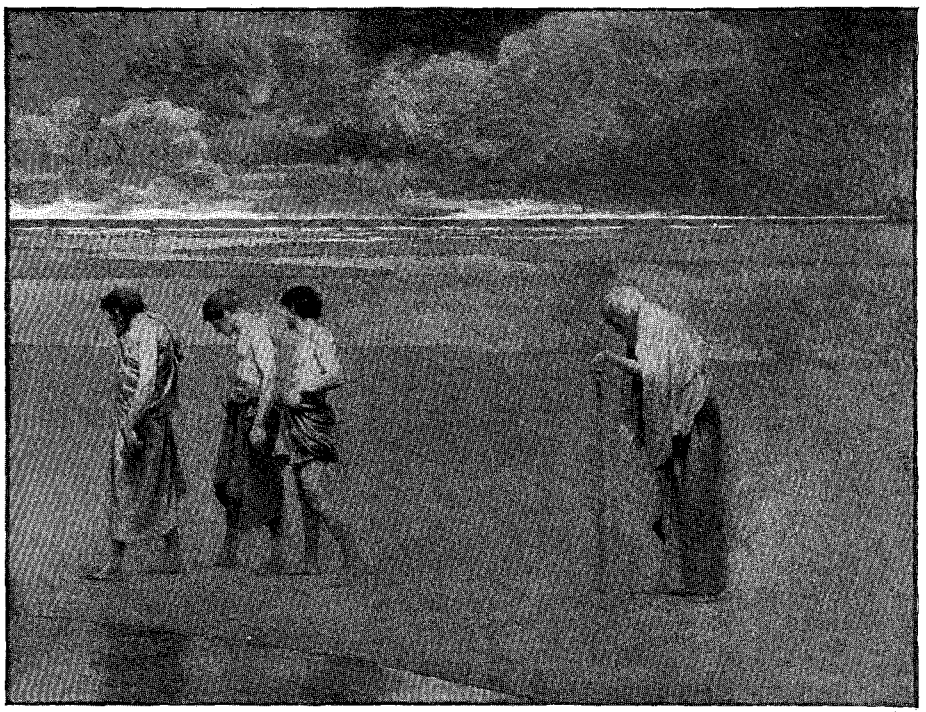

at low-water and demanded to speak with the King.—Page 172.

soft flakes of sweat dripping from the stallion's belly, and saw the stars reflected now from the floor where his forest had stood. Day broke, and the Lyonnesse had vanished. Forest and pasture, city, mart and haven—away to the horizon a heaving sea covered all. Of his kingdom there remained only a thin strip of coast, marching beside the Cornish border, and this sentinel rock, standing as it stands to-day, then called Cara Clowz, and now St. Michael's Mount.

If you have visited it, you will know that the mount stands about half a mile from the mainland; an island except at low water, when you reach it by a stone causeway. Here, on the summit, Graul and Niotte built themselves a house, asking no more of life than a roof to shelter them; for they had no child to build for, and their spirit was broken. The little remnant of their nation settled in Marazion on the mainland, or southward along the strip of coast, and set themselves to learn a new calling. As the sea cast up the bodies of their drowned cattle and the trunks of uprooted trees, they took hides and timber and fashioned boats and launched forth to win their food. They lowered nets and wicker pots through the heaving floor deep into the twilight, and, groping across their remembered fields, drew pollack and conger, shellfish and whiting from rocks where shepherds had sat to watch their sheep, or tinners gathered at noonday for talk and dinner. At first it was as if a man returning at night to his house and, finding it unlit, should feel in the familiar cupboard for food and start back from touch of a monstrous body, cold and unknown. Time and use deadened the shock. They were not happy, for they remembered days of old; but they endured, they fought off hunger, they earned sleep; and their King, as he watched from Cara Clowz their dark sails moving out against the sunset, could give thanks that the last misery had been spared his people.

But there were dawns which discovered one or two missing from the tale of boats, home-comings with heavy news for freight, knots of women and children with blown wet hair awaiting it, white faces and the wails of widow and orphan. The days drew in and this began to

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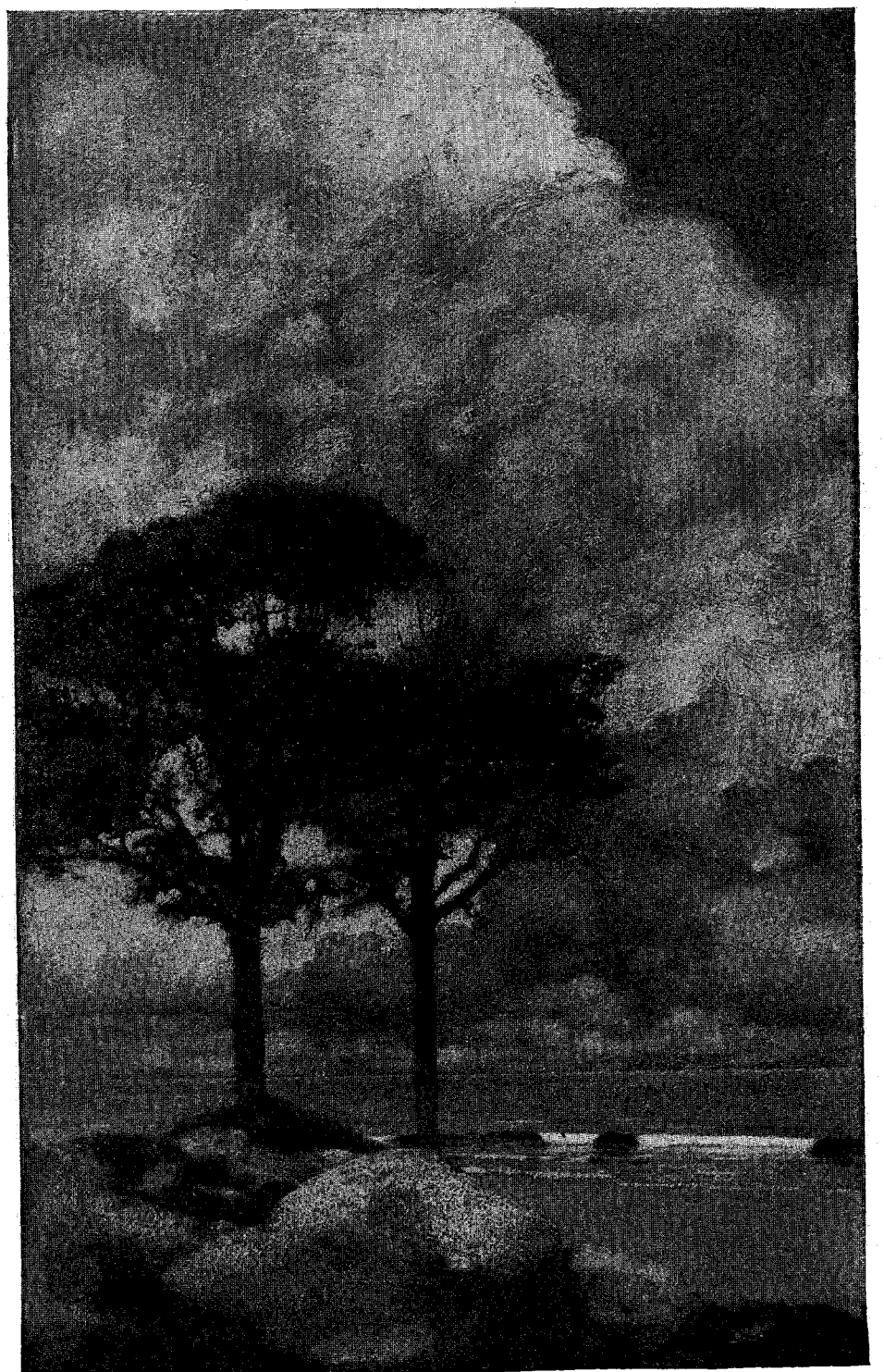

Drawn by Maxfield Parrish.

Twilight had fallen before the Stranger

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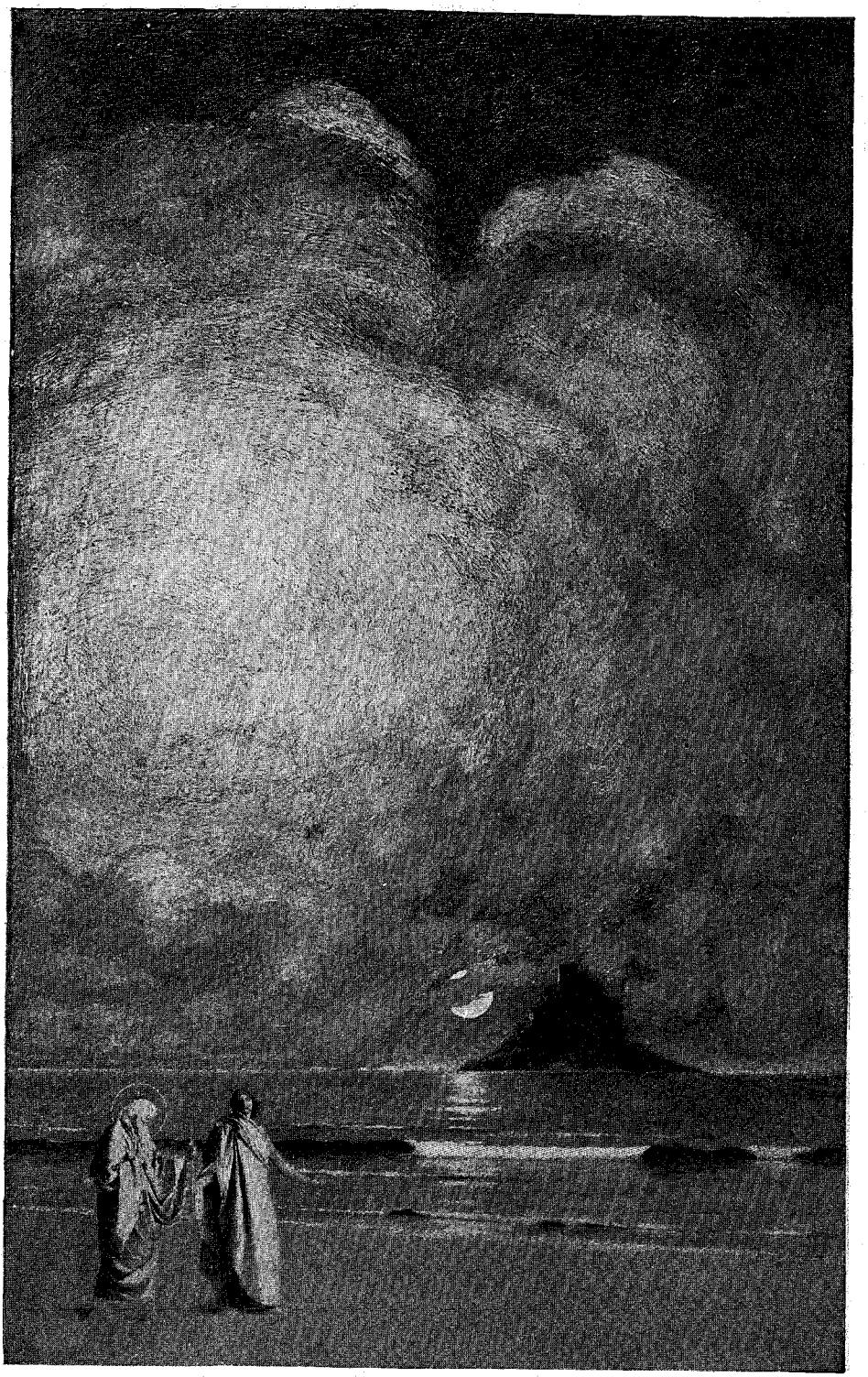

rose and took his farewell.—Page 176.

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And drew aside behind a rock while they passed.—Page 176.

happen often—so often that a tale grew with it and spread, until it had reached all ears but those of King Graul and Queen Niotte.

One black noon in November a company of men crossed the sands at low-water and demanded to speak with the King.

"Speak, my children," said Graul. He knew that they loved him and might count on his sharing the last crust with them.

"We are come," said the spokesman, "not for ourselves, but for our wives and children. For us life is none too pleasant; but they need men's hands to find food for them, and at this rate there will soon be no men of our nation left."

"But how can I help you?" asked the King.

"That we know not; but it is your daughter Gwennolar who undoes us. She lies out yonder beneath the waters, and through the night she calls to men, luring them down to their death. I myself—all of us here—have heard her; and the younger men it maddens. With singing and witch-fires she lures our boats to the reefs and takes toll of us, lulling even the elders to dream, cheating them with the firelight and voices of their homes."

Now the thoughts of Graul and Niotte were with their daughter continually. That she should have been lost and they saved, who cared so little for life and nothing for life without her—that was their abiding sorrow and wonder and self-reproach. Why had Graul not turned Rubh's head perforce and ridden back to die with her, since help her he could not? Many times a day he asked himself this; and though Niotte's lips had never spoken it, her eyes asked it too. At night he would hear her breath pause at his side, and knew she was thinking of their child out yonder in the cold waters.

"She calls to us also," he answered, and checked himself.

"So it is plain her spirit is alive yet, and she must be a witch," said the spokesman, readily.

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The King rent his clothes. "My daughter is no witch!" he cried. "But I left her to die, and she suffers."

"Our lads follow her. She calls to them and they perish."

"It is not Gwennolar who calls, but some evil thing which counterfeits her. She was innocent as the day. Nevertheless your sons shall not perish, nor you accuse her. From this day your boats shall have a lantern on this rock to guide them, and I and my wife will tend it with our own hands."

Thenceforward at sunset with their own hands Graul and Niotte lit and hung out a lantern from the niche which stands to this day and is known as St. Michael's Chair; and trimmed it, and tended it the night through, taking turns to watch. Niotte, doited with years and sorrow, believed that it shone to signal her lost child home. Her hands trembled every night as Graul lit the wick, and she arched her palms above to shield it from the wind. She was happier than her husband.

Gwennolar's spell defied the lantern and their tottering pains. Boats were lost, men perished as before. The people tried a new appeal. It was the women's turn to lay their grief at the King's door. They crossed the sands by ones and twos —widows, childless mothers, maids betrothed and bereaved—and spread their dark skirts and sat before the gateway. Niotte brought them food with her own hands; they took it without thanks. All the day they sat silent, and Graul felt their silence to be heavier than curses—nay, that their eyes did indeed curse as they sat around and watched the lighting of the lantern, and Niotte, nodding innocently at her arched hands, told them, "See, I pray; cannot you pray too?"

But the King's prayer was spoken in the morning, when the flame and the stars grew pale together and the smoke of the extinguished lamp sickened his soul in the clean air. His gods were gone with the oaks under which he had worshipped; but he stood on a rock apart from the women and, lifting both hands, cried aloud: "If there be any gods above the tree-tops, or any in the far seas whither the old fame of King Graul has reached; if ever I did kindness to a stranger or wayfarer, and he, returning to his own altars, remembered to speak of Graul of Lyonnesse: may I, who ever sought to give help receive help now! From my youth I have believed that around me, beyond sight as surely as within it, stretched goodness answering the goodness in my own heart; yea, though I should never travel and find it, I trusted it was there. O trust, betray me not! O kindness, how far soever dwelling, speak comfort and help! For I am afflicted because of my people."

Seven mornings he prayed thus on his rock: and on the seventh, his prayer ended, he stood watching while the sunrays, like dogs shepherding a flock, searched in the mists westward and gathered up the tale of boats one by one. While he counted them, the shoreward breeze twanged once like a harp, and he heard a fresh young voice singing from the base of the cliff at his feet—

> There lived a king in Argos,—
> A merchantman in Tyre
> Would sell the King his cargoes,
> But took his heart's desire:
> Sing Io, Io, Io!—

Graul looked toward his wife. "That will be the boy Laian," said Niotte; "he sits on the rock below and sings at his fishing."

"The song is a strange one," said Graul; "and never had Laian voice like that."

The singer mounted the cliff—

> The father of that merry may
> A thousand towns he made to pay,
> And lapp'd the world in fire!

He stood before them—a handsome, smiling youth, with a crust of brine on his blue sea-cloak, and the light of the morning in his hair. "Salutation, O Graul!" said he, and looked so cordial and well-willing that the King turned to him from the dead lamp and the hooded women as one turns to daylight from an evil dream.

"Salutation, O Stranger!" he answered. "You come to a poor man, but are welcome—you and your shipmates."

"I travel alone," said the youth; "and my business——"

But the King put up his hand. "We ask no man his business until he has feasted."

"I feast not in a house of mourning;

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and my business is better spoken soon than late, seeing that I heal griefs."

"If that be so," answered Graul, "you come to those who are fain of you." And then and there he told of Gwennolar. "The blessing of blessings rest on him who can still my child's voice and deliver her from my people's curse!"

The Stranger listened, and threw back his head. "I said I could heal griefs. But I cannot cure fate; nor will a wise man ask it. Pain you must suffer, but I can soothe it; sorrow, but I can help you to forget; death, but I can brace you for it."

"Can death be welcomed," asked Graul, "save by those who find life worse?"

"You shall see." He stepped to the mourning women, and took the eldest by the hand. At first he whispered to her—in a voice so low that Graul heard nothing, but saw her brow relax, and that she listened while the blood came slowly back to her cheeks.

"O what are you telling her?" the King demanded.

"Hush!" said the Stranger, "Go, fetch me a harp."

Graul brought a harp. It was mute and dusty, with a tangle of strings; but the Stranger set it against his knee, and began to mend it deftly, talking the while in murmurs as a brook talks in a covert of cresses. By and by as he fitted a string he would touch and make it hum on a word—softly at first, and with long intervals—as though all its music lay dark and tangled in chaos, and he were exploring and picking out a note here and a note there to fit his song. There was trouble in his voice, and restlessness, and a low eager striving, and a hope which grew as the notes came oftener, and lingered and thrilled on them. Then his fingers caught the strings together, and pulled the first chord: it came out of the depths with a great sob—a soul set free. Other souls behind it rose to his fingers, and he plucked them forth, faster and faster—some wailing, some laughing fiercely, but each with the echo of a great pit, the clang of doors, and the mutter of an army pressing at its heels. And now the mourners leaned forward, and forgot all except to listen, for he was singing The Creation. He sang up the stars and set them in procession; he sang forth the sun from his chamber; he lifted the heads of the mountains and hitched on their mantles of green forest; he scattered the uplands with sheep, and the upper air with clouds; he called the west wind, and it came with a rustle of wings; he broke the rock into water and led it dancing down the cliffs, and spread it in marshes, and sent it spouting and hurrying in channels. Flowers trooped to the lip of it, wild beasts slunk down to drink; armies of corn spread in rank along it, and men followed with sickles, chanting the hymn of Linus; and after them, with children at the breast, women stooped to glean or strode upright bearing baskets of food. Over their heads days and nights hurried in short flashes, and the seasons overtook them while they rested, and drowned them in showers of bloom, and overtopped their bodies with fresh corn: but the children caught up the sickles and ran on. To some—shining figures in the host—he gave names; and they shone because they moved in the separate light of divine eyes watching them, rays breaking the thickets or hovering down from heights where the gods sat at their ease.

But before this the men had brought their boats to shore, and hurried to the Mount, drawn by his harping. They pressed around him in a ring; and at first they were sad, since of what he sang they remembered the like in Lyonnesse—plough and sickle and flail, nesting birds and harvest, flakes of ore in the river-beds, dinner in the shade, and the plain beyond winking in the noon-day heat. They had come too late for the throes of his music, when the freed spirit trembled for a little on the threshold, fronting the dawn, but with the fire of the pit behind it and red on its trailing skirt. The song rolled forward now like a river, sweeping them past shores where they desired to linger. But the Stranger fastened his eyes on them, and sang them out to broad bars and sounding tumbling seas, where the wind piped, and the breeze came salt, and the spray slapped over the prow, hardening men to heroes. Then the days of their regret seemed to them good only for children, and the life they had loathed took a new face; their eyes opened upon

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it, and they saw it whole, and loved it for its largeness. "Beyond! beyond! beyond!"—they stared down on the fingers plucking the chords, but the voice of the harp sounded far up and along the horizon.

And with that quite suddenly it came back, and was speaking close at hand, as a friend telling them a simple tale; a tale which all could understand, though of a country unknown to them. Thus it ran:

"In Hellas, in the kingdom of Argos, there lived two brothers, Cleobis and Biton—young men, well to do, and of great strength of body, so that each had won a crown in the public games. Now once, when the Argives were keeping a festival of the goddess Hera, their mother had need to be driven to the temple in her chariot, but the oxen did not return from the field in time. The young men, therefore, seeing that the hour was late, put the yoke on their own necks, and drew the car in which their mother sat, and brought her to the temple, which was forty-five stades away. This they did in sight of the multitude assembled; and the men commended their strength, while the women called her blessed to be the mother of such sons. But she, overjoyed at the deed and its renown, entered the temple and, standing before the image of Hera, prayed the goddess to grant her two sons, Cleobis and Biton, the greatest boon which could fall to man. After she had prayed, and they had sacrificed and eaten of the feast, the young men sat down in the temple and fell asleep, and never awoke again, but so made an end with life. In this wise the blessing of Hera came to them; and the men of Argos caused statues to be made of them and set up at Delphi, for a memorial of their piety and its reward."

Thus quietly the great song ended, and Graul, looking around on his people, saw on their faces a cheerfulness they had not known since the day of flood.

"Sir," said he, "yours is the half of my poor kingdom and yours the inheritance, if you will abide with us and sing us more of these songs."

"For that service," answered the Stranger, "I am come; but not for the reward. Give me only a hide of land somewhere upon your cliffs, and there will I build a house and sing to all who have need of me."

So he did; and the fable goes on to say that never were known in the remnant of Lyonnesse such seasons as followed, nor ever will be. The fish crowded to the nets, the cliffs waved with harvest. Heavy were the nets to haul and laborious was the reaping, but the people forgot their aches when the hour came to sit at the Stranger's feet and listen, and drink the wine which he taught them to plant. For his part he toiled not at all, but descended at daybreak and nightfall to bathe in the sea, and returned with the brine on his curls and his youth renewed upon him. He never slept; and they, too, felt little need of sleep, but drank and sang the night away, refreshed by the sacred dews, watching for the moon to rise over the rounded corn-fields, or for her feet to touch the sea and shed silver about the boats in the offing. Out yonder Gwennolar sang and took her toll of life as before; but the people heeded less, and soon forgot even when their dearest perished. Other things than sorrow they began to unlearn. They had been a shamefaced race; the men shy and the women chaste. But the Stranger knew nothing of shame; nor was it possible to think harm where he, their leader, so plainly saw none. Naked he led them from the drinking-bout down the west stairway to the bathing-pool, and naked they plunged in and splashed around him and laughed as the cool shock scattered the night's languor and the wine-fumes. What mattered anything?—what they did, or what they suffered, or what news the home-coming boats might bring? They were blithe for the moment and lusty for the day's work, and with night again would come drink and song of the amorous gods; or if by chance the Singer should choose another note and tell of Procris or of Philomela they could weep softly for other's woes and, so weeping, quite forget their own.

And the fable goes on to say that for three years by these means the Stranger healed the griefs of the people of Lyonnesse, until one night when they sat around he told them the story of Ion; and if the Stranger were indeed Phœbus Apollo himself, shameless was the telling. But while they listened, wrapped in the story, a cry broke on the night above the mur-

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mur of the beaches—a voice from the cliff below them, calling "Repent! Repent!"

They leaped to their feet at once, and hurried down the stairway. But the beach was empty; and though they hunted for an hour, they found no one. Yet the next night and every night after the same voice called "Repent! Repent!" They hurled down stones upon it and threatened it with vengeance; but it was not to be scared. And by and by the Stranger missed a face from his circle, then another. At length came a night when he counted but half of his company.

He said no word of the missing ones; but early next morning, when the folk had set out to their labors in the fields, he took a staff and walked along the shore toward the Mount. A little beyond Parc-an-als, where a spring gushes from the face of the cliff, he came upon a man who stood under it catching the trickle in a stone basin, and halted a few paces off to watch him. The man's hair and beard were long and unkempt, his legs bare, and he wore a tattered tunic which reached below the knees and was caught about his waist with a thong girdle. For some minutes he did not perceive the Singer; but turned at length, and the two eyed each other awhile.

Then the Singer advanced smiling, while the other frowned.

"Thou hast followed me," he said.

"I have followed and found thee," the other answered.

"Thy name?"

"Leven," said the man. "I come out of Ireland."

"The Nazarite travels far; but this spot He overlooked on his travels, and the people had need. I brought them help; but they desert me now—for thee, doubtless?"

The Saint bent his head. The Singer laughed.

"He is strong, but the old gods bear no malice. I go to-night to join their sleep, but I have loved this folk in a fashion. I pitied their woes and brought them solace, I taught them to forget—and in the forgetting maybe they have learned much that thou wilt have to unteach. Yet deal gently with them. They are children, and too often you holy men come with bands of iron. Shall we sit and talk awhile together, for their sakes?"

And the fable says that for a long day St. Leven sat on the sands of the Porth which now bears his name, and talked with the Singer; and, that in consequence, to this day the descendants of the people of Lyonnesse praise God in cheerfuller hymns than the rest of the world uses—so much so that a company of minstrels visiting them not long ago were surprised in the midst of a drinking-chorus to find the audience tittering, and to learn afterward that they had chanted the most popular of local burying-tunes!

Twilight had fallen before the Stranger rose and took his farewell. On his way back he spied a company approaching along the dusky shore, and drew aside behind a rock while they passed toward the Saint's dwelling. He found his own deserted. Of his old friends either none had come or none had waited; and away on a distant beach rose the faint chant of St. Patrick's "Hymn of the Guardsman:"

Christ the eye, the ear, the heart,
Christ above, before, behind me;
From the snare, the sword, the dart,
On the Trinity I bind me—
Christi est salus,
Christi est salus,
Salus tua, Domine, sit semper nobiscum!

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OUTWARD!

By George Cabot Lodge

OUTWARD broad airs, the sea's unshadowed sweep
And larger voice on shores of lovelier lands,
Starred heavens of vaster light and night with sleep
Tender as women's hands.

Outward the grave processional of hours,
Each a discovered joy, a solved surmise;
Days dark in bud, that, ripening, fall like flowers
Gardened in Paradise.

Outward! O throes resolved in mightier song!
Splendor of nameless deeds, essential words,
Merged in the large acceptance, in the long
Pulse of the cosmic chords.

Outward, where every word and deed is fit;
Outward, beyond the lies of name and shame,
Of sin and ignorance the cause of it,
Life's prison of fancied flame.

Outward! O heart, the secret solved at last!
Love that enfolds, unites, and understands;
Love like the sea, with equal waters cast
On this and alien lands!

Outward! O free at last! O steadfast soul
Calm in the poise of natural things! O wise,
How wise is love!—only, beyond control,
To pass with open eyes!

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RURAL NEW YORK CITY *

By Jesse Lynch Williams

THERE is pretty good snipe shooting within the city limits of New York, and I have heard that an occasional trout still rises to the fly in one or two spots along a certain stream—which need not be made better known than it is already, though it can hardly be worth whipping much longer at any rate.

A great many ducks, however, are still shot every season in the city, by those who know where to go for them; and as for inferior sport, like rabbits—if you include them as game—on certain days of the year probably more gunners and dogs are out after rabbits within the limits of Greater New York than in any region of equal extent in the world, though to be sure the bags brought in hardly compare with those of certain parts of Australia or some of our western States. Down toward Far Rockaway, a little this side of the salt marshes of Jamaica Bay, in the hedges and cabbage-patches of the "truck" farms, there is plenty of good cover for rabbits, as well as in the brush piles and pastures of the rolling borough of Richmond on Staten Island, and the forests and stone fences of the hilly Bronx, up around Pelham Bay Park, for instance. But the gunners must keep out of the parks, of course, though many ubiquitous little boys with snares do not.

In such parts of the city, except when No Trespassing signs prevent, on any day of the open season scores of men and youths may be seen whose work and homes are generally in the densest parts of the city, respectable citizens from the extreme east and west sides of Manhattan, artisans and clerks, salesmen and small shop-keepers who, quite unexpectedly in some cases, share the ancient fret and longing of the primitive man in common with those other New Yorkers who can go farther out on Long Island or farther up into New York State to satisfy it. To be sure, the former do not get as many shots as the latter, but they get the outdoors and the exercise and the return to nature which is the main thing. And the advantage of going shooting in Greater New York is that you can tramp until too dark to see, and yet get back in time to dine at home, thus satisfying an appetite acquired in the open with a dinner cooked in the city.

Once a certain young family went off to a far corner of Greater New York, to attack the perennial summer problem. By walking through a hideously suburban village with a beautifully rural name, they found, just over the brow of a hill, quite as a friend had told them they would, tucked away all alone in a green glade beside an ancient forest, a charming little diamond-paned, lattice-windowed cottage, covered thick with vines outside, and yet supplied with modern plumbing within. It seemed too good to be true. There was no distinctly front yard or back yard, not even a public road in sight, and no neighbors to bother them except the landlord who lived in the one house nearby and was very agreeable. All through the close season

* See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for October, 1899, January, 1900, and November, 1900, for articles by Jesse Lynch Williams on "The Water Front of New York," "The Walk Up-Town," and "The Cross-Streets of New York."

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they enjoyed the whistling of quail at their breakfast; in their afternoon walks, squirrels and rabbits and uncommon song-birds were too common to be remarked; and once, within forty yards of the house, great consternation was caused by a black snake, though it was not black snakes but mosquitoes that made them look elsewhere next year, and taught them a life lesson in regard to English lattice windows and American mosquito screens.

But until the mosquitoes became so persistent it seemed—this country-place within a city, or *rus in urbe*, as they probably enjoyed calling it—an almost perfect solution of the problem for a small family whose head had to be within commuting distance of downtown. For though so remote, it was not inaccessible; two railroads and a trolley line were just over the dip of the hill that hid them, so that there was time for the young man of the house to linger with his family at breakfast, which was served out of doors, with no more objectionable witnesses than the thrushes in the bushes. And then, too, there was time to get exercise in the afternoon before dinner. "It seemed an ideal spot," to quote their account of it, "except that on our walks, just as we thought that we had found some sequestered dell where nobody had come since the Indians left, we would be pretty sure to hear a slight rustle behind us, and there—not an Indian but a Tammany policeman would break through the thicket, with startling white gloves and gleaming brass buttons, looking exactly like the policemen in the park. Of course he would continue on his beat and disappear in a moment, but by that time we had forgotten to listen to the birds and things, and the distant hum of the trolley would break in and remind us of all the things we wanted to forget."

I

In a way, that is rather typical of most of the rurality found within the boundaries of these modern aggregations or trusts of large and small towns, and intervening country, held together (more or less) by one name, under one municipal government, and called a "city" by legislature. There is plenty that is not at all city-like within the city walls—called limits—there is plenty of nature, but in most cases those wanting to commune with it are reminded that it is no longer within the domain of nature. The city has stretched out its hand, and the mark of the beast can usually be seen.

You can find not only rural seclusion and bucolic simplicity, but the rudeness and crudeness of the wilderness and primeval forest; indeed, even forest fires have been known in Greater New York. But the trouble is that so often the bucolic simplicity has cleverly advertised lots staked out across it; the rural seclusion shows a couple of factory chimneys on the near horizon. The forest fire was put out by the fire department.

There are numerous peaceful duck-ponds in the Borough of Queens, for instance, as muddy and peaceful as ever you saw, but so many of them are lighted by gas every evening. Besides the fisheries, there is profitable oyster-dredging in several sections of this city; and in at least one place it can be seen by electric-light. There are many potato-patches patrolled by the police.

Not far from the geographical centre of the city there are fields where, as all who have ever commuted to and from the north shore of Long Island must remember, German women may be seen every day in the tilling season, working away, as industriously as the peasants of Europe, blue skirts, red handkerchiefs about their heads, and all; while not far away, at frequent intervals, passes a whining, thumping trolley-car, marked Brooklyn Bridge.

In another quarter, on a dreary, desolate waste, neither farm land, nor city, nor village, there stands an old weather-beaten hut, long, low, patched up and tumbled down, with an old soap-box for a front doorstep—all beautifully toned by time, the kind amateurs like to sketch, when found far away from home in their travels. The thing that recalls the city in this case, rather startlingly, is a rudely lettered sign, with the S's turned the wrong way, offering lots for sale in Greater New York.

It is not necessary to go far away from the beaten paths of travel in Greater New York to witness any of these scenes of the

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comedy, sometimes tragedy, brought about by the contending forces of city and country. Most of what has been cited can be observed from car-windows. For that matter, somewhat similar incongruity can be found in all of our modern, legally enlarged cities, London, with the hedges and gardens of Hampstead Heath, and certain parts of the Surrey Side, or Chicago, with its broad stretches of prairie and farms—the subject of so many American newspaper jokes a few years ago.

But New York—and this is another respect in which it is different from other cities—our great Greater New York, which is better known as having the most densely populated tenement districts in the world, can show places that are more truly rural than any other city of modern times, places where the town does not succeed in obtruding itself at all. From Hampstead Heath, green and delightful as it is, every now and then, the gilded cross of St. Paul's may be seen gleaming far below through the trees. And in Chicago, bucolic as certain sections of it may be, one can spy the towers of the city from miles away, across the prairie; even when down in certain wild, murderous looking ravines there is ever on high the appalling cloud of soft coal smoke. But out in the broad, rolling farm lands of Long Island, you can walk on for hours and not find any sign of the city you are in, except the enormous tax rate, which, by the way, has the effect of discouraging the farmers (many of whom did not want to become city people at all) from spending money for paint and improvements, and this only results in making the country look more primitive, and less like what is absurdly called a city.

But the best of these rural parts of town cannot be spied from car-windows, or the beaten paths of travel.

II

MAKE a journey out through the open country to the southeast of Flushing, past the Oakland Golf Club, and over toward the Creedmoor Rifle Range; after awhile turn north and follow a twisting road that leads down into the ravine at the head of Little Neck Bay, where a few of the many Little Neck clams come from. All of these places are well within the eastern boundary of the city, and this little journey will furnish a very good example of a certain kind of rural New York, but only one kind, for it is only one small corner of a very big place.

As soon as you have ridden, or walked—it is better to walk if there is plenty of time—beyond the fine elms of the ancient Flushing streets, you will be in as peaceful looking farming country as can be found anywhere. But the interesting thing about it is that here is seen not merely a few incongruous green patches that happen to be left between rapidly devouring suburban towns—like the fields near Woodside where the German women work—out here one rides through acre after acre of it, farm after farm, mile after mile, up hill, down hill, cornfields, wheatfields, stone fences, rail fences, no fences, and never a town in sight, much less anything to suggest the city, except the procession of market wagons at certain hours, to or from College Point Ferry, and they aren't so conspicuously urban after all.

Even the huge advertising sign-boards which usually shout to passers-by along the approaches to cities are rather scarce in this country, for it is about midway between two branches of the only railroad on Long Island, and there is no need for a trolley. There is nothing but country roads, with more or less comfortable farmhouses and large, squatty barns; not only old farm-houses, but what is much more striking, farm-houses that are new. Now, it does seem odd to build a new farmhouse in a city.

Out in the fields the men are ploughing. A rooster crows in the barn-yard. A woman comes out to take in the clothes. Children climb the fence to gaze when people pass by. And one can ride for a matter of miles and see no other kind of life, except the birds in the hedge and an occasional country dog, not suburban dogs, but distinctly farm dogs, the kind that have deep, ominous barks, as heard at night from a distance. By and by, down the dusty, sunny, lane-like road, plods a fat old family Dobbin, pulling an old-fashioned phaëton in which are seated a couple of prim old maiden ladies, dressed in black, who try to make him move faster in the

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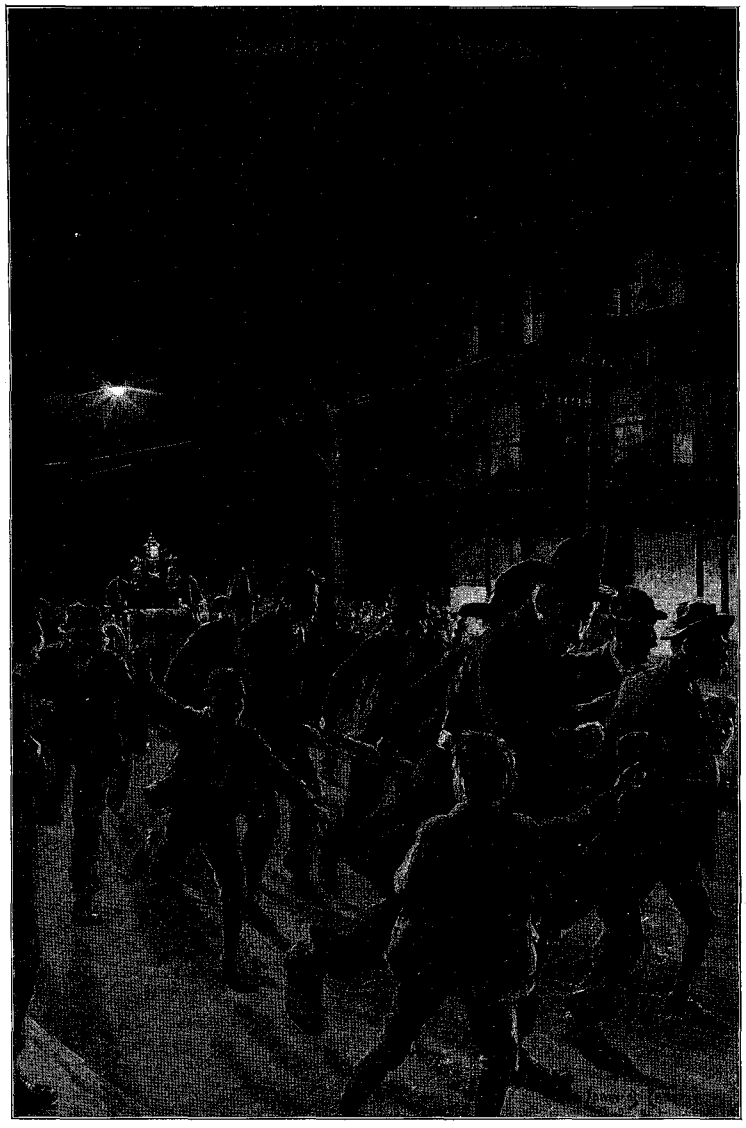

Flushing Volunteer Fire Department Responding to a Fire Alarm.

presence of strangers, and so push and jerk animatedly on the reins, which he enjoys catching with his tail, and holds serenely until beyond the bend in the road.

Of course, this is part of the city. The road map proves it. But there are very few places along this route where you can find it out in any other way. The road leads up over a sort of plateau; a wide expanse of country can be viewed in all directions, but there are only more fields to see, more farm-houses and squatty barns, perhaps a village church steeple in the distance, a village that has its oldest inhabitant and a church with a churchyard. Away off to the north, across a gleaming strip of water, which the map shows to be Long Island Sound, lie the

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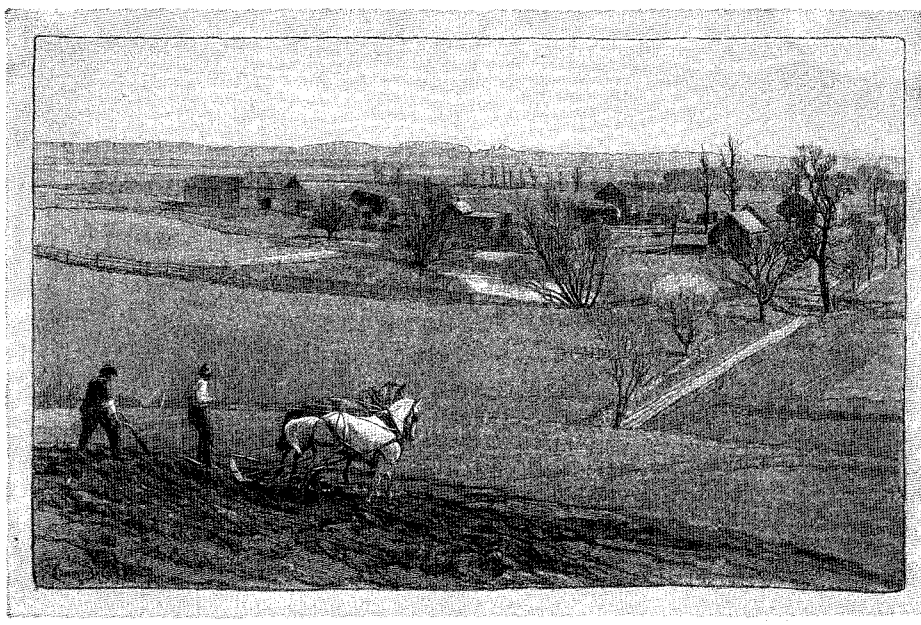
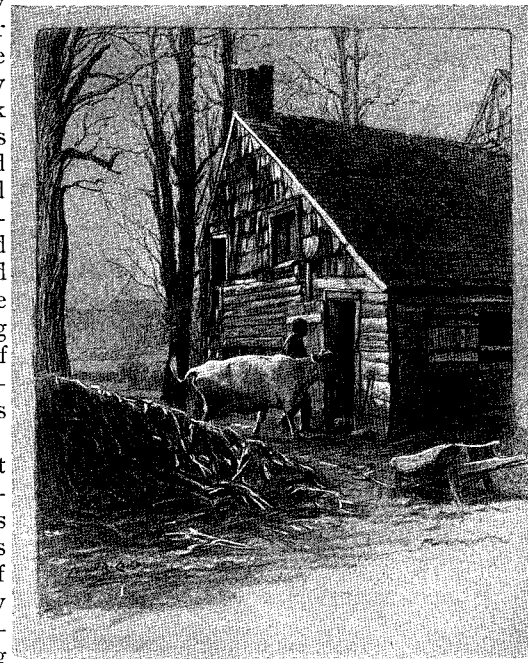


A Bit of Farmland in the Heart of Greater New York.

"Acre after acre, farm after farm, and never a sign of city in sight."

blue hills of the Bronx. They, too, are well within Greater New York. So is all that country to the southwest, far beyond the range of the eye, Jamaica, and Jamaica Bay and Coney Island. And over there, more to the west, is dreary East New York and endless Brooklyn, and dirty Long Island City, and, still farther, crowded Manhattan Island itself. Then one realizes something of the extent of this strange manner of city. It is very ridiculous.

When at last the head of Little Neck Bay is reached, here is another variety of primitive country scene. The upland road skirting the hill, beyond which the rifles of Creedmoor are crashing, takes a sudden turn down a steep grade, a guileless looking grade, but very dangerous for bicyclists, especially in the fall, when the ruts and rocks are covered thick with leaves for days at a time. Then, after passing a nearer view (through a vista of big trees) of the blue Sound, with the darker blue of the hills beyond, the road drops down into a peaceful old valley, tucked away as serene and unmolested as it was early in the nineteenth century, when the country cross-roads store down there was first built, along side of the water-power mill, which is somewhat old-



East End of Duryea House, where the Cow is Stabled.

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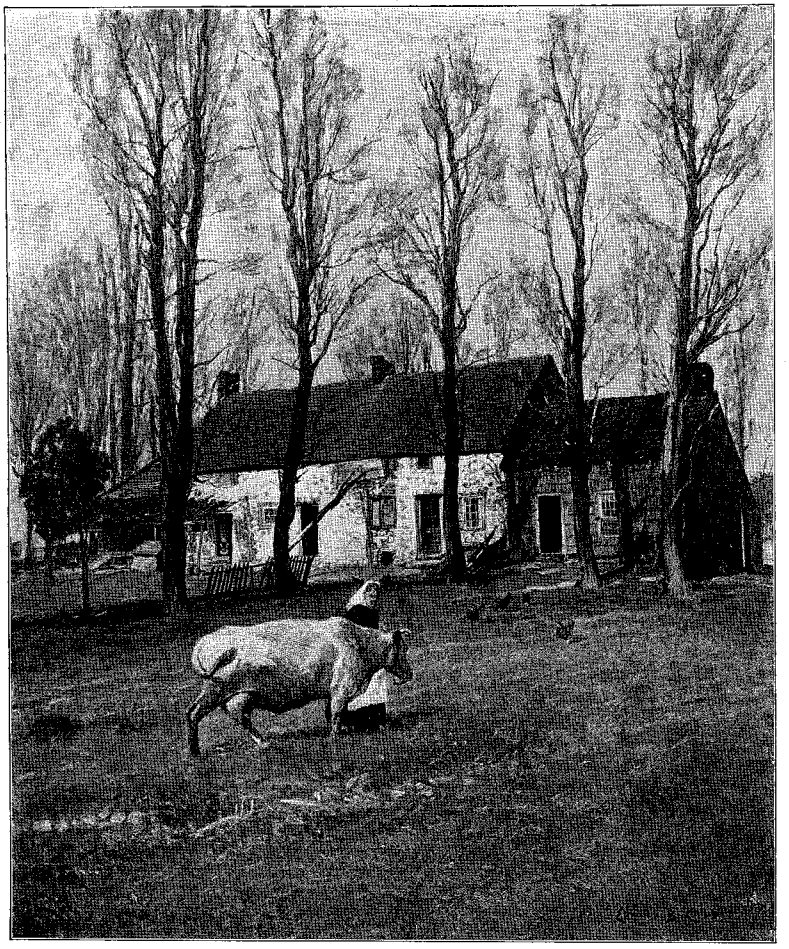

One of the Farm Houses that Have Come to Town.
The old Duryea House, Flushing, once used as a head-quarters for Hessian officers.

er. In front is an old dam and mill-pond, called "The Alley," recently improved, but still containing black bass; in the rear Little Neck Bay opens out to the Sound beyond, one of the sniping and ducking places of Greater New York. The old store, presumably the polling-place of that election district of the city, is where prominent personages of the neighborhood congregate and tell fishing and shooting stories, and gossip, and talk politics, seated on boxes and barrels around the white-bodied stove, for the sake of which they chew tobacco.

It is one of those stores that contain everything—from anchor-chains to chewing-gum. There are bicycle sundries in the show-case and boneless bacon suspended from the old rafters, but the best thing in the place is a stream of running water. This is led down by a pipe from the side of the hill, acts as a refrigerator for a sort of bar in one corner of the store—for this establishment sells a greater variety of commodities than a big Department store—and passes out into Long Island Sound in the rear.

The fact that they are in Greater New York does not seem to bother them much down in this happy valley; at least it hasn't changed their mode of life apparently. The last time we were there a well-tanned Long Islander was buying some duck loads; he said he was merely going out after a few snipe, but he ordered No. 5's.

"Have you a policeman out here?" we asked him.

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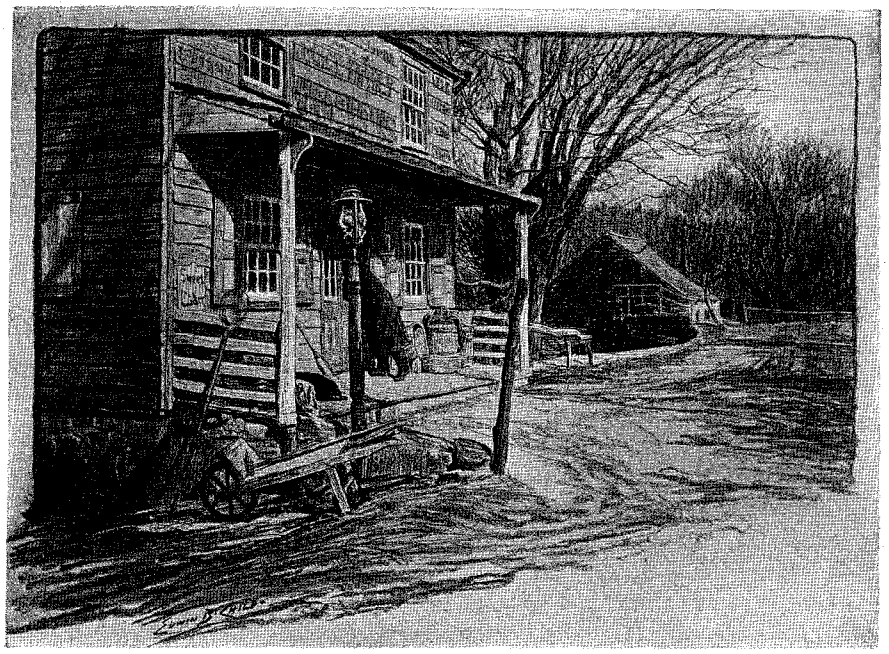

The Old Country Cross-roads Store, Established 1828.
In the background is the old water-power mill.

"Oh, yes, but he doesn't come around very often."

"How often?"

"Oh, I generally catch a glimpse of him once a month or so," said the gunner. "But then, you see, these here city policemen have to be pretty careful, they're likely to get lost."

"Down near Bay Ridge," a man on the cracker-barrel put in as he stroked the store cat, "one night a policeman got off his beat and floundered into the swamp, and if it hadn't been that some folks of the neighborhood rescued him, he'd have perished—of mosquitoes."

"We don't have any mosquitoes here on the north shore," put in the other, addressing us; but he is probably the humorist of the neighborhood.

This is only one of the many pilgrimages that may be made in Greater New York, and shows only one sort of rurality. It is the great variety of unurban scenes that is the most impressive thing about this city. Here is another sort, seen along certain parts of Jamaica Bay:

Long, level sweeps of flat land, covered with tall, wild grass that the sea-breezes like to race across. The plain is intersected here and there with streams of tide-water. At rare intervals there are lonely little clumps of scrub oaks, huddled close together for comfort. Away off in the distance the yellow sand-dunes loom up as big as mountains, and beyond is the deep blue of the open sea, with sharp cut horizon.

The sun comes up, the wonderful color tricks of the early morning are exhibited, and the morning flight of birds begins. The tide comes hurrying in, soon hiding the mud flats where the snipe were feeding. The breeze freshens up, and white-caps, like specks, can be seen on the distant blue band of the ocean. . . . The sun gets hot. The tide turns. The estuaries begin to show their mud-banks again. The sun sinks lower; and distant inlets reflect it brilliantly. The birds come back, the breeze dies down, and the sun sets splendidly across the long, flat plain; another day has passed over this part of a so-called city and no man has been within a mile of the spot. The nearest sign of habitation is the lonely life-saving station away over there on the dunes, and, perhaps, a fisherman's shanty. Far out on

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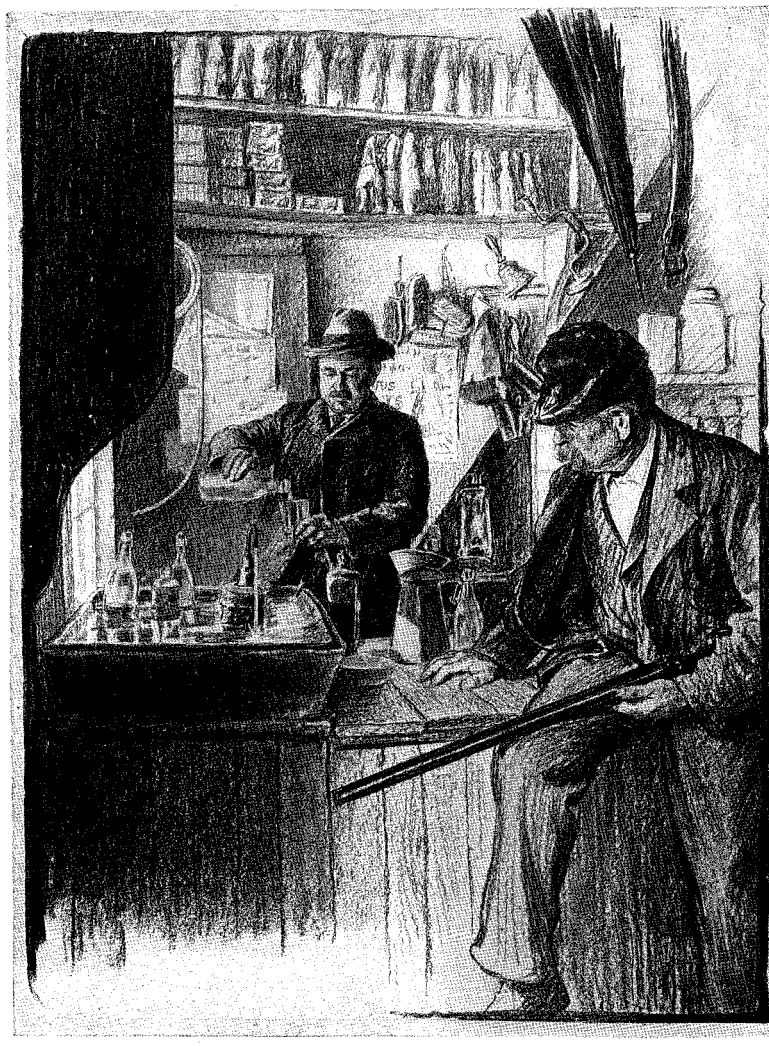

Interior of the Old Country Cross-roads Store.

the sky-line is the smoke of a home-coming steamer, whose approach has already been announced from Fire Island, forty miles down the coast.

Then, here is another sort: A rambling, stony road, occasionally passing comfortable old houses—historic houses in some cases—with trees and lawns in front, leading down to stone walls that abut the road. The double-porticoed house where Aaron Burr died is not far from here. An old-fashioned, stone-arched bridge, a church steeple around the bend, a cluster of trees, and under them, a blacksmith shop. Trudging up the hill is a little boy, who stares and sniffles, carrying a slate and geography in one hand, and in the other leading a little sister, who also sniffles and stares. This, too, is Greater New York, Borough of Richmond, better known as Staten Island. This borough has nearly all kinds of wild and tame rurality and suburbanity. Its farms need not be described.

III

POINTING out mere farms in the city becomes rather monotonous; they are too common. But there is one kind of farm in New York that is not at all common, that has never existed in any other city,

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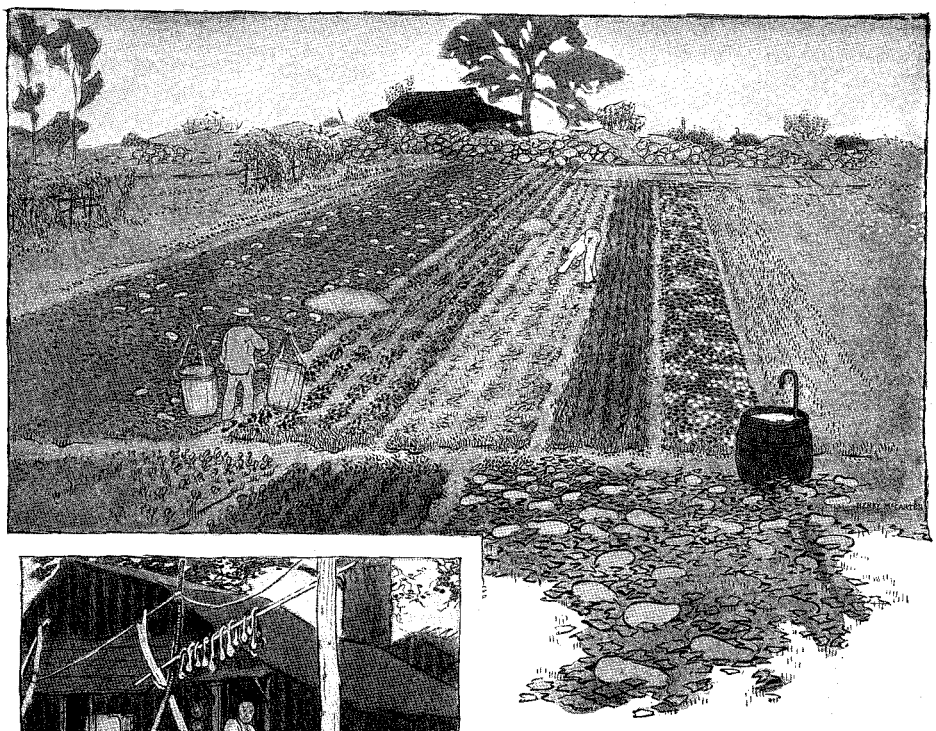

The Colony of Chinese Farmers, Near the Geographical Centre of New York City.

so far as I know, in ancient or modern times. It is situated, oddly enough, in about the centre of the 317 square miles of New York—so well as the centre of a boot-shaped area can be located.

Cross Thirty-fourth Street Ferry to Long Island City, which really does not smell so bad as certain of our poets would have us believe; take the car marked "Steinway," and ride for fifteen or twenty minutes out through dreary city edge, past small, unpainted manufactories, squalid tenements, dirty back-yards, and sad vacant lots that serve as the last resting-place for decayed trucks and over-worked wagons. Soon after passing a tumble-down wind-mill, which looks like an historic old relic, on a hilltop, but which was built in 1867 and tumbled down only last year, the Steinway Silk Mills will be reached (they can be distinguished by the long, low wings of the building covered with windows like a hothouse). Leave the car here and strike off to the left, down a lane which will soon be an alley, and then a hundred yards or so from the highway will be seen the first of the odd, paper-covered houses of a colony of Chinese farmers who earn their living by tilling the soil of Greater New York.

At short distances are the other huts crouching at the foot of big trees, with queer gourds hanging out in front to dry, and large unusual crocks lying about, and huge baskets, and mattings—all clearly from China; they are as different from what could be bought on the neighboring

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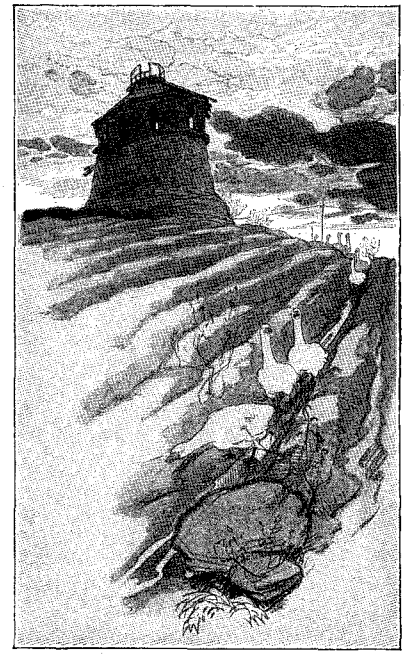
"Working as industriously as the peasants of Europe, blue skirts, red handkerchiefs about their heads . . ."

avenue as the farms and farmers themselves are different from most Long Island farms and farmers. Out in the fields, which are tilled in the Oriental way, utilizing every inch of ground clean up to the fence, and laid out with even divisions at regular intervals, like rice-fields, the farmers themselves may be seen, working with Chinese implements, their pigtails tucked up under their straw hats, while the western world wags on in its own way all around them. This is less than five miles from the glass-covered parade-ground of the Waldorf-Astoria.

They have only three houses among them, that is, there are only three of these groups of rooms, made of old boards and boxes and covered with tar paper; but no one in the neighborhood seems to know just how many Chinamen live there. The same sleeping space would hold a score or more over in Pell Street.

Being Chinamen, they grow only Chinese produce, a peculiar kind of bean and some sort of salad, and those large, artistic shaped melons, seen only in China or



Remains of a Windmill in New York City, Between Astoria and Steinway.

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The Dreary Edge of Long Island City.

Chinatown, which they call something that sounds like "moncha," and which, one of them told me, bring two cents a pound from the Chinese merchants and restaurateurs of Manhattan. For my part, I was very glad to discover these farms, for I had always been perplexed to account for the fresh salads and green vegetables, of unmistakably Chinese origin, that can be found in season in New York's Chinatown. Under an old shed near by they have their market-wagon, in which, looking inscrutable, they drive their stuff to market through Long Island City, and by way of James Slip Ferry over to Chinatown; then back to the farm again, looking inscrutable. And on Sundays, for all we know, they leave the wagon behind and go to gamble their earnings away in Mott Street, or perhaps away over in some of the well-known places of Jersey City. Then back across the two ferries to farming on dreary Monday mornings.

IV

Even up in Manhattan there are still places astonishingly unlike what is expected of the crowded little island on which stands New York proper. There is Fort Washington with tall trees growing out of the Revolutionary breastworks, and, under their branches, a fine view up the Hudson to the mountains—a quiet, sequestered bit of public park which the public hasn't yet learned to treat as a park, though within sight of the bicyclists resting about the Grant Monument on Riverside Drive. There are wild flowers up there every spring, and until quite recently so few people visited this spot for days at a time that there were sometimes woodcock and perhaps other game in the thickly wooded ravine by the railroad. Soon, however, with the crowds pouring across the new viaduct from Riverside, they will begin finding their way here in great Sunday afternoon hordes; and the grass on the breastworks will be flattened out, and the aged deaf man who tends the river light on Jeffreys Hook will become sophisticated, if he is still alive.

It will take longer, however, for the regions to the north, beyond Washington Heights, down through Inwood and past Tubby Hook, to look like part of a city. And across the Spuyten Duyvil Creek from Manhattan Island, up through the winding roads of Riverdale to Mount St. Vincent, and so across the line to Yonkers, it is still wooded, comparatively secluded and country-like, even though so many of

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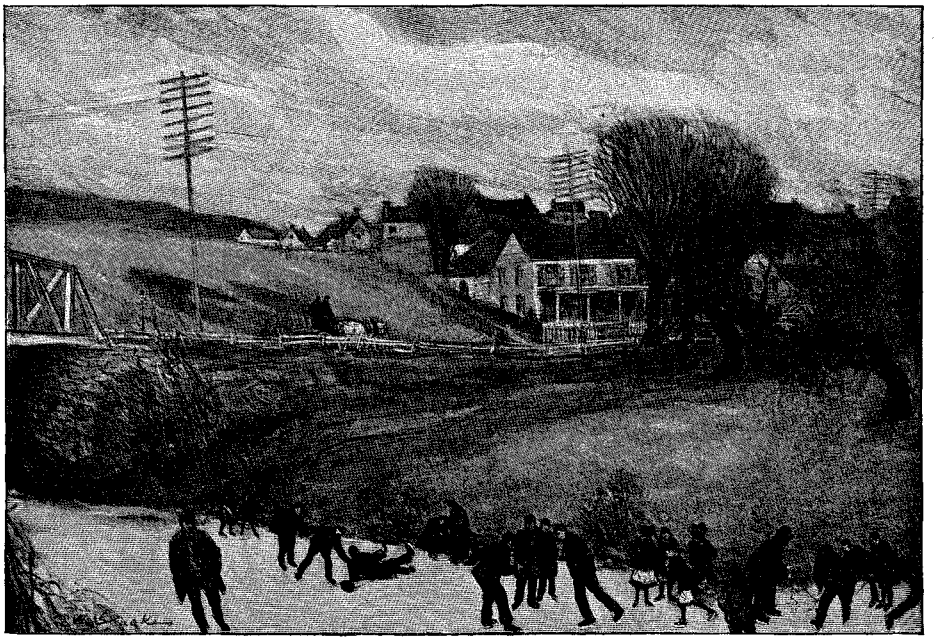

New York City Up in the Beginnings of the Bronx Regions—Skating at Bronxdale.

the fine country places thereabouts are being deserted. Over to the eastward, across Broadway, a peaceful road which does not look like a part of the same thoroughfare as the one with actors and sky-scrapers upon it, there are the still wilder stretches of Mosholu and Van Cortlandt Park, where, a year or two ago, large, well-painted signs on the trees used to say "Beware of the Buffaloes."

The open country sport of golf has had a good deal to do with making this rural park more generally appreciated. Golf has done for Van Cortlandt what the bicycle has done for the Bronx and Pelham Bay Parks. There are still natural, wild enough looking bits, off from the beaten paths, in all these parks, scenes that look delightfully dark and sylvan in the yearly thousands of amateur photographs—the camera does not show the German family approaching from the rear, or the egg-shells and broken beer-bottles behind the bushes—but beware of the police if you break a twig, or pick a blossom.

V

THOSE who enjoy the study of all the forms of nature except the highest can find plenty to sigh over in the way the city thrusts itself upon the country. But to those who think that the haunts and habits of the Man are not less worthy of observation than those of the Beaver and the Skunk, it is all rather interesting, and some of it is not so deeply deplorable.

There are certain old country taverns, here and there, up toward Westchester, and down beyond Brooklyn and over on Staten Island—not only those which everybody knows, like the Hermitage in the Bronx and Garrison's over by the fort at Willets Point, but remote ones which have not yet been exploited in plays or books, and which still have a fine old flavor, with faded prints of Dexter and Maud S. and much earlier favorites in the bar-room. In some cases, to be sure, though still situated at a country cross-roads, with green fields all about, they are now used for Tammany head-quarters with pictures of the new candidate for sheriff in the old-fashioned windows—but most of them would have gone out of existence entirely after the death of the stage coach, if it had not been for the approach of the city, and the side-whiskered New Yorkers of a previous generation who drove fast horses. If the ghosts of these men ever drive back to lament the good old days together, they must be somewhat surprised, possibly dis-

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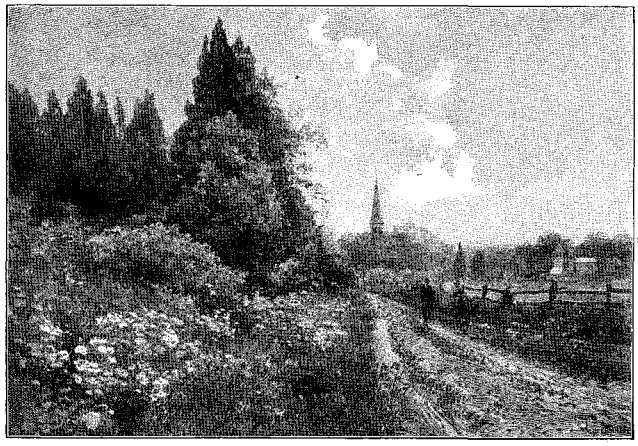
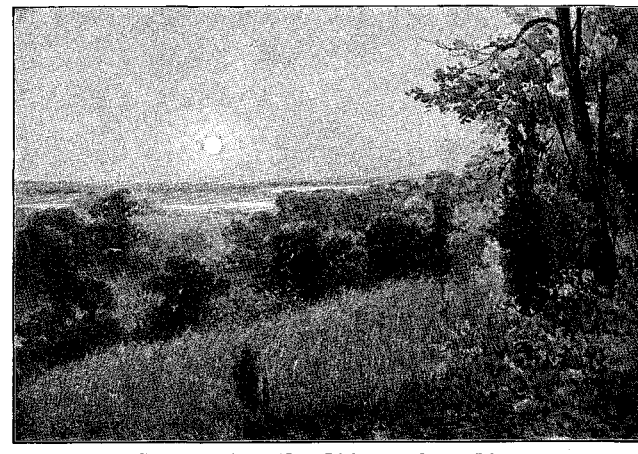
appointed, to find these rural road-houses doing a better business than even in their day. The bicycle revived the road-house, and though the bicycle has since been abandoned by those who prefer fashion to exercise, the places that the wheel disclosed are not forgotten. They are visited now in automobiles.



A Peaceful Scene in New York.
In the distance is St. Andrew's Church, Borough of Richmond, Staten Island.

There are all those historic country-houses within the city limits, well known, and in some cases restored, chiefly by reason of being within the city, like the Van Cortlandt house, now a part of the park, and the Jumel mansion standing over Manhattan Field, a house which gets into most historical novels of New York. Similarly Claremont Park has adopted the impressive Zabriskie mansion; and the old Lorillard house in the Bronx might have been torn down by this time but that it has been made into a park house and restaurant. Nearly all these are tableted by the "patriotic" societies, and made to feel their importance. The Bowne place in Flushing, a very old type of Long Island farm-house, was turned into a museum by the Bowne family itself—an excellent idea. The Quaker Meeting-house in Flushing, though not so old by twenty-five years as it is painted in the sign which says "Built in 1695," will probably be preserved as a museum too.



Cemetery Ridge, Near Richmond, Staten Island.

Another relic in that locality well worth keeping is the Duryea place, a striking old stone farm-house with a wide window on the second floor, now shut in with a wooden cover supported by a long brace-pole reaching to the ground. Out of this window, it is said, a cannon used to point. This was while the house was headquarters for Hessian officers, during the long monotonous months when "the main army of the British army lay at Flushing from Whitestone to Jamaica;" and upon Flushing Heights there stood one of the tar-barrel beacons that reached from New York to Norwich Hill, near Oyster Bay. The British officers used to kill time by playing at Fives against the blank wall of the Quaker Meeting-house, or by riding over to Hempstead Plains to the fox-hunts—where the Meadowbrook Hunt Club rides to the hounds to-day. The common soldiers meanwhile stayed in Flushing and amused themselves, according to the same historian, by rolling cannon-balls about a course of nine holes. That was probably

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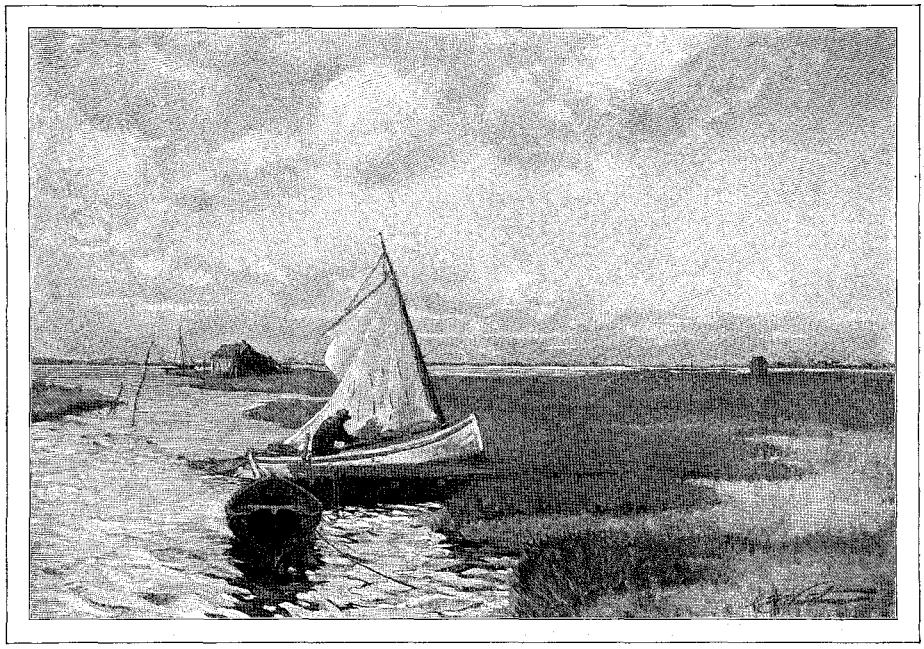

Another Kind of City Life—Along the Marshes of Jamaica Bay.

the nearest approach to the great game at that time in America, and it may have been played on the site of the present Flushing Golf Club.

These same soldiers also amused themselves in less innocent ways, so that the Quakers and other non-combatants in and about this notorious Tory centre used to hide their live stock indoors over-night, to keep it from being made into meals by the British. That may account for the habit of the family occupying the Duryea place referred to; they keep their cow in a room at one end of the house. At any rate it is not necessary for New Yorkers to go to Ireland to see sights of that sort.

Those are a few of the historic country places that have come to town. There is a surprisingly large number of them, and even when they are not adopted and tableted by the D. A. R. or D. R., or S. R. or S. A. R., they are at least known to local fame, and are pointed out and made much of.

But the many abandoned country houses which are not especially historic or significant—except to certain old persons to whom they once meant home—goodly old places, no longer even near the country, but caught by the tide well within the city, that is the kind to be sorry for. Nobody pays much attention to them. A forlorn For Sale sign hangs out in front, weather-beaten and discouraged. The tall colonial columns still try to stand up straight and to appear unconscious of the faded paint and broken windows, hoping that no one notices the tangle of weeds in the old-fashioned garden, where old-fashioned children used to play hide-and-seek among the box-paths, now overgrown or buried under tin cans. . . . Across the way, perhaps, there has already squatted an unabashed row of cheap, vulgar houses, impudent, staring little city homes, vividly painted, and all exactly alike, with highly ornamented wooden stoops below and zinc cornices above, like false hair fronts. They look at times as though they were putting their heads together to gossip and smile about their odd, old neighbor that has such out-of-date fan-lights, that has no electric bell, no folding-beds, and not a bit of zinc cornicing.

Meanwhile the old house turns its gaze the other way, thinking of days gone by, patiently waiting the end—which will come soon enough.

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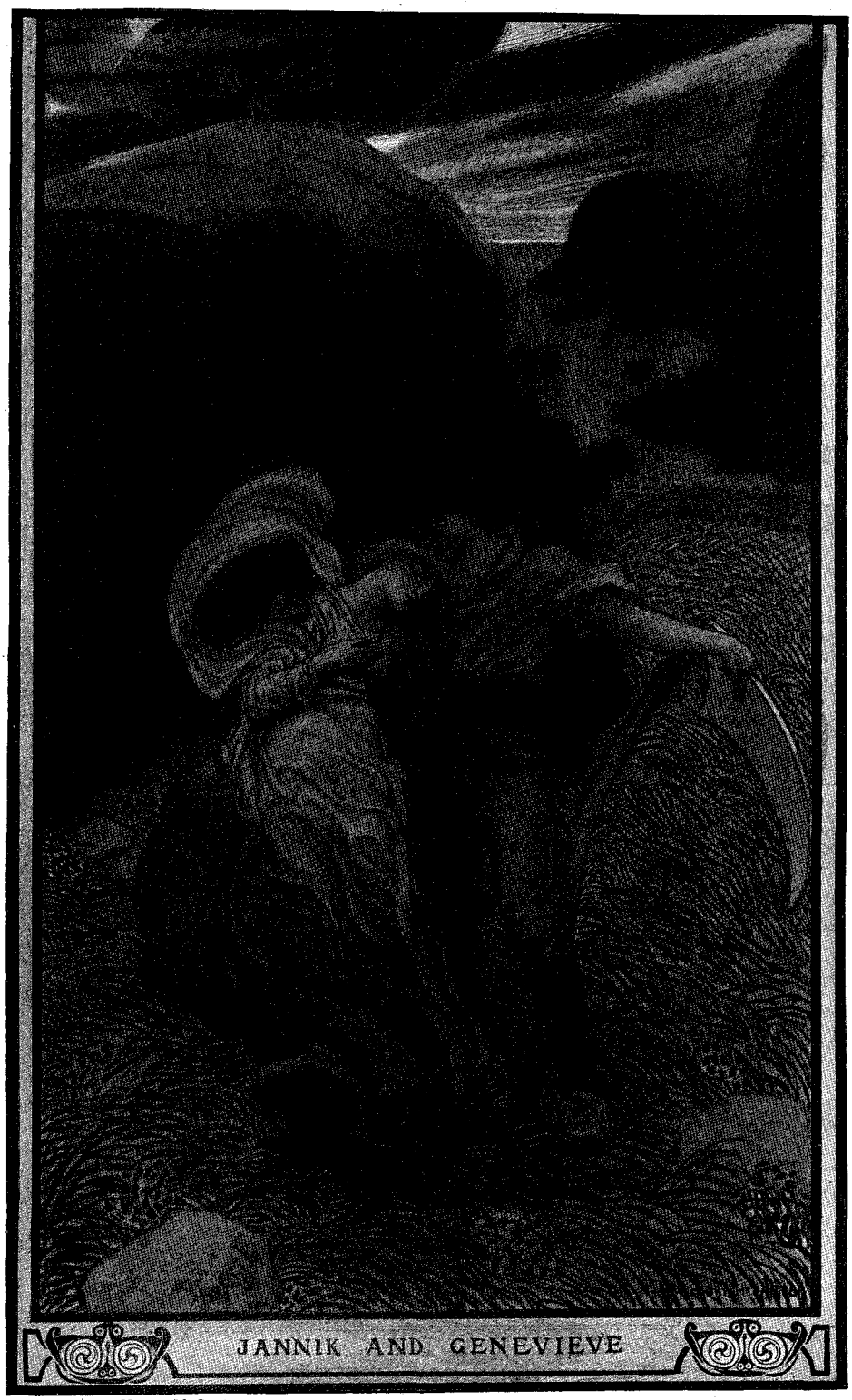

JANNIK AND GENEVIEVE

Drawn by Henry McCarter.

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JANNIK AND GENEVIEVE

(BRETON)

By Florence Wilkinson

SUN drips down in a well of gold;
Flying geese like a line enscrolled,
Wild black writing across the gold.

MOTHER, will he not come to night,
Jannik, Jannik?
(The sun-burnt sound of his biniou;
Oh, the dim sweet hour when he came to woo!)
He swung the scythe through the wet luzerne
And he sang to his swathe at the shining turn,
(Oh, the words of the song that he made me learn!)
It is long since he came;
I will call his name,
Jannik, Jannik.

Sunset rusting the druid fell,
And the little sea-pools by Trégastel;
Cromlechs grim on the druid fell.

LITTLE daughter, listen to me,
Belovèd one.
(Matin and vesper and holy bell;
Let him fast and pray in his tower cell.)
He is now a priest that was Jannik;
Cloak and cowl and the shaven cheek;
(I have sealed his lips that he dare not speak.)
A little regret,
And then to forget,
Belovèd one.

Climbing the cliff of Dead Men's Bay,
Rock-hewn, desolate Saint Hervé;
Finger of God over Dead Men's Bay.

MOTHER, my little hands are cold,
The dark has come.
(I am sick of the swish of the dancers' feet
And the maniac measure the pipes repeat.)
Fling me away that gown of green
With its trailing length and its hateful sheen,
(Oh, the sarassin fields where the children glean!)
Shut me the door
And speak no more.
The dark has come.

Over the length of the languid land
Twilight, laid like a quiet hand;
Step of the tide to the tremulous land.

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LITTLE daughter, we dance to-night
In Rustéphan.
(Jannik, the peasant, never again
Will pipe to her, come to her over the fen,)
Little daughter, they dance the gavotte,
Young Corentin and Bernadotte.
(She closes her eyes and answers not.)
Candles and wine
And the flame of the pine
In Rustéphan.

Gossamer night like a web of black;
Flash of foam on the west wind's track;
Star of Saint Hervé pricking the black.

MOTHER, I am too tired to-night,
Too tired to sleep.
(Jannik alone in the belfry-tower,
Mary have pity! this was the hour.)
Sing me a song of the Washers white,
Women three in the house of night.
(They are washing for me in the gray moonlight.)
Sing me a song,
Long and long;
Sing me to sleep.

Deep and deep in the bosom of sleep;
Fields of the poppy where peasants reap;
Trill of a skylark thrilling her sleep.

LITTLE daughter, my Genevieve,—
She is asleep.
(The pitiful hair, spread out like grain,
The wasted hand on the counterpane.)
Never and never a peasant can
Wed with the house of Rustéphan.
(Oh, the heart of a maid and the heart of a man!)
I will kiss her brow
And leave her now;
She is asleep.

Folded hands of Genevieve;
Tides that understand and grieve
All night long for Genevieve.

. . . . .

FATHER-IN-GOD, when the sea goes out
By Trégastel,
(The marble calm of the buried face,
The vanished voice and the empty place.)
When the sea goes out on the orange rocks,
And I hear the tinkle of homeward flocks,
(Oh, a cruel calm is the calm that mocks.)
I hear, I hear,
In the evening clear
By Trégastel,

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Angelus pealing from Saint Hervé;
Souls of the drowned in Dead Men's Bay
Reaching white hands to Saint Hervé.

WHEN the sea goes out to its mothering caves,
To Tal-Yvern,
(Oh, the voice of the priest that wept above her,
The voice of Jannik, her peasant lover!)
I hear the sound of his biniou,
And they walk in the fields as they used to do.
(Oh, the dim sweet hour when he came to woo!)
And the green of the sea
Is memory to me,
At Tal-Yvern.

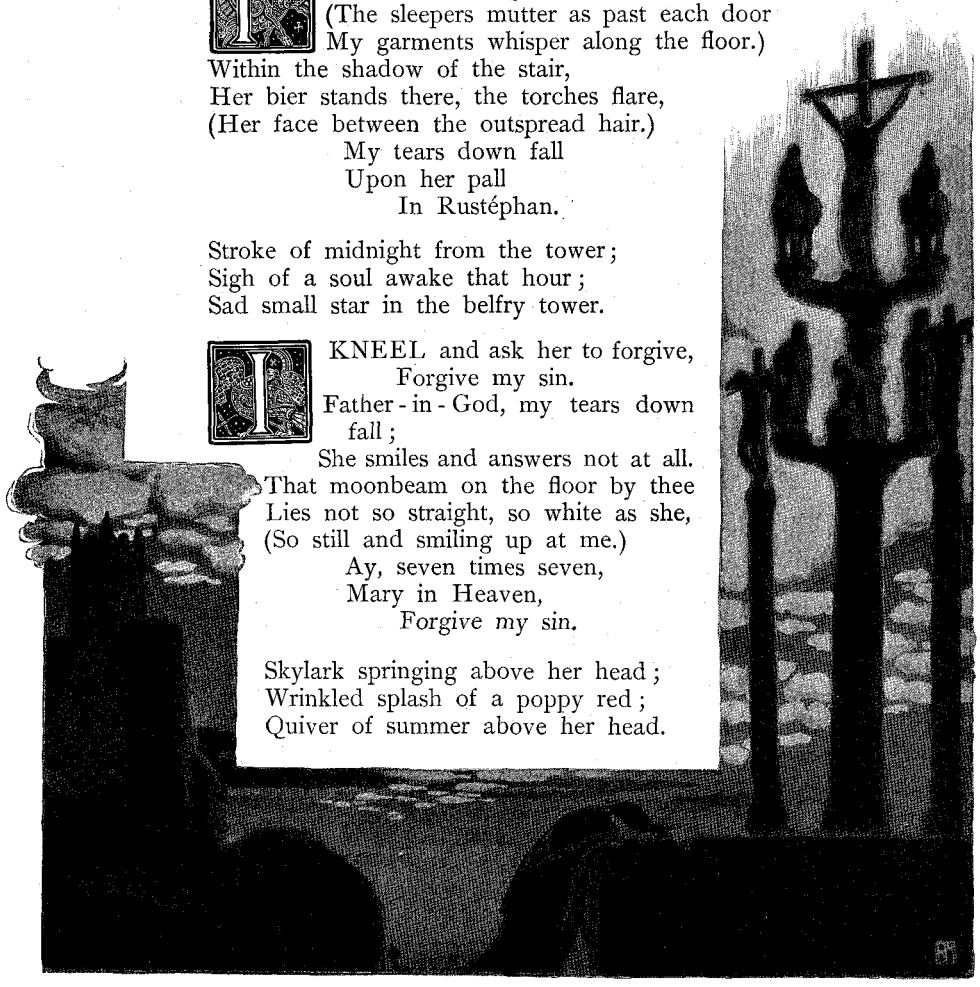
Leagues of silence large and grave;
Feathery moon that crinkles the wave;
Liquid green and the silence grave.

FATHER-IN-GOD, when the dark comes down
On Rustéphan,
(The sleepers mutter as past each door
My garments whisper along the floor.)
Within the shadow of the stair,
Her bier stands there, the torches flare,
(Her face between the outspread hair.)
My tears down fall
Upon her pall
In Rustéphan.

Stroke of midnight from the tower;
Sigh of a soul awake that hour;
Sad small star in the belfry tower.

I KNEEL and ask her to forgive,
Forgive my sin.
Father-in-God, my tears down fall;
She smiles and answers not at all.
That moonbeam on the floor by thee
Lies not so straight, so white as she,
(So still and smiling up at me.)
Ay, seven times seven,
Mary in Heaven,
Forgive my sin.

Skylark springing above her head;
Wrinkled splash of a poppy red;
Quiver of summer above her head.



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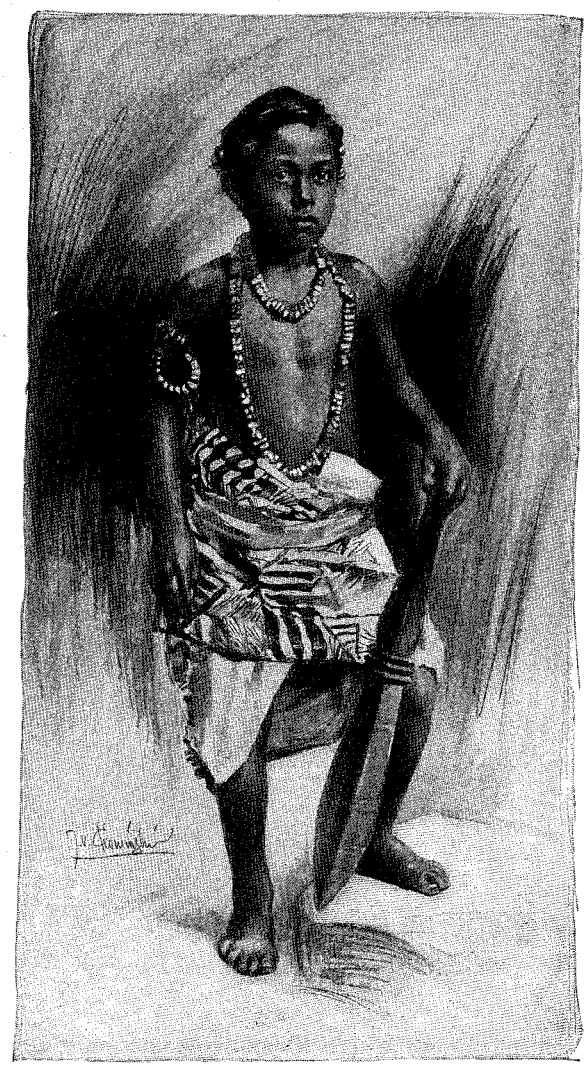
A LITTLE SAVAGE GENTLEMAN

By Isobel Strong

"IF you want a child as badly as all that," my brother said, "why not adopt a chief's son, someone who is handsome and well-born, and will be a credit to you, instead of crying your eyes out over a little common brat who is an ungrateful cub, and ugly into the bargain?"



I wasn't particularly fond of the "common brat," but I had grown used to tending him, bandaging his miserable little foot and trying to make his lot easier to bear, and he had been spirited away. One may live long in Samoa without understanding the whys and wherefores. His mother may have been jealous of my care of the child and carried him away in the night; or the clan to which he belonged may have sent for him, though his reputed father was our assistant cook. At any rate, he had gone—departed as completely and entirely as though he had vanished into thin air, and I, sitting on the steps of the veranda, gave way to tears.

Two days later, as I hastened across the court-yard, I turned the corner suddenly, nearly falling over a small Samoan boy, who stood erect in a gallant pose before the house, leaning upon a long stick of sugar-cane, as though it were a spear.

"Who are you?" I asked, in the native language.

"I am your son," was the surprising reply.

"And what is your name?"

"Pola," he said. "Pola, of Tanugamanono, and my mother is the white chief lady, Teuila of Vailima."

He was a beautiful creature, of an even tint of light bronze brown; his slender body reflected the polish of scented cocoanut oil, the tiny garment he called his "lava lava" fastened at the waist was coquettishly kilted above one knee. He wore a necklace of scarlet berries across his shoulders, and a bright red hibiscus flower stuck behind his ear. On his round smooth cheek a single rose-leaf hid the dimple. His large black eyes looked up at me with an expression of terror, overcome by pure physical courage. From the top of his curly head to the soles of his high-arched slender foot he looked *tama'alii*—

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high-bred. To all my inquiries he answered in purest high-chief Samoan that he was my son.

My brother came to the rescue with explanations. Taking pity on me, he had gone to our village (as we called Tanugamanono) and adopted the chief's second son in my name, and here he was come to present himself in person.

I shook hands with him, a ceremony he performed very gracefully with great dignity. Then he offered me the six feet of sugar-cane, with the remark that it was a small, trifling gift, unworthy of my high-chief notice. I accepted it with a show of great joy and appreciation, though by a turn of the head one could see acres of sugar-cane growing on the other side of the river.

There was an element of embarrassment in the possession of this charming creature. I could not speak the Samoan language very well at that time, and saw, by his vague but polite smile, that much of my conversation was incomprehensible to him. His language to me was so extremely "high-chief" that I couldn't understand more than three words in a sentence. What made the situation still more poignant was that look of repressed fear glinting in the depths of his black velvety eyes.

I took him by the hand (that trembled slightly in mine, though he walked boldly along with me) and led him about the house, thinking the sight of all the wonders of Vailima might divert his mind. When I threw open the door of the hall, with its pictures and statues, waxed floor and glitter of silver on the sideboard, Pola made the regulation quotation from Scripture, "And behold the half has not been told me."

He went quite close to the tiger-skin, with the glass eyes and big teeth. "It is not living?" he asked, and when I assured him it was dead he remarked that it was a large pussy, and then added, gravely, that he supposed the forests of London were filled with these animals.

He held my hand quite tightly going up the stairs, and I realized then that he could never have mounted a staircase before. Indeed, everything in the house, even chairs and tables, books and pictures, were new and strange to this little savage gentleman.

I took him to my room where I had a number of letters to write. He sat on the floor at my feet very obediently while I went on with my work. Looking down a few minutes later I saw that he had fallen asleep, lying on a white rug in a childish, graceful attitude, and I realized again his wild beauty and charm.

Late in the day, as it began to grow dark, I asked Pola if he did not want to go home.

"No, Teuila," he answered, bravely.

"But you will be my boy just the same," I explained. "Only you see Tumau (his real mother) will be lonely at first. So you can sleep at the village and come and see me during the day."

His eyes lit up with that and the first smile of the day overspread his face, showing the whitest teeth imaginable.

It was not long before he was perfectly at home in Vailima. He would arrive in the morning early, attended by a serving-man of his family who walked meekly in the young chief's footsteps, carrying the usual gift for me. Sometimes it was sugar-cane, or a wreath woven by the village girls, or a single fish wrapped in a piece of banana-leaf, or a few fresh water prawns, or even a bunch of wayside flowers; my little son seldom came empty-handed.

It was Pola who really taught me the Samoan language. Ordinarily the natives cannot simplify their remarks for foreigners, but Pola invented a sort of Samoan baby-talk for me; sometimes, if I could not understand, he would shake me with his fierce little brown hands, crying, "Stupid, stupid!" But generally he was extremely patient with me, trying a sentence in half a dozen different ways, with his bright eyes fixed eagerly on my face, and when the sense of what he said dawned upon me and I repeated it to prove that I understood, his own countenance would light up with an expression of absolute pride and triumph. "Good!" he would say, approvingly. "Great is your high chief wisdom!"

Once we spent a happy afternoon together in the forest picking up queer land shells, bright berries and curious flowers, while Pola dug up a number of plants by the roots. I asked him the next day what he had done with the beautiful red flowers. His reply was beyond me, so I

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shook my head. He looked at me anxiously for a moment with that worried expression that so often crossed his face in conversation with me, and patting the floor scraped up an imaginary hole, "They sit down in the dusty," he said in baby Samoan. "Where?" I asked. "In front of Tumau." And then I understood that he had planted them in the ground before his mother's house.

Another time he came up all laughter and excitement to tell of an adventure.

"Your brother," he said, "the high chief Loia, he of the four eyes (eyeglasses) came riding by the village as I was walking up to Vailima. He offered me a ride on his chief-horse and gave me his chief-hand. I put my foot on the stirrup, and just as I jumped the horse shied, and, as I had hold of the high chief Loia, we both fell off into the road *palasi*."

"Yes," I said, "you both fell off. That was very funny."

"*Palasi!*" he reiterated.

But here I looked doubtful. Pola repeated his word several times as though the very sound ought to convey some idea to my bemuddled brain, and then a bright idea struck him. I heard his bare feet pattering swiftly down the stairs. He came flying back, still laughing, and laid a heavy dictionary in my lap. I hastily turned the leaves, Pola questing in each one like an excited little dog, till I found the definition of his word, "to fall squash like a ripe fruit on the ground."

"*Palasi!*" he cried, triumphantly, when he saw I understood, making a gesture downward with both hands the while laughing heartily. "We both fell off *palasi!*"

It was through Pola that I learned all the news of Tanugamanono. He would curl up on the floor at my feet as I sat in my room sewing, and pour forth an endless stream of village gossip. How Mata, the native parson, had whipped his daughter for going to a picnic on Sunday and drinking a glass of beer.

"Her father went whack! whack!" Pola illustrated the scene with gusto, "and Maua cried, ah! ah! But the village says Mata is right, for we must not let the white man's evil come near us."

"Evil?" I said; "what evil?"

"Drink," said Pola, solemnly.

Then he told how "the ladies of Tanugamanono" bought a pig of Mr. B., a trader, each contributing a dollar until forty dollars were collected. There was to be a grand feast among the ladies on account of the choosing of a maid or taupo, the young girl who represents the village on all state occasions. When the pig came it turned out to be an old boar, so tough and rank it could not be eaten. The ladies were much ashamed before their guests, and asked the white man for another pig, but he only laughed at them. He had their money, so he did not care.

"That was very, very bad of him," I exclaimed, indignantly.

"It is the way of white people," said Pola, philosophically.

It was through my little chief that we learned of a bit of fine hospitality. It seems that pigs were scarce in the village, so each house-chief pledged himself to refrain from killing one of them for six months. Anyone breaking this rule agreed to give over his house to be looted by the village.

Pola came up rather late one morning, and told me, hilariously, of the fun they had had looting Tupuola's house.

"But Tupuola is a friend of ours," I said. "I don't like to hear of all his belongings being scattered."

"It is all right," Pola explained. "Tupuola said to the village, 'Come and loot. I have broken the law and I will pay the forfeit.'"

"How did he break the law?" I asked.

"When the high-chief Loia, your brother of the four eyes, stopped the night at Tanugamanono, on his way to the shark fishing, he stayed with Tupuola, so of course it was chiefly to kill a pig in his honor."

"But it was against the law. My brother would not have liked it, and Tupuola must have felt badly to know his house was to be looted."

"He would have felt worse," said Pola, "to have acted unchiefly to a friend."

We never would have known of the famine in Tanugamanono if it had not been for Pola. The hurricane had blown off all the young nuts from the cocoanut-palms and the fruit from the breadfruit-trees, while the taro was not yet ripe. We passed the village daily. The chief was my broth-

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er's dear friend, the girls often came up to decorate the place for a dinner-party, but we had no hint of any distress in the village.

One morning I gave Pola two large ship's biscuits from the pantry.

"Be not angry," said Pola. "But I prefer to carry these home."

"Eat them," I said, "and I will give you more."

Before leaving that night he came to remind me of this. I was swinging in a hammock reading a novel when Pola came to kiss my hand and bid me good-night.

"*Love*," I said, "*Talofa*."

"*Soifua*," Pola replied, "may you sleep;" and then he added, "Be not angry, but the ship's biscuits——"

"Are you hungry?" I asked. "Didn't you have your dinner?"

"Oh, yes, plenty of pea-soupo" (a general name for anything in tins); "but you said, in your high-chief kindness, that if I ate the two biscuits you would give me more to take home."

"And you ate them?"

He hesitated a perceptible moment, and then said:

"Yes, I ate them."

He looked so glowing and sweet, leaning forward to beg a favor, that I suddenly pulled him to me by his bare, brown shoulders for a kiss. He fell against the hammock and two large round ship's biscuits slipped from under his *lava-lava*.

"Oh, Pola!" I cried, reproachfully. It cut me to the heart that he should lie to me.

He picked them up in silence, repressing the tears that stood in his big black eyes and turned to go. I felt there was something strange in this, one of those mysterious Samoan affairs that had so often baffled me.

"I will give you two more biscuits," I said, quietly, "if you will explain why you told a wicked lie and pained the heart that loved you."

"Teuila," he cried, anxiously, "I love you. I would not pain your heart for all the world. But they are starving in the village. My father, the Chief, divides the food, so that each child and old person and all shall share alike, and to-day there was only green baked bananas, two for each, and to-night when I return there will be again a division of one for each member of the village. It seems hard that I should come here and eat and eat, and my brother and my two little sisters, and the good Tumau also, should have only one banana. So I thought I would say to you 'behold I have eaten the two biscuits' and then you would give me two more and that would be enough for one each to my two sisters and Tumau and my brother, who is older than I."

That night my brother went down to the village and interviewed the Chief. It was all true, as Pola had said, only they had been too proud to mention it. Mr. Stevenson sent bags of rice and kegs of beef to the village, and gave them permission to dig for edible roots in our forest, so they were able to tide over until the *taro* and yams were ripe.

Pola always spoke of Vailima as "our place," and Mr. Stevenson as "my Chief." I had given him a little brown pony that exactly matched his own skin. A missionary, meeting him in the forest road as he was galloping along like a young Centaur, asked, "Who are you?"

"I," answered Pola, reining in his pony with a gallant air, "am one of the Vailima men!"

He proved, however, that he considered himself a true Samoan by a conversation we had together once when we were walking down to Apia. We passed a new house where a number of half-caste carpenters were briskly at work.

"See how clever these men are, Pola," I said, "building the white man's house. When you get older perhaps I will have you taught carpentering, that you may build houses and make money."

"Me?" asked Pola, surprised.

"Yes," I replied. "Don't you think that would be a good idea?"

"I am the son of a chief," said Pola.

"I know," I said, "that your highness is a very great personage, but all the same it is good to know how to make money. Wouldn't you like to be a carpenter?"

"No," said Pola, scornfully, adding, with a wave of his arm that took in acres of bread-fruit trees, banana groves, and taro patches, "Why should I work? All this land belongs to me."

Once, when Pola had been particu-

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larly adorable, I told him, in a burst of affection, that he could have anything in the world he wanted, only begging him to name it.

He smiled, looked thoughtful for an instant, and then answered, promptly, that of all things in the world he would like ear-rings, like those the sailors wear.

I bought him a pair the next time I went to town. Then, armed with a cork and a needleful of white silk, I called Pola, and asked if he wanted the ear-rings badly enough to endure the necessary operation.

He smiled and walked up to me.

"Now, this is going to hurt, Pola," I said.

He stood perfectly straight when I pushed the needle through his ear and cut off the little piece of silk. I looked anxiously in his face as he turned his head for me to pierce the other one. I was so nervous that my hands trembled.

"Are you *sure* it does not hurt, Pola, my pigeon?" I asked, and I have never forgotten his answer.

"My father is a soldier," he said.

Pola's dress was a simple garment, a square of white muslin hemmed by his adopted mother. Like all Samoans, he was naturally very clean, going with the rest of the "Vailima men" to swim in the waterfall twice a day. He would wash his hair in the juice of wild oranges, clean his teeth with the inside husk of the cocoanut, and, putting on a fresh *lava-lava*, would wash out the discarded one in the river, laying it out in the sunshine to dry. He was always decorated with flowers in some way—a necklace of jessamine buds, pointed red peppers, or the scarlet fruit of the pandanas. Little white boys look naked without their clothes, but Pola in a strip of muslin, with his wreath of flowers, or sea-shells, some ferns twisted about one ankle, perhaps, or a boar's tusk fastened to his left arm with strands of horse-hair, looked completely, even handsomely, dressed.

He was not too proud to lend a helping hand at any work going—setting the table, polishing the floor of the hall or the brass handles of the old cabinet, leading the horses to water, carrying pails for the milkmen, helping the cook in the kitchen, the butler in the pantry, or the cow-boy in the fields; holding skeins of wool for Mr. Stevenson's mother, or trotting beside the lady of the house, "Tamaitai," as they all called her, carrying seeds or plants for her garden. When my brother went out with a number of natives laden with surveying implements, Pola only stopped long enough to beg for a cane-knife before he was leading the party. If Mr. Stevenson called for his horse and started to town it was always Pola who flew to open the gate for him waving a "Talofa!" and "good luck to the travelling!"

The Samoans are not reserved, like the Indians, or haughty, like the Arabs. They are a cheerful, lively people, who keenly enjoy a joke, laughing at the slightest provocation. Pola bubbled over with fun, and his voice could be heard chattering and singing gayly at any hour of the day. He made up little verses about me, which he sang to the graceful gestures of the Siva or native dance, showing unaffected delight when commended. He cried out with joy and admiration when he first heard a hand-organ, and was excitedly happy when allowed to turn the handle. I gave him a box of tin soldiers, which he played with for hours in my room. He would arrange them on the floor, talking earnestly to himself in Samoan.

"These are brave brown men," he would mutter. "They are fighting for Mata'afa. Boom! boom! These are white men. They are fighting the Samoans. Pouf!" And with a wave of his arm he knocked down a whole battalion, with the scornful remark, "All white men are cowards."

After Mr. Stevenson's death so many of his Samoan friends begged for his photograph that we sent to Sydney for a supply, which was soon exhausted. One afternoon Pola came in and remarked, in a very hurt and aggrieved manner, that he had been neglected in the way of photographs.

"But your father, the Chief, has a large fine one."

"True," said Pola. "But that is not mine. I have the box presented to me by your high-chief goodness. It has a little cover, and there I wish to put the sun-shadow of Tusitala, the beloved Chief

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whom we all revere, but I more than the others because he was the head of my clan."

"To be sure," I said, and looked about for a photograph. I found a picture cut from a weekly paper, one I remember that Mr. Stevenson himself had particularly disliked. He would have been pleased had he seen the scornful way Pola threw the picture on the floor.

"I will not have that!" he cried. "It is pig-faced. It is not the shadow of our Chief." He leaned against the door and wept.

"I have nothing else, Pola," I protested. "Truly, if I had another picture of Tusitala I would give it to you."

He brightened up at once. "There is the one in the smoking-room," he said, "where he walks back and forth. That pleases me, for it looks like him." He referred to an oil painting of Mr. Stevenson by Sargent. I explained that I could not give him that. "Then I will take the round one," he said, "of tin." This last was the bronze *bas-relief* by St. Gaudens. I must have laughed involuntarily, for he went out deeply hurt. Hearing a strange noise in the hall an hour or so later, I opened the door, and discovered Pola lying on his face, weeping bitterly.

"What *are* you crying about?" I asked.

"The shadow, the shadow," he sobbed. "I want the sun-shadow of Tusitala."

I knocked at my mother's door across the hall, and at the sight of that tear-stained face her heart melted, and he was given the last photograph we had, which he wrapped in a banana-leaf, tying it carefully with a ribbon of grass.

We left Samoa after Mr. Stevenson's death, staying away for more than a year. Pola wrote me letters by every mail in a large round hand, but they were too conventional to bear any impress of his mind. He referred to our regretted separation, exhorting me to stand fast in the high-chief will of the Lord, and, with his love to each member of the family, mentioned by name and title, he prayed that I might live long, sleep well, and not forget Pola, my unworthy servant.

When we returned to Samoa we were up at dawn, on shipboard, watching the horizon for the first faint cloud that floats above the island of Upulu. Already the familiar perfume came floating over the waters—that sweet blending of many odors, of cocoanut oil and baking bread fruit, of jessamine and gardenia. It smelt of home to us, leaning over the rail and watching. First a cloud, then a shadow growing more and more distinct until we saw the outline of the island. Then, as we drew nearer, the deep purple of the distant hills, the green of the rich forests, and the silvery ribbons where the waterfalls reflect the sunshine.

Among the fleet of boats skimming out to meet us was one far ahead of the others, a lone canoe propelled by a woman, with a single figure standing in the prow. As the steamer drew near I made out the figure of Pola, dressed in wreaths and flowers in honor of my return. As the anchor went down in the bay of Apia and the custom-house officer started to board, I called out, begging him to let the child come on first. He drew aside. The canoe shot up to the gangway, and Pola, all in his finery of fresh flowers, ran up the gangway and stepped forth on the deck. The passengers drew back before the strange little figure, but he was too intent upon finding me to notice them.

"Teuila!" he cried, joyfully, with the tears rolling down his cheeks. I went forward to meet him, and, kneeling on the deck, caught him in my arms.

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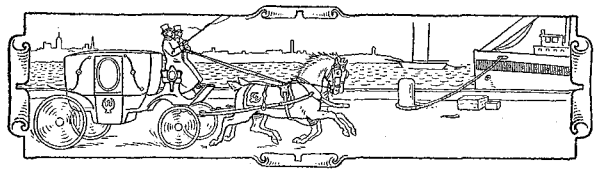

THE PINES OF LORY*

By J. A. Mitchell

I—A RELIC FROM AFRICA

THE *Maid of the North* was ready for sea.

Only the touch of the engineer was wanting to send her, once again, on a homeward voyage to the St. Lawrence. Meanwhile, in solemn undertones, she was breathing forth her superabundant steam.

Behind the wharf lay the city of Boston.

A score of passengers, together with friends who had come aboard to see them off, were scattered about the little steamer. Among them, on the after-deck, indifferent to the hot June sun, moved a gentleman of aristocratic mien. His raiment was above reproach. He gave the impression of being a distinguished person. But this impression was delusive, as his distinction was merely social. He was too well provided for, too easily clever and in too many ways, to achieve renown in any field requiring serious labor.

He inhaled the salt air as it came in from the sea, took out his watch, scanned the wharf, picked a thread from his sleeve and twirled, somewhat carefully, the ends of a yellow mustache. His glance moved indifferently over various passengers and things about him until it rested on a man, not far away. The man was leaning against the railing of the deck watching the scene upon the wharf below.

The extreme attenuation of this person had already rendered him an object of interest to several passengers. His clothing hung loosely from his shoulders. Both coat and vest were far too roomy for the body beneath, while the trousers bore no relation to his legs. But the emaciated face, deeply browned by exposure, told a story of hardship and starvation rather than of ordinary sickness. Two thin, dark hands, that rested on the ship's rail, seemed almost transparent.

The aristocratic gentleman regarded this person with increasing interest. He approached the railing himself and furtively studied the stranger's profile. Then, with an expression in his face less *blasé* than heretofore, he approached the man and stood behind him. Laying a hand on one of the shoulders to prevent his victim turning, he said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but could you tell me the name of this town?"

There was a short silence. Then the stranger answered in a serious tone, and with no effort to see his questioner, "This is Boston, the city of respectability—and other delights."

"Yes?"

"It is also the home of a man who doesn't seem to have matured with the passing years."

"Well, who is that man?"

"A fellow that might have been a famous tenor if he had owned a voice—and some idea of music."

The other man laughed, removed his hand, and his friend turned about. Then followed a greeting as between old intimates, long separated. And such was the mutual pleasure of the reunion that a neighboring spectator, many years embittered by dyspepsia, so far forgot himself as to allow a smile of sympathy to occupy his face.

The countenance of the attenuated person was unusual; not from any peculiarity of feature, but from its invincible cheerfulness. This cheerfulness was constitutional and contagious. His face seemed nearly ten years younger than it was; for the unquenchable good-humor,

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having settled there in infancy, had thwarted the hand of time. No signs of discouragement, of weariness or worry had gained a footing. There were no visible traces of unwelcome experience. While distinctly a thoughtful face, good-humor and a tranquil spirit were the two things most clearly written. His eyes were gray—frank, honest, mirthful, with little wrinkles at the corners when he smiled.

After many questions had been asked and answered, the more pretentious gentleman laid a hand affectionately on the other's arm, and said: "But what has happened to you, Pats? How thin you are! You look like a ghost—a mahogany ghost."

"Fever. A splendid case of South African fever."

"Too bad! Are you well over it?"

"Yes, over the fever, but still tottery. My strength has not come home yet. And the lead was a set back."

"You mean bullets?"

"Yes. I caught two, but they are both out. I am getting along all right now."

"And you have just reached America?"

"Landed in New York yesterday; got here this morning at half-past seven, found my family were up on the St. Lawrence, and here I am. But what are you doing on this boat?"

"Oh, I just came down to see somebody off."

An excess of indifference in the manner of this reply did not escape the friend from Africa. With a sidelong glance at his companion, he said, "A man, of course."

"How clever you are, Pats!"

"No need of being clever, Billy, when you advertise your secret by blushing like a girl of fifteen."

"Blush! I, blush! How old do you think I am? Ten?"

"Yes, all of that. But if you didn't actually blush, old man, you did look foolish. And this explains a state-room-full of flowers that I noticed. Is that *her* bower?"

"I think so."

"Well, who is she, Billy? You might as well tell me, for I shall be sure to discover if she goes on this boat."

"Elinor Marshall."

"Elinor Marshall? Why, that name is familiar. Where have I heard it?"

"She is a friend of your sisters."

"Of course!"

"And she is going to your place now, on a visit."

"Good! I'll cut you out. Is she fond of bones?"

Mr. William Townsend did not answer, but he looked at his watch. "She ought to be here now. The boat sails at ten thirty, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"It's ten, now. I shall trot you up as soon as she arrives."

"Thanks. You will excuse my asking a cruel question, old man, but you certainly did not send *all* the flowers in that cabin?"

"Oh, no!"

"Then there are other—appreciators?"

"Yes."

Mr. Patrick Boyd, with a slight gesture toward two carefully attired gentlemen who were pacing the wharf, raised his eyebrows interrogatively.

His companion smiled. "Yes. She can also have either of them, and without the asking."

The attenuated man regarded the two gentlemen with interest. "That chap has a familiar face."

"Which? The one with the bouquet?"

"No; the one with the nose."

"That's Hamilton Goddard."

"To be sure! And I should know him for a lover. His anxious glances up the wharf, and those flowers, give him away. Such roses are for no aunt or sister."

"Better for him if they were!"

"Why? No chance?"

"Well, that is not for me to say. But he is one of those fearfully earnest chaps with a tragic soul; and a rebuff would be a dangerous thing for him."

"Poor devil!" And the man of cheerful countenance slowly wagged his head, as he added, in a sympathetic voice: "This being in love seems a painful pleasure."

Mr. William Townsend regarded his friend with half-shut eyes, and asked: "Are you still the superior person who defies the—the malady?"

"Even so."

"You never had it?"

"Never."

"How old are you?"

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"Thirty."

"Then it's a lie."

"It's the truth. Of course I nave known very fine girls who caused the usual thrills; whose conservatory kisses I should never undervalue. But when it comes to the fatuous delirium—the celestial idiocy that queers the brain and impairs the vision—why, I have been unlucky, that's all."

"You are a liar, Pats. Just a liar."

"Mumps have been mine, and measles; and I have fooled with grape-juice, but that other drunkenness has been denied me."

His companion's grunt of incredulity was followed by the exclamation:

"There she comes!"

The two men below had halted, wheeled about, and were watching an arriving carriage. Down the wharf with this equipage came an atmosphere of solidity and opulence, of luxury and perfect taste. On the box, in quiet livery, sat a driver and a footman. The driver, from his bearing and appearance, could easily have passed for the president of a college. As the carriage halted before the gang-plank the gentleman with the nose stepped forward and opened the door, while he of the roses stood by with a radiant visage, his hat in one hand, his offering in the other.

First emerged an elderly gentleman—tall, slender, and acutely respectable. After him a girl descended, also tall and slender. She was followed by a maid, and a Catholic priest. As the young lady stood for a moment conversing with the two admirers, her glance, in running over the little steamer, encountered Mr. Townsend, and she nodded pleasantly.

"Lovely! Enchanting!" murmured the man from Africa.

"Of course she is! Come down and I'll present you."

"But first, tell me something about her. What are the interesting facts?"

"Why—there's nothing to tell—that I can think of."

"Of course there is! There must be! Women like that don't bloom in every garden. What a patrician type! And all that black hair! She is unusual."

"Well, she *is* unusual, Pats. She is a splendid girl; an orphan—and she is giving her fortune all away."

"The devil! And to whom?"

"To philanthropy; to societies for the advancement of woman; to hospitals and other bottomless pits. But above all to the Catholic Church."

"Too bad! She doesn't look unintelligent."

"No: and she is not. Her mother and sister, all that remained of her family, were both drowned in the same accident, and the shock upset her for a time."

"And it was then the Holy Roman Church got in its work. That explains the Holy Roman guardian who seems to be along."

"Yes. That's Father Burke. He is a part of the comedy."

"Comedy! It's a blood-curdling drama! Hasn't she a brother or some relative to reach out a hand and save her?"

"She doesn't care to be saved. She is one of those women with a conscience. A big one: the sort that becomes a disease unless taken in time."

"I know. She feels guilty when she's happy. But she doesn't look all that. She seems a trifle earnest, perhaps, but very human, and with real blood in her veins."

Mr. Townsend sighed—a long, deep sigh that seemed to come from below his waist. "Yes, she was mighty good company and rather jolly before they closed in on her."

"Is she really in their toils?

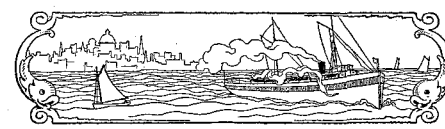
"You mean the Catholic prelates?"

"Of course."

"I am afraid so. She won't talk about it herself—at least, not with Protestants—but some of her friends say she thinks of going into a convent."

"Well," said Patrick Boyd, with a sudden warmth, as they turned to go below, "all I can say is, that the institution, sacred or secular, that tries to lure such a girl into a convent ought to be fired into space."

"Amen to that!"



II—FROTH OF THE SEA

An hour later, as the *Maid of the North* was steaming for the open sea, the man from Africa and his new acquaintances formed a group on the after-deck.

The day was a rare one, even for early

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June. Across the surface of the sea, now a sparkling, joyful blue, the air came free and full of life. This air was exhilarating. It inspired Father Burke to tell a funny anecdote, and he did it well. For not only did Father Burke possess a sense of humor, but his heavy, benevolent face, white hair and deep voice gave unusual impressiveness to whatever he chose to utter. Even Mr. Appleton Marshall, a victim of acute Bostonia, eluded for a time his own self-consciousness. He soon went below, however, to revel, undisturbed, in a conservative local paper. Mr. Patrick Boyd—or Pats, as we may as well call him—being always of a buoyant spirit, added liberally to the general cheer.

The young lady regarded this addition to her party with a peculiar interest. She knew that the mention of his name in his own family was for years a thing forbidden. Just how bad he was, or how innocent, she had never learned. And now, as she studied—furtively—this exile of uncertain reputation, and as she recognized the open nature, the fortitude, the tranquil spirit, all unmistakably written in his emaciated, sunburnt face, her curiosity was quickened. She knew that Sally, his elder sister—her own intimate friend—had persisted in a correspondence with this brother against her father's wishes. And that, perhaps, was in his favor. At least he had a good mouth and honest eyes. His neck, his hands and his legs were preternaturally thin, and she wondered if the gap between his collar and his throat told a truthful story of South African fever. If so, the change had been appalling. However, neither bullets nor fever had reduced his spirits.

The conversation touched on many things. When she happened to say that this was her first visit to the Boyd's Canadian house, he replied:

"And mine, too."

"Have you never seen it?" she asked, in surprise.

"Never. My father bought this place about ten years ago, and I have been away over thirteen years."

"I had forgotten you had been away so long."

With a smile and a slight inclination of his head, he replied: "That you should know of my existence is a flattering surprise. Any mention of my name, I understand, was a State's prison offence until my father died."

"Not quite so bad as that."

"A man's fame is not apt to flourish when corked up in a bottle and laid away in a closet—with 'Poison' on the label."

Here was a chance to gratify a natural curiosity, and he seemed willing to throw light on the mystery. She was about to offer the necessary encouragement when Father Burke took the conversation into less personal fields. It may have been the contagion of this young man's cheerfulness or the reaction on the lady's part from an acute religious tension, but the priest had noticed Miss Marshall was awakening to a livelier enjoyment of her surroundings. The spontaneity and freedom of her laughter on one or two occasions had caused him a certain uneasiness. Not that Father Burke was averse to merriment. Too much of it, however, in this particular maiden and at this critical period might cause a divergence from the path along which he was now escorting her. So, he gave some interesting facts concerning this summer residence of the Boyd's, winding up with the information that the hunting and fishing all about there were unusual.

"But we women cannot hunt and fish all day!"

"Perhaps it's like Heaven," said Pats, "where there's nothing to do except to realize what a good time you are having."

"Is that your idea of a woman's ambition?" she asked.

"What better business on a summer's day?"

"Many things," replied the priest. "If she has a soul to expand and a mind to cultivate."

"But I was speaking of the human, natural, every-day woman we all enjoy—and are not afraid of."

Miss Marshall, in a politely contemptuous manner, inquired, "Then, personally, you find the intelligent woman of high ideals less congenial than—the other kind?"

"I find the superior woman with a gift of language makes brave men tremble. I think wisdom should be tempered with mercy."

After a pause and with a touch of sarcasm, she replied:

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"That is quite interesting. A fresh point of view always broadens the horizon."

Ignoring her tone he answered, in an offhand, amiable way:

"Of course there is no reason why a woman should not enter politics or anything else, if she wishes. And there is no reason why a rose should not aspire to be a useful potato. But potatoes will always be cheaper than roses."

She smiled wearily and leaned back. As their eyes met he detected a look of disappointment—perhaps at her discovery of yet one more man like all the others, earthy and superficial. But she merely said, and in a gentle tone, "You forget that while all men are wise, all women are not beautiful."

With a deep sigh, he replied, "The profundity of your contempt I can only guess at. Whatever it is, I share it. We are a poor lot.

> At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
> Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan.

which is all true except the last line."

She smiled. "You are too severe. I consider man the highest form of animal life—after the dog and the elephant."

"Then where does woman come in?"

"Oh—as man's satellite she is hard to place. Her proper position might be anywhere between the peacock and the parrot."

Pats shook his head, slowly and sadly. "That's an awful utterance!"

"But it enables you to realize her vanity in aspiring to the wisdom of man."

Father Burke laughed. "Fighting the Boer, Captain Boyd, is a different thing from skirmishing with the American girl."

"Indeed it is! For in other encounters there is one chance of victory. But I have not been fighting the Boers. I was trying to help the Boers against the English."

"Ah, good!" said the priest. "You were on the right side."

But the lady shook her head. "I don't know about that. I should have joined the English and fought against the Boers."

"But, my dear child," exclaimed Father Burke, "the cause of the Boers is so manifestly the cause of right and justice. They were fighting for their freedom—the very existence of their country."

"Possibly, but the English officers are very handsome: and so stylish! And the Boers are common creatures—mostly farmers."

Pats regarded her in surprise. "That doesn't affect the principle of the thing. Even a farmer has rights."

"Principles are so tiresome!" and she looked away, as if the subject wearied her.

"Does it make no difference with your sympathies," he asked, with some earnestness, "whether a man is in the right or in the wrong? Would you have had no sympathy for the Greeks at Marathon?"

She raised her eyebrows, and with a faint shrug replied, "I am sure I don't know. Was that an important battle?"

"Very."

"In South Africa?"

Pats thought at first this question was in jest. She looked him serenely in the face, however, and he saw nothing in her eyes but the expectation of a serious answer to a simple question. Before he was ready with a reply she inquired: "Were you at that battle?"

He was so bewildered by this question and from such a woman, that for a moment he could not respond. Father Burke, however, in his calm, paternal voice, gave the required facts.

"The battle of Marathon was fought about twenty miles from Athens between the Greeks and invading Persians, nearly 500 years before Christ."

"Ah, yes, to be sure!" she murmured, indifferently, her eyes looking over the sea.

Pats, who was sitting in front of his two companions, regarded her in surprise. As she finished speaking he turned away his head, but still watching her from the corners of his eyes. Her own glance, with an amused expression, went at once to his face, as he anticipated. He laughed aloud in a frank, boyish way as their eyes met. "I knew you had some sinister motive in that speech. You almost fooled me."

And she smiled as she retorted: "I was merely trying to please you. You say you are averse to intelligence in a woman."

"Well, I take it all back. I am averse to nothing in a woman, except absence."

Father Burke took all this in, and he disapproved. Captain Boyd was by no means the sort of man he would have selected for companion to this maiden.

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The young man's appreciation of the lady herself was too honest and too evident. It bore, to the observant priest, suspicious resemblance to a tender passion unskilfully concealed. Perilous food for a yearning spirit! Of course she was heavenly minded, and spiritual to the last degree, at present: but she was mortal. And the soul of a girl like Elinor Marshall was too precious an object to be thrown away on a single individual—above all, on a Protestant. Was it not already in the keeping of The Church? And then, there was little consolation in the knowledge that she was to be in constant intercourse with this man for a week, and during that time beyond all priestly influence.

The *Maid of the North*, until she passed Deer Island, bore a cheerful band of passengers. Then, in the open sea, she turned her nose a little more to the north, and while riding the waves as merrily as ever, she did it with a greater variety of motion. And this variety of motion, a complex, unhallowed shifting of the deck, first sidewise down, then lengthwise up, then all together and farther down—with a nauseating quiver—was emphasized by zephyrs from the engine-room and kitchen—zephyrs redolent with oil and cooking, and bilge water. All these, in time, began to trifle with the interiors of certain passengers, and to paralyze their mirth.

Among early victims was Mr. Appleton Marshall. After storing his mind with the financial news and social gossip of the morning paper he had rejoined his friends. Sitting beside his niece he participated, at intervals, in the conversation, his manner becoming more and more distant until, at last, it vanished altogether. To all who cared to see, it was plain that this stately and usually complacent gentleman was losing interest in external matters.

He seemed annoyed when a steward, about one o'clock, appeared on deck and rang a bell, announcing dinner. At this summons Patrick Boyd took out his watch and was obviously astonished at the flight of time.

"I had forgotten my friend," he exclaimed, and he hurried below.

At the dinner-table Elinor Marshall sat between her confessor and her uncle, the latter clinging bravely to his post through the soup and fish. Then, after watching for a moment the various viands as they rose and fell with the heaving of the ship, accompanied, as it seemed to him, by a similar rising and sinking of his own digestive apparatus, he remarked, with some severity, that he felt no hunger. And he left the table with dignity, yet with a certain expedition. As the uncle disappeared, Patrick Boyd came in and took a seat opposite the lady and the priest.

"How did you find your friend?" Father Burke inquired.

"Discouraged."

"Poor fellow! Nothing serious, I hope."

"No. But he doesn't quite understand this starting right off again on another voyage."

"Is he—er—is his mind affected?"

This question appeared to surprise Captain Boyd. "No. But they have fastened him to a windlass, near the engine-room, and he resents it."

This reply merely intensified the curiosity of the questioner.

"Did you say they have fastened him?"

"Yes. It seems to be a rule of the boat."

The young lady also opened her eyes. After a pause she inquired, in a low voice, "Is he dangerous?"

"No, indeed! Not at all!"

"Then why tie him?"

"It is a rule of the boat, as I said."

"A rule of the boat to tie passengers?"

At this question Pat smiled, for a light broke in upon him. "My friend is a dog. I thought I told you."

"A dog!" and she seemed to find diversion in the seriousness with which Father Burke accepted the explanation. "I love dogs. Why shouldn't I go down and see him?"

"The honor would be appreciated."

"I will go after dinner. What sort of a dog is he?"

"A setter."

"And what is his name?"

Pats hesitated. "Do you really want to know?"

"Of course!"

"Well, his full name is Jan Bartholomeus Van Vlotens Couwenhorn Van der Helst Poffenburgh."

"Then he is Dutch."

"Yes. He was the property of four officers, and each owner bestowed a portion of his name."

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"What do you call him for short?"

"Solomon. At first we called him Jan, but the other three sponsors objected. They said it was favoritism. So we all agreed on Solomon for every-day use."

"And he never resented it?"

"No. He understood it as a tribute to his extraordinary wisdom."

She seemed amused. "Is he so very remarkable?"

"Well," said Pats, laying down his knife and fork, and giving his whole attention to the subject, "as to general intelligence, foresight, logic, and a knowledge of human nature he is a wonder, even for a dog. And when it comes to dignity and tact, ease of manner and freedom from personal vanity, why—the other Solomon was a beginner."

She nodded and smiled approval. "I know something of dogs and men, and I believe it. Certain men exist, however, who are mentally superior to dogs. But it's the moral gulf between the two species that is so disheartening."

"All owing to the fatal power of speech."

"Possibly."

"I am sure of it. If dogs could talk, they would abuse the power, as humans do, and soon descend to the human level. They would lose the dignity that silence alone bestows and would become bores—like the rest of us." With a deferential movement of his head toward the priest, he added: "Except as they apply to myself, these remarks are in no way personal."

As Father Burke, with a perfunctory smile, bowed acknowledgment, the girl at his side inquired, with a serious face, "Well, what can be done?"

Pats, with equal seriousness, replied, "How would it do to establish an institute for the propagation of Silence?"

"The millennium would be in sight!" she exclaimed.

"And instead of rhetoric and declamation teach economy in words; show the pupils, by illustration and example, how much better they look when their mouths are not open."

"A very sensible idea! And award medals to those who attain the highest flights of silence."

"The very thought is restful," said Pats. "And would you mind if I offered Solomon a professorship?"

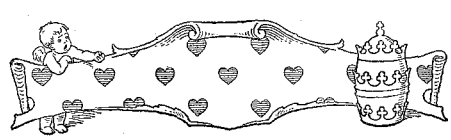
"Not at all! It would look rather well in the catalogue, 'Solomon Boyd, Instructor in Moral Philosophy and Deportment.'"

With a glance at the mirthless face of the reverend gentleman beside her, she added: "And on the dome of the college shall be a colossal statue of Father Burke, in solid gold. He has not uttered a word in half an hour."

The priest answered pleasantly, but the tone of the conversation had given him little pleasure. Folly was in the air, and Elinor Marshall, to his surprise, seemed in harmony with it. Heretofore he had known her as a thoughtful, serious-minded woman, with a leaning to melancholy; and this unexpected and evidently enjoyable flight—or plunge—into pure nonsense, caused him a distinct uneasiness. The girl was brightening up, even becoming merry; a state of mind that never leads to a nunnery.

In this conversation, which ran on with rare intervals of seriousness until the meal was ended, Father Burke took no part. And when the younger people had gone below for their interview with Solomon, he decided, after long reflection, that considering the gravity of the case, his obvious duty was to drop a word in the lady's ear concerning this new acquaintance. The rest of the Boyds—the two sisters—were good Catholics, and from them there was nothing to fear. But if he, Father Burke, could counteract the influence of this interesting heretic, it would be a pious work. He must find his opportunity for an earnest conversation, and before she landed.

The more he meditated, the more anxious he became. But Fate, the practical joker—the fickle, the ruthless, forever mocking—was only waiting to lay his enemy at his feet.



III—A FOOL AT THIRTY

TOWARD the end of that day it became evident, in the west, that preparations were going on for an American sunset.

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Preliminary colors, chiefly gold and crimson, crept swiftly across the sky. These colors, more dazzling as the sun approached the water, were caught and tossed about upon the surface of the sea until all the universe seemed ablaze.

Of this gorgeous spectacle Elinor Marshall, in a sheltered corner of the deck, was an appreciative witness.

Pats, in his mercy, had decided to allow the lady a respite from his society, at least during a portion of the afternoon. The lady, however, was so much more interesting than anything else aboard that he finally ignored his better judgment. And, now, leaning against the rail in front of her, he found the sunset duller, more monotonous and commonplace than the human combination in the steamer-chair. She, however, her head thrown back, with half-closed eyes, seemed fascinated by the glories in the west, and almost unconscious of his presence. As too much staring might cause annoyance, he did most of it on the sly. And the opportunity was good. As a mystery she proved an absorbing study: an irresistible blending of contradictions, of sympathy and reserve, of sadness—and of wit—of a character and temperament not half divulged. Whenever their eyes met he felt a mild commotion, a curious, unfamiliar excitement; something that made him less at ease. For it invariably brought the keenest anxiety as to her good opinion. He also experienced a consciousness of guilt; why, he knew not, unless from the expression of her eyes. They seemed to be reading his thoughts, and to be a trifle saddened by the result. That, alone, was disconcerting.

He began to see why those other fellows were in love with her. Although fireproof himself, he understood, now that he knew her better, the nature of the conflagration that devoured the men in Boston.

In her sensitive face, in her reserve and in her sometimes melancholy air, he saw traces of inward struggles between a passionate, impulsive, pleasure-loving nature and standards of virtue unattainably high. And when he remembered that she was doomed to the seclusion of a convent, that this life, with every promise of being exceptionally rich and full, was to be crushed, deadened and forever lost to the outer human world, his resentment became difficult to suppress. He wondered, in a hot, disjointed way, if there was no possibility of a rescue.

Awakening from a revery she caught him in the act, regarding her with earnest eyes, and with a frown. He also came back to earth—or to the boat—suddenly, and he observed a slight movement of her eyebrows as in surprise or disapproval. With a guilty air he looked away, and she wondered if the warmer color in his mahogany cheeks came entirely from the sunset. After an awkward silence, he said:

"I beg your pardon for staring at you. You are so very contradictory, and in so many ways, that I took the liberty of guessing at your real character; whether after all you are unpleasantly perfect, or whether it is merely your luck to possess an awe-inspiring exterior."

She was unable to repress a laugh. "And what have you decided?"

"I have not decided. That is, not finally. I keep arriving at new conclusions. My first impression was that you were a person of frigid altitudes; severe, exacting, and abnormally superior. Then, later, I have thought you warm-hearted—even impulsive: that your indifference is not always real. But of that, I am not sure. Still, I believe you possess a lower and a better nature."

"You seem to have made wonderful discoveries in a very few hours."

"I have been working hard."

"I hope the verdict is favorable."

"Well, yes—in a way."

"So bad as that!"

"No, not bad at all. It is merely that you have bullied your natural character. You have made it toe the mark and behave itself. Never given it any vacations, perhaps."

She regarded him intently, as if in doubt as to his meaning.

"But you don't know the cause," he added.

She made no reply.

"The cause," he said, "is the expression of your face."

"Ah!"

"Yes. It is impossible for any being of earthly origin to possess the celestial qualities promised in your countenance.

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It is out of harmony with terrestrial things. Why, when those three men put out their hands this morning for you to touch, I held my breath at their presumption. I looked for three bolts from heaven to wither the extended arms."

"And your own face, Mr. Boyd, gives no indication of the subtleness of your irony: unkind, perhaps, but extremely clever."

"Irony! Never! I had no such thought! I am merely announcing the discovery that with a different exterior you would have been less perfect, but more comfortable."

"If this is not irony it is something still more offensive. I gave you credit for a finer touch."

"I may be clumsy, but not malicious."

"Then explain."

"Well, you see, having a tender conscience, you have felt a sense of fraud whenever confronted by your own reflection. Being human you have had, presumably, ambitions, envies, appetites, prejudices, vanities, and other human ills of which the face before you gave no indication. And so, feeling the preternatural excellence of that face a lie, you have tried to live up to it; that is, to avoid being a humbug. In short, your life has been a strenuous endeavor to be unnecessarily wise and impossibly good."

As their side of the steamer rose high above the sea after an unusual plunge, he added: "And I am afraid you have succeeded."

She remained silent, lost apparently in another revery, watching the changes in the west.

The light was fading. On sea and sky a more melancholy tone had come; dull, slaty grays crowding in from every quarter. And over the darkening waters there seemed a tragic note, half-threatening, intensified by every plunge of the steamer and by the swish of waters very near the deck. There was a touch of melancholy, also, in the steady thumping of the engines.

She said, at last, pleasantly, but in a serious tone:

"I have been reflecting on your discourse. If ironical, it was unkind. If sincere it was—not impertinent, perhaps, but certainly not justified by our short acquaintance."

"True: and I beg your pardon. But was it correct?"

"I hope not."

Something in her manner invited a discontinuance of that particular topic. He drew an attenuated hand across his mouth, changed his position, as if on the point of saying more; but he held his peace.

Some minutes later, when Miss Marshall's maid approached this silent couple, her progress, owing to the movement of the deck, consisted of rapid little runs followed by sudden pauses, during which she clung, with one hand, to the rail and with the other held down her hat. She had come up to ask if her mistress needed anything. Was she warm enough? Would she have another wrap?

Miss Marshall needed nothing herself, but asked for news of Mr. Appleton Marshall, and if Father Burke was feeling better. Louise had seen nothing of Mr. Marshall since dinner, but she had left Father Burke reclining in the main saloon, not very sick, nor very well, but lower in his mind.

As her maid departed, the lady expressed sympathy for the suffering uncle. "And poor Father Burke! He is terribly uncomfortable, I am sure."

"Yes," said Pats. "I saw in his face a look of uncertainty: the wavering faith that comes from meals with an upward tendency."

Pats thought this want of sympathy was resented.

"He is a most lovable man," she said, "of fine character, and with a splendid mind. You would like him if you knew him better."

Here was his opportunity; his chance for a rescue. He would snatch her from the clutches of her captor. So he answered, sadly, in a tone of brotherly affection:

"I like him now. That is why I regret that he should devote himself to such a questionable enterprise."

"What enterprise?"

"His church."

With a forced calmness, she replied: "This is the first time I ever heard the first religion of Christendom called a 'questionable enterprise.'"

"Leo X. spoke of it as a 'profitable fable.' Perhaps that was better."

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"Did Leo X. say that of the Catholic Church?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe it."

"Because you have too high an opinion of Leo?"

"No; but he was a Pope of Rome, and I simply cannot believe it."

"Some popes of Rome have been awful examples for the young."

"So have men in all positions."

"Yes, but when they set up as Christ's Apostles they should not be."

Then, in a reflective, somewhat sorrowful manner, he continued:

"But the Enterprise has an enemy in the printing-press. The two can't live together."

Of this statement there was no recognition, except a straightening up in the steamer-chair.

He continued, pleasantly: "In England, Germany, and America, for instance."

"Perhaps you forget that in the United States alone there are more than seven million Catholics."

In the dim light which had gathered over everything, he could see the delicate eyebrows drawing together in a frown. But he went on, cheerfully, as if giving offence had not occurred to him. "Now, Spain is enthusiastically Catholic. And for ignorance—solid, comprehensive, reliable ignorance—there is nothing like it in the solar system."

"Their ignorance is their own fault. Education and progress have always been encouraged by the Catholic Church."

"You mean by the rack and stake."

"I do not."

"When, for example, she notified Galileo that if he maintained the earth was round instead of flat, she would roast him alive, as she had already roasted Bruno?"

"If you are happy in that belief, I will not destroy it."

"It is a historic fact, but I am no happier for believing it. However, too much education is a nuisance, and very likely Mother Church was wise in toasting an astronomer now and then."

"Your conclusions are rather entertaining. I am a Catholic myself, and my own reading has brought conclusions that are quite different."

She spoke calmly, but in her voice he detected a less friendly note. In a joking, incredulous tone, he replied: "Well, then, I am a Catholic, too."

"I am serious. My faith to me is a sacred thing. It has brought me a more tranquil spirit, a deeper knowledge, and a fuller conception of what I owe to others —and to myself."

She was very much in earnest.

"Then I beg your pardon," he said, "for speaking as I did."

She tried to smile. "It is more my fault than yours. Religious discussions never do any good."

Then she arose from her chair, and he knew from the exceeding dignity of her manner that his offence was serious. But this dignity met with cruel reverses. As she stood up, their side of the steamer was just starting on a downward lurch; one of those long, deep, quivering plunges, apparently for the bottom of the sea; slow at first, but gaining in rapidity. And Elinor Marshall, instead of turning away with frigid ceremony, as she intended, first stood irresolute, as if taken unawares —yet suspecting danger—then tip-toed forward and rushed impetuously into the gentleman's arms. These arms were forced to encircle the sudden arrival, otherwise both man and woman would have tumbled to the deck. Then, she pushed him hard against the rail. But even that was not the end. For there she held him, to her shame, pressing against him with the whole weight of her body. And this lasted, it seemed to her, an hour—a year—a lifetime of mortification and of helpless rage; the wind all the time screaming louder and louder with a brutish glee.

Her choking exclamations of chagrin were close to his ears, and he felt her hair against his face. But he was powerless to aid in her struggles to regain the lost equilibrium. However good his wishes he could do nothing but stand as a cushion—a poor one at that—between herself and the rail.

Finally, at the end of time, when the deck came up again, she backed away with flaming cheeks. Pats apologized: so did she. He wished to assist her to the cabin-stairs, but the offer was ignored, and she left him.

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IV—NORTHWARD

NOT since her change of faith—never in fact—had Elinor Marshall listened to such open abuse of a sacred institution. And the memory of it kept her wide awake during a portion of that night.

Although she had decided to ignore his argument of the printing-press it wormed itself into the inner chambers of her brain; and it refused to yield to better thoughts. As the possessor of a despotic conscience she suffered the miseries of guilt. For, despite all reasoning of her own, she began to feel that unless those arguments were refuted her faith might suffer; and, with her, an untarnished faith was vital.

The motion of her berth, the rhythmic pounding of the engines, the muffled sound at intervals of feet upon the deck, all were soothing; but the remembrance of that discussion, with its mortifying climax, made sleep impossible. This childish sensitiveness she fully realized—and despised—but nerves achieved an easy victory over reason.

She was glad when daylight came. Long before the breakfast hour she had left her state-room and sought the deck for fresher air, and for Father Burke. He, also an early riser, was discovered in the lee of the upper cabins, his little prayer-book in his hand. Sitting close beside him she gave, in detail, the story of her conversation with Mr. Boyd. It was in the nature of a confession, but delivered in the hope and in the faith of the enemy's discomfiture. She felt, of course, that the statements concerning the press and ignorance were false and foolish, and she knew that Father Burke could tell her why.

Her confidence was not misplaced. It was not the first time Father Burke had been called upon to stiffen the faith of wavering converts. Considerable experience and a perfect familiarity with the subject rendered the task an easy one. The tones of Father Burke's voice were, in themselves, almost sufficient for the purpose. Deep, calm, mellow, ravishingly sympathetic, they played like celestial zephyrs upon the chords of the maiden's heart. They filled the inmost recesses of her soul with security and peace. His arguments were the old, familiar ones; but he knew his audience. And when the spell had worked, when the wings beside him ceased to flutter, he drove the final bolt.

"You know, my child, that the value of a statement depends largely upon the character of him who utters it. I have no desire to injure this young man, nor to prejudice you in any way against him; but it is clearly my duty to warn you that he is not a person with whom it would be safe for you to permit a very close acquaintance."

"You need have no anxiety on that point."

"I am very glad to hear it."

"But tell me what you know about him, Father Burke. His family never mention his name, and I supposed there was something to conceal. Was it anything very bad?"

"Yes, bad enough. I have always heard of him as a wilful man, of a perverse and violent temper. His utterances of yesterday are in perfect accord with the spirit he displayed in youth. He broke his father's heart."

"From his face one would never suspect that part of it—the violent temper. He appears to be a person of unusual cheerfulness and serenity—most *offensively* serene at times."

"Very possible, my child. One of the hardest things to learn, and we seldom achieve it in youth, is that outward appearances often bear no relation to the inner man; that the most inviting face can hide a vicious nature."

"Do you really think him a bad man? I mean thoroughly unprincipled and wicked? I don't like him, but somehow it doesn't seem as if he could be utterly bad, with such a face."

"Ah, my daughter, be on your guard against those very things! Heed the voice of experience. Remember his career."

"But what especial thing did he do? What drove him away from home?"

"In a fit of temper he tried to kill his father."

"Really!"

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"As an old friend of the family I knew the circumstances."

"Awful! How did it happen?"

"They were in the garden—in an arbor—engaged in a controversy. In his anger he struck the old gentleman and knocked him down, and would have killed him had not others interfered."

A silence followed, not broken by Father Burke. He desired his listener to realize the iniquity of the deed.

At last she inquired, half-timidly:

"And there was no provocation?"

"None whatever."

After another pause she said, reflectively:

"The father had a temper too, I fancy, from what I know of him."

Toward the face beside him the priest cast a sidelong look—which was detected.

"I am not defending the son," she said, hastily. "Heaven forbid! I almost hate him. But you must admit that the father was not an especially lovable character—nor very gentle in his ways."

"He had his faults, like the rest of us, but he was a rare man; a religious man of deep convictions; and the soul of honor."

"Yes, I suppose so, but I was always afraid of him."

Father Burke laid his hand on her arm and said, very gently but with unusual seriousness:

"I should regret exceedingly, my child, to have you listen to the flippant sacrilege of this young man, or be subjected to his influence in any way."

"There is no cause for alarm. I shall have as little to do with him as possible."

"An excellent resolve. And now, will you grant me a request?"

"Certainly."

"I have no right to exact a promise. I only suggest that while on this boat you avoid as far as possible his companionship."

"I promise."

They both arose. His voice and manner were always impressive, even in ordinary conversation. But now a moisture gathered in the maiden's eyes as he gazed benignly into her face and murmured, in tones tremulous with feeling:

"May Heaven bless you, my daughter, for your noble spirit, and for your unswerving devotion to a holy cause."

Then they went below to breakfast.

The girl was hungry; Father Burke was not. The undulations of the boat had so tempered his appetite that food had lost its charm. A cup of tea and a bite of toast were the limits of his endeavor. Even these descended under protest and threatened to return. When the heretic—the victim of the plot—appeared soon after and took his seat at the table, he noticed that the greetings he received, while friendly and all that etiquette required, were less cordial than on the day before.

And this was emphasized, later, when he joined Miss Marshall on the deck. After a moment's conversation, which was obviously from a sense of duty, she spoke of letters to be written and went below.

And once again, to make sure that this disgrace was no fancy of his own, he approached her as she sat reading, or, at least, with a book in her hand. In his best and most easy manner, he inquired:

"Did you ever hear of the Magdalen Islands, Miss Marshall?"

She looked up and nodded pleasantly.

"Well, we are passing them now."

"Indeed?"

"They are off there to the westward, between twenty and thirty miles away, but out of sight, of course."

Amiably she inclined her head in recognition of the news, but made no reply.

It began to be awkward for Pats. But he resolved to suppress any outward manifestations of that state. This task was all the harder as his legs embarrassed him. He knew them to be thin—of a thinness that was startling and unprecedented—and now, as he confronted the northeast wind, their shrunken and ridiculous outlines were cruelly exposed. He was sensitive about these members, and he thought she had glanced furtively in their direction. However, with his usual buoyancy, he continued:

"And now we leave land behind us until we reach the northern shore of the gulf."

"Yes?"

Although she gazed pensively over the water, and with conspicuous amiability, something seemed to suggest that the present conversation had reached a natural end. So the skeleton moved away.

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With Pats a hint was enough. During the remainder of the voyage, at meals and the few occasions on which he met the lady, he also was genial and outwardly undisturbed, but he took every care that she should be subjected to no annoyance from his companionship. This outward calmness, however, bore no resemblance to his inward tribulation. Such was his desire for her good opinion that this sudden plunge from favor to disgrace—or, at least, to a frigid toleration—brought a keen distress. Moreover, he was mortified at having allowed himself, under any pretext, to jeer at her religion.

"Ass, ass! impossible ass!" he muttered a dozen times that day.

Meanwhile the *Maid of the North* was driving steadily along, always to the north and east. On the morning of the second day her passengers had glimpses, to the larboard, of the shores of Nova Scotia. Later they rounded Cape Breton, and then, against a howling wind and a choppy sea, headed north into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The *Maid of the North* was a sturdy boat, and though she pitched and tossed in a way that disarranged the mechanism of her passengers, she did nothing to destroy their confidence.

It was the evening of this last day of the voyage, when Pats, feeling the need of companionship in his misery, descended for a final interview with Solomon. Through a dismal part of the steamer he groped his way until his eyes became accustomed to the gloom. Solomon heard his step and knew him from afar. He whined, pulled hard at his chain, and stood up on his hind legs, waving his front ones in excited welcome.

"There is *somebody* glad to see me, anyway," thought Pats, as he sat on an anchor bar with the dog's head between his knees. There had always been more or less conversation between these two: not that Solomon understood the exact meaning of all the words, but he did thoroughly understand that trust and affection formed the bulk of the sentiments expressed. And these things being the basis of Solomon's character rendered him a sympathetic and grateful listener. The monologue, address, oration, confidence—or whatever—was delivered in a low tone, accompanied by strokings of the listener's head, taps, friendly pinches and the wandering of fingers about the ears.

"Bad place for a dog, old chap. Lots of motion here, and smells, but 'twill soon be over. So, cheer up. Anyway, you are lots better off than I am. In a single interview I have secured the contempt of an exceptionally fine woman. Yes, your Pats has done well."

He smiled in the darkness—a melancholy smile.

"She probably told everything to the priest, and he has explained to her satisfaction wherein I am a fool—a malicious, blaspheming, dangerous villain, and a stupendous ass. And he is right. Perhaps, in time—a long time—I may learn that insulting people's religion isn't the shortest road to popularity."

In his abstraction the hand, for an instant, was withdrawn. Solomon protested, and the attentions were resumed. "Keep still, old man, I am not going. And don't get that chain around your legs. But she is a fine girl, Sol; *too* fine, perhaps. Just a little, wee bit too everlastingly high-minded and superior for ordinary dogs like us."

While administering these pearls of wisdom, the speaker had become interested in two approaching figures, dimly visible in the obscurity. As they came nearer he saw that one, the older of the two—a man with gray chin whiskers and a blue jersey—was drunk. This man stopped, and holding the other by the arm exclaimed:

"It's so, damn it! It's so, I tell yer! What's he doin' this minute? He's blind drunk in his cabin. Why, the jag on him would sink a man-o'-war. Oh, he's a daisy cap'n, he is!"

"He'll be all right in the mornin'."

"All right in the mornin'! It'll be a week! And where'll *we* be to-morrow mornin'? Where are we now? God knows, and *He* ain't tellin'."

With a maudlin gesture and a reverberating hiccup, the speaker, following the motion of the boat, pushed his friend against the wall and held him there. "I'll tell yer where we are; we are more'n fifty miles east of where we think we are. We ain't sighted Anticosti yet. And we ain't goin' to."

The other man laughed, "Oh, shut up, Bart. You are gettin' a jag on, yerself."

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"Yes, sir! We are fifty miles too far to easterd now, and by to-morrer mornin' it'll be a hundred miles."

They passed on, the older man still holding forth. "I've been this cruise a dozen times, but this is the first time I ever tried to get there by headin' for Labrador."

They disappeared in the darkness, in the direction of the forecastle, the sound of their footsteps dying away among the other noises of the boat.

Here was food for thought. But, then, the man was distinctly drunk. And his companion, who probably knew him well, paid no attention to his words. However, Pats took a look about the boat when he went on deck. The pilot and second officer were in the wheel-house, both silent, serious, and attending to their duty. The watches were all at their posts, and the *Maid of the North* was ploughing bravely through the night as if she, at least, had no misgivings. By the time Pats went to bed, an hour later, the drunken sailor was forgotten.

It was a long time before he slept: and the sleep, when it came, was fitful. Perhaps he had brooded too much over his fall from grace.

As the night wore on he was not sure, half the time, whether he was dreaming or awake. And so eventful were his slumbers and so real the events therein that his dreams and his wakeful moments became painfully intermingled. For instance, when he entered the Cathedral, he halted for a moment, overcome by its vastness and by the size of the congregation. Truly an imposing assemblage! And the great edifice was ablaze with light. Apparently a wedding was in hand, for there, before the altar, stood the bride, awaiting the groom.

As Pats sauntered up the nave she turned about and smiled. And, lo! it was Miss Marshall! more beautiful than ever, more stately and more patrician if possible, than in her travelling dress. For now she was all in white with a long veil—and orange blossoms. She smiled at him and beckoned.

Yes! He was to be the groom! It was for him they waited!

He strove to get ahead, but his feet refused to budge. The harder he tried, the tighter he stuck. He opened his mouth to explain, but no sound came forth. Again and again he tried. Again and again he failed. The huge congregation began to murmur and he could hear them whispering, "What a fool!" Then, from behind him came three men: Billy Townsend, the man with the nose and the other fellow with the flowers. They walked by him easily, all in wedding array, and they lined up by the bride. Pats tried to raise his voice and stop it, but in vain. The Pope stepped forward and performed the ceremony, uniting them all in marriage. The four bowed their heads and received a blessing.

And when the happy grooms with their bride came down the main aisle, they gave Pats a look; a look so triumphant and so contemptuous that it set his soul afire. He boiled with fury and humiliation. But stir he could not; nor speak. The bride's contempt, and she showed it, was beyond endurance. Gasping with passion he tried to rush forward and smite the grooms—to scream—to do anything. But he could only stand—immovable.

Suddenly the music changed. From a stately march it galloped into the air of a comic song that he had always hated. The Pope, as he marched by, seemed to pronounce a curse upon him.

But in the midst of it came tremendous blows against the outer walls, resounding through the whole interior of the Cathedral; then an awful voice reverberated down the aisle:

"Time to get up! We are there!"

The martyr, in the violence of his struggle, banged his head against the berth above, and shouted,

"Where?"

"At Boyd's Island, sir, where you get off."

(To be continued.)

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FROM REYKJAVIK TO GLOUCESTER

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. J. BURNS

'Twas sou' sou'-west,
Then west sou'-west,
  From Rik-ie-vik to Gloucester;
'Twas strainin' sails
And buried rails
  Aboard the Lucy Foster.

Her planks did creak
From post to peak,
  Her topm'sts bent like willow;
"I'll bust her spars,"
Says Wesley Marrs,
  "But I'll beat the Bounding Billow."
—GLOUCESTER FISHERMEN'S SONG.

ELEVATED above the head of a deep wharf-slip, low flanked by a ship-chandler's shop to one side and a sail-maker's loft to another, commanding a fine view of the docks and harbor beneath, and of the bay beyond, perched up where nothing coming or going past Eastern Point will fail to be noticed—this is the look-out tower of the Great Eastern Fish Company of the port of Gloucester, which, be it known, is the first fish mart of our country. In the official bulletins of the company this place is known as the "Observatory," but, in the every-day speech of the fishermen of Gloucester, it is better and more fittingly described as the "Crow's Nest."

To attain this eyrie it is needful to go round and round long flights of steps, that creak to your weight and sway to the wind as you climb. After you get there, you find a room of three flat walls and a rounded front, of which the rear, or west side, is blocked off by the staircase whereby you came. Coast charts, bank soundings, world maps, and magazine illustrations of a nautical and sporting nature are tacked to the wall on your left. On the wall at your right—the southerly—are several pairs of marine glasses, a long telescope, and an aneroid barometer, hung from nails driven here and there, wherever space is to be found among the relief models of what all men know to be fast-sailing fishermen. A fresh varnished but much dented spar, an old topmast most likely, butts through the centre of the ceiling and is braced to the floor.

The east side is all of glass. This is the side that opens on to a little quarter-deck balcony, and looks out to sea. This balcony may be entirely closed in by an arrangement of shutters that work over and down like companion hatches, although you find out later that you have to climb to the upper deck by way of an outside rope ladder to make them work. In the centre of one of the hatches, when you come to look, is a brass-bound port-hole, plainly intended for stormy weather. A realistic bit of railing, really the taffrail of a fisherman wrecked off Thacher's, is there to guard the unwary—once over the low rail and you are down to the waters of the dock. There is a row of scuppers along the balcony's deck, and under the rail are a couple of cleats, to which are made fast the halliards that run to the flag at the masthead.

Only one chair is in this place, after the fashion of up-to-date fishermen, which always carry a hinged chair in the cabin for the skipper's use. This chair is for the lookout on duty. All others must sit on the lockers against the walls, or squat on the stair-landing at the rear, or content themselves with leaning over the stern of the quarter-deck. All this goes to make up the famous "Crow's Nest," of that abode of modern vikings, the fishing port of Gloucester.

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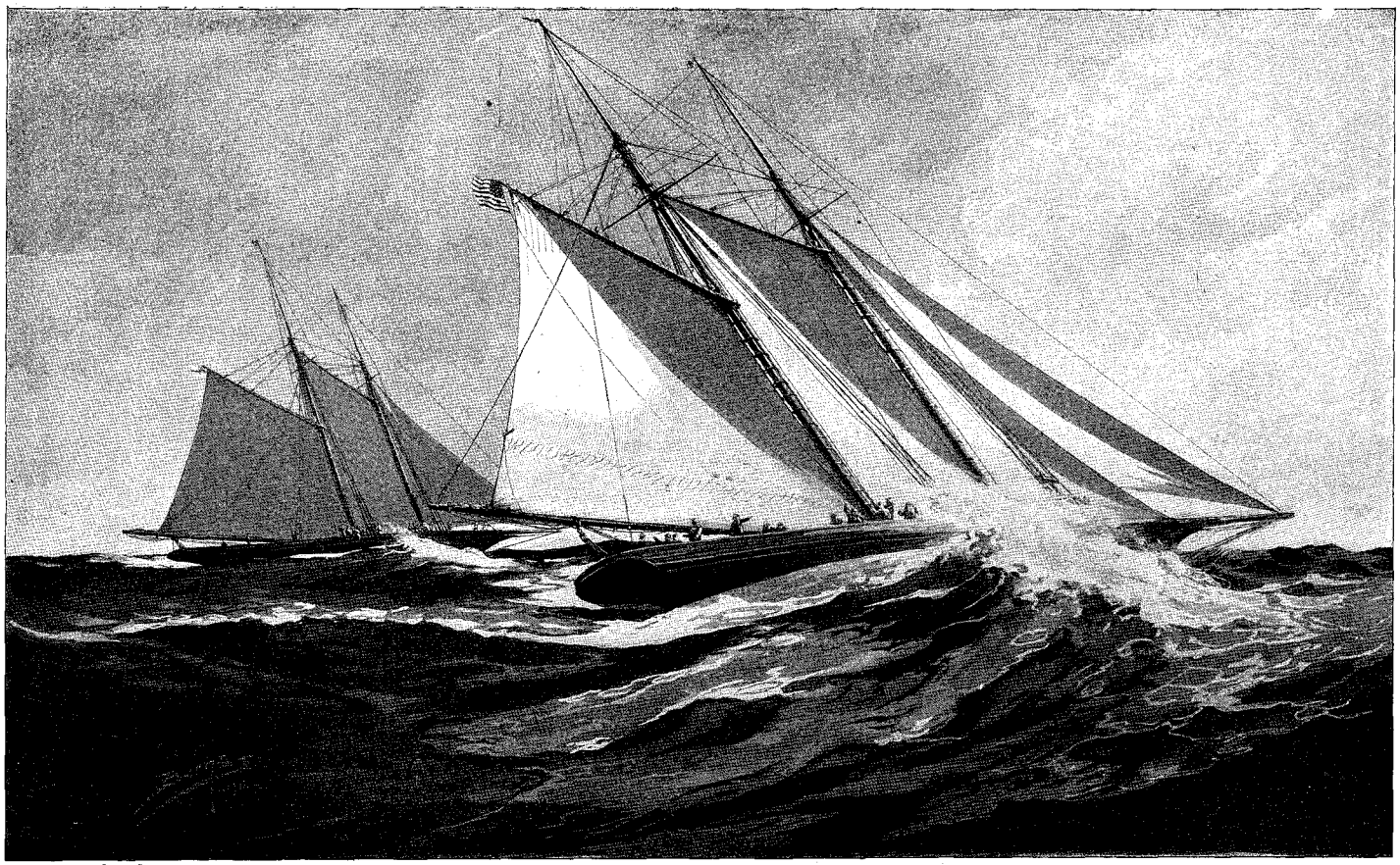

Drawn by M. J. Burns.

Wesley . . . just laid to wind'ard of her.—Page 225.

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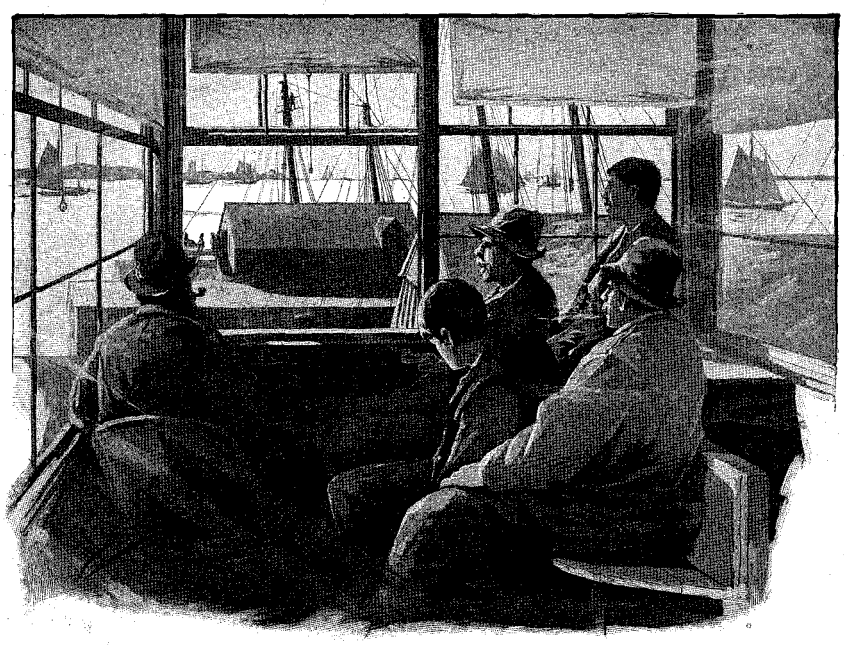
It is the business of the lookout on duty to take his station in front of the window and watch for incoming vessels. If it is a fine day, like this one, he will hoist the window-sashes back to the pulleys, push forward his chair, and rest his feet on the rail. When he sights an inbound fisherman, he will identify her at the earliest possible moment, and make immediate report of same to the office.

Three men are paid for this work—two to stand watch in turn, and one to act as messenger. Being keen of eye and acquainted with the minutest peculiarities of every schooner in the fleet, these men can name vessels at incredible distances. In some cases, where neither knowledge nor eyesight could possibly avail, they make marvellous guesses—for which they do not attempt to account. It may be a sixth sense that enables them to pick out and identify a vessel while she is yet but a blur in the haze to most of us.

Their business, as has been said, is to make early report of incoming vessels. They do that very well, and it is for that they are paid ; but their pleasure and their most nearly continuous occupation lies in the absorbing art of conversation. In the skilful development of this science they are aided by a volunteer staff of regular callers, who much prefer to put in time at this congenial observatory than to attend to any fatiguing business that might arise to meet them were they to stroll incautiously along the wharves.

What subject might suggest itself to the council of Crow's Nest at any particular lull, no prophet could say with certainty; but on a day like this, a beautiful summer morning, with a gentle easterly sighing in over the rail, and the docks and the harbor below alive with the loading and outfitting of many seiners, it could not very well get far away from the doings of the mackerel fleet.



The "Crow's Nest."—Page 216.

Fourteen of the seining fleet were in, and this favorable easterly would be sure to bring in more. It had been an extraordinary season for the seiners. There was plenty of mackerel to be had, and they were bringing great prices. Stocks of three and four thousand dollars were getting common for vessels, and men no longer boasted of sharing anything under a hundred dollars for a short trip. It promised to be an unprecedented season altogether, and the watchers in the tower, when next they resumed the conversation, were disposed to rejoice.

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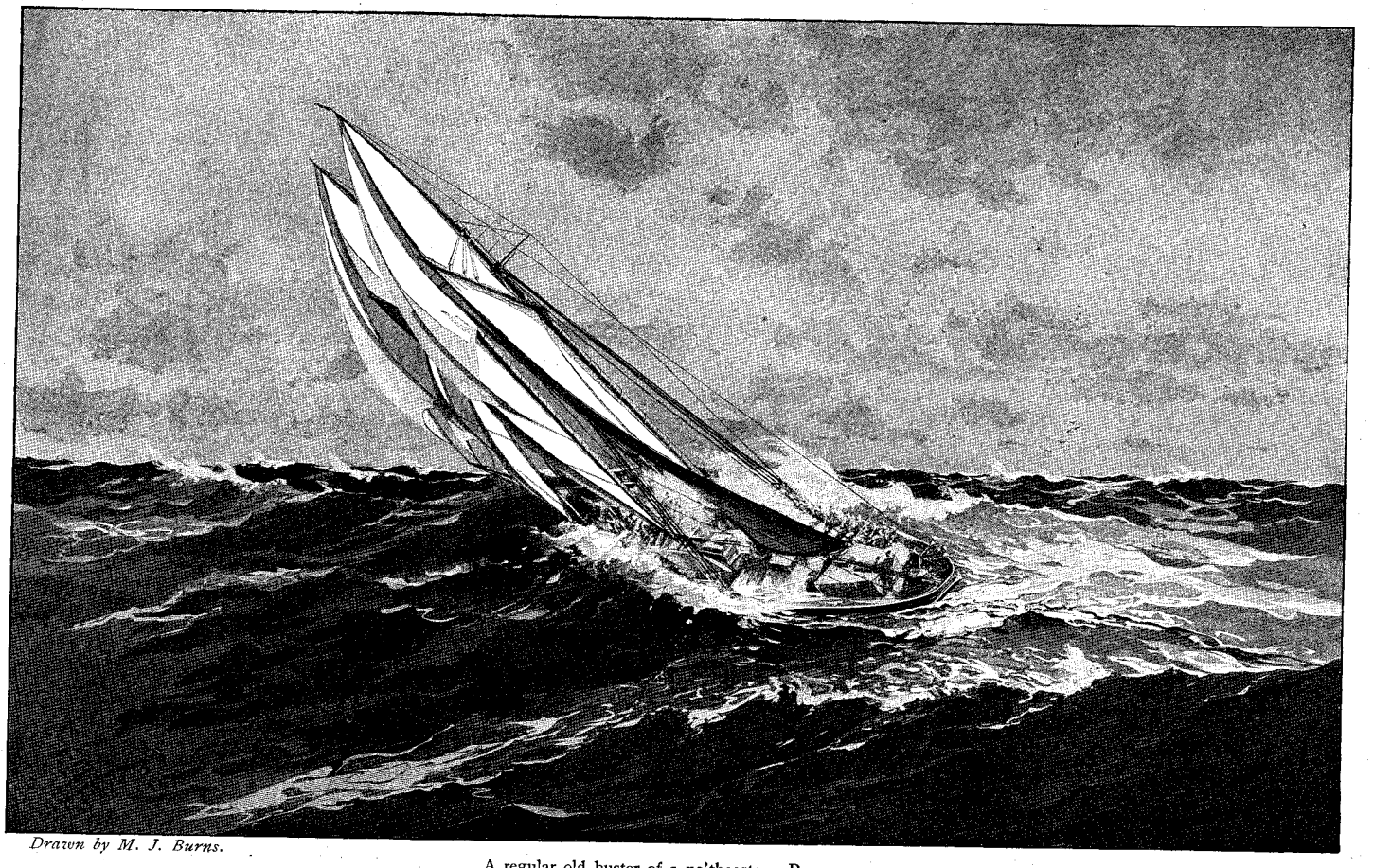

Drawn by M. J. Burns.

A regular old buster of a no'theaster.—Page 225.

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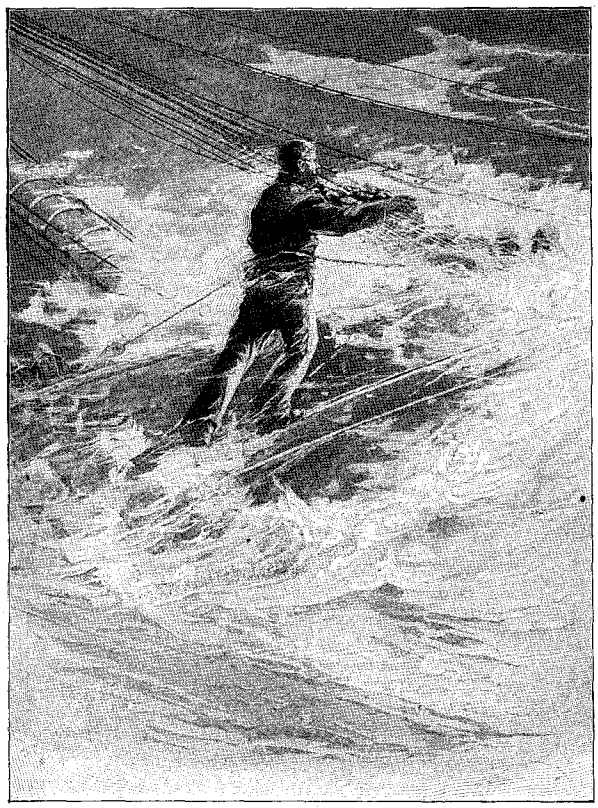
"It's a good thing for Gloucester, it's a fine thing for the men," observed the lookout in the chair. "Won't be so many have to go to Georges or the big banks this winter to find grub and rent for the wife and children. Here's a lad coming in now—wait, till I make sure with the glass—yes, the Lucy Foster. Bill, report the Lucy Foster, Captain Marrs, to the office, will you? Ten days she's been gone. This lad'll be glad enough for a good mackerel season, for he does hate haddockin' in winter. He went last winter, and he says he's had enough of that kind of fishin'."



We had a line on him in case he slipped.—Page 225.

"Shouldn't think he'd have to—the money he's made, Petie."

"No, he oughtn't to, but Wesley's been a spender. But this spring, before he went on the southern mackerel cruise, he gave it out that he was going to save. I don't know myself what's drivin' him—he's close-mouthed enough for all he's so reckless some ways. But I wouldn't be surprised if he was stowin' away something against getting married this fall. He's certainly piling up a stock and hustlin' as if he intended to have a little salvage to draw on when he made up his mind to stop ashore a winter and start house-keeping."

"And if he does get married, I s'pose that ends the Lucy for carryin' the broom. I don't expect we'll hear of any more piling on sail to see how much she really can stand up under, or layin' her over to see how far she will go without capsizing."

"Why?" put in one of those slow-witted ones, who must always have things explained in detail.

"Why? why?" snorted the man in the chair. "Did y'ever see any of the drivers keep it up long after gettin' married? Don't it tame the wildest of 'em when they get to thinkin' that p'raps the wife and children's waiting for them at the end of the trip?"

"Well, I dunno. I don't see as Archie Nichols slacked any since he got married."

"Archie Nichols? Good Lord! does he count? Married a no-use woman that's druv him to drink and worse things than he ever took up with before. Leave Archie out. And look at the others. There's Tommie Bolton now. What do his crew tell you about him now? Do you hear of him pullin' the spars out of his vessel since he settled down to a home of his own? Can't you see him any afternoon now between trips walking down Main Street abreast of his little woman and the latest fat baby on his arm? Ever hear of Billie Simms in this year o' grace havin' to go on the railway 'bout every other trip or so to have the Henry Clay Parker overhauled for strained seams for'ard? I guess not. Nor Wesley Marrs, nowadays; and he's only engaged, at the worst—tryin' to see what he can do with the Lucy without getting her hove down. I guess not."

"I say, Peter," inserted a subtle one, who measured exactly the temper of the

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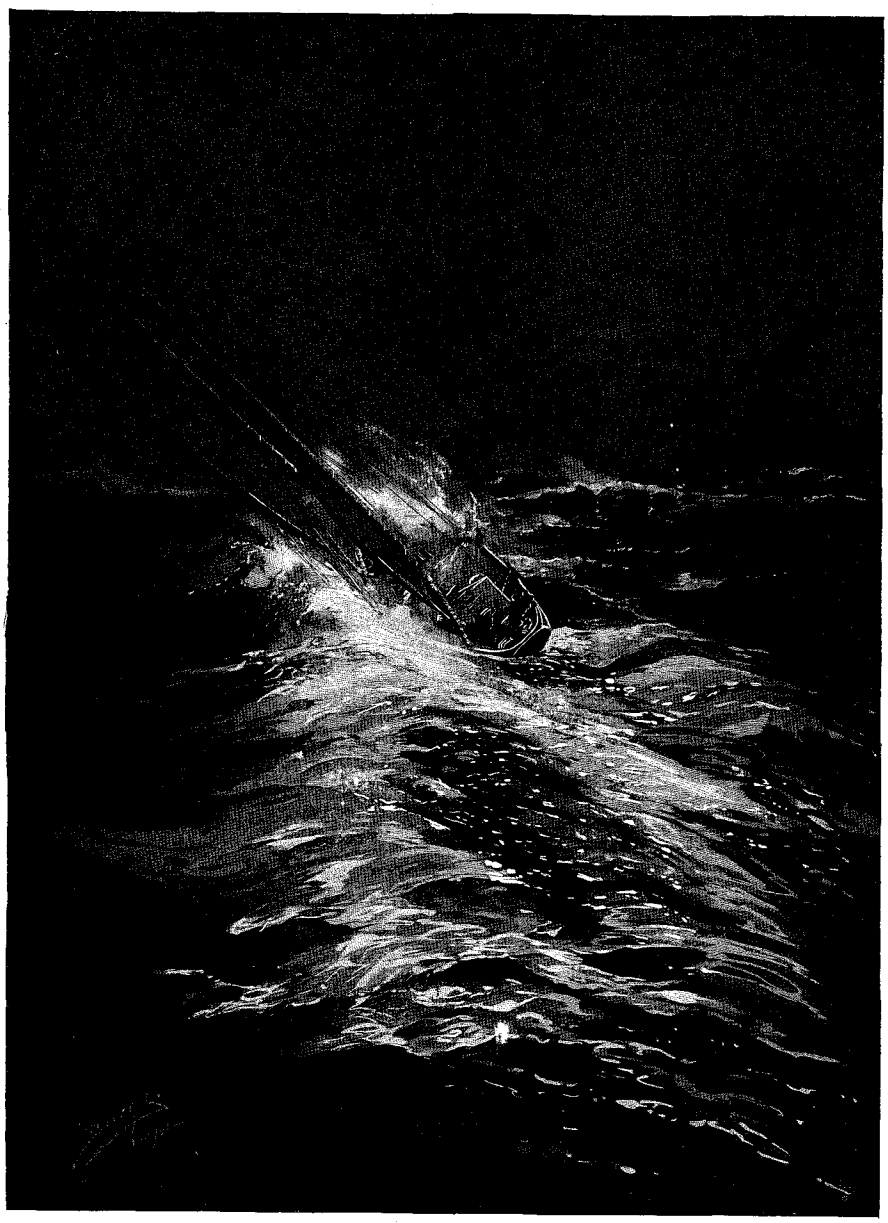

Leapin' from the top of one sea to the top of another.—Page 226.

sage in the chair, and was eager to forward the psychological moment, "was Wesley Marrs such a devil for driving, after all?"

"Devil? He was all the devils, when it came to carryin' sail. Now I was with him three years. My last trip, when I fell from the mast-head in among the gurry-kids and broke my knee-cap, I was with Wesley Marrs in the Lucy Foster. I'm telling you this man'd spread a whole mains'l to a gale as quick as your wife or mine'd hang out a bed-sheet to the sun. When a sail went into the air—busted—Wesley used to follow it with his eyes and then say, surprised-like: "Don't it beat hell—the rotten canvas they puts on vessels these days?"

"You must have been with him, Peter, when that record run was made from Ice-

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"If there ain't the Englishman ahead!"—Page 226.

land—when the Lucy and the English yacht had their big race."

"Was I? Twenty-eight hundred miles, they call it, from Rikievik to Gloucester, and the Lucy came down in nine days and ten hours. That's going, people, for any vessel; but this one that time had her hold full of fletched halibut."

"What was it brought him along so fast?"

"Well—I guess wind has as much to do with it as anything. Just plain wind, out of the bosom of the North Atlantic, and p'raps a little, just a little, of Wesley Marrs' drivin' her."

"Who beat?" interjected a voice that should never have been allowed to disturb the silence of this generally well-posted company.

The man in the chair looked around with much curiosity to discover the inquirer. It was a young fellow, plainly not long in Gloucester, one of those lads who so frequently come there to try fishing—and quite often make good fishermen—but who are sometimes a great trial to their friends while acquiring the rudiments.

"Who beat?" echoed Peter in scorn. "And *when* did you get in and *where* did you get your fish?"

"I say, Peter," put in the subtle questioner on whom devolved the duty of holding the story to its course, "were you there when the match was made?"

"Was I? Warn't the skipper and me and Joe Lane gittin' down to a little table over a glass—you don't stand up to a bar there generally—and the skipper was pretty well pleased. You see he'd only bought out the Wild Irishman's half of the Lucy late that spring and this was his first trip. He paid $5,000 cash for the Irishman's half — our firm owned the other half same as now. And the last thing the Irishman did when he signed the papers and took the money was: 'Now, Wesley, b'y, you're gettin' a great vessel—fourteen thousand to build, but we'll say nothing of that. You're gettin' a vessel that nothing of her tonnage anywhere can sail away from. While I owned her she was the jewel of the fleet. Don't let anything cross her bow, Wesley b'y.' The Irishman went to the Pacific Coast that time to look up seals Behring Sea way.

"Well, Wesley was telling us about that very talk with the Irishman and saying how the Lucy could sail and everything like that. You know how he'd be likely to carry on talkin' 'bout his vessel. This swell-dressed Englishman was takin' it all in. We didn't know who he was, though we suspicioned he was English every time we looked at him. At last he mixes in. He says:

"Excuse me, but I gather you are fishermen up here for halibut?"

"You're right," says Wesley.

"From the States?"

"From America? Yes — from Gloucester," says Wesley.

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"'Ah, from Gloucester. Fine, able fishermen from there, I hear,'—he kind of drawed his words out—'hardy, courageous, fine, able seamen——'

"'And fine, able vessels,' says Wesley, warmin' up right away. We guessed easy enough what was in Wesley's mind. Somebody or other'd been writing stories about Gloucester fishermen 'bout that time and putting them in the old style pinkies and square-ended tubs that was the fashion when some of your fathers and mine went to sea. I never yet went among strangers in any of the new vessels that they didn't seem to be surprised at the build of our vessels, and, of course, the Lucy Foster

"That's one end of the stays'l halliards."—Page 226.

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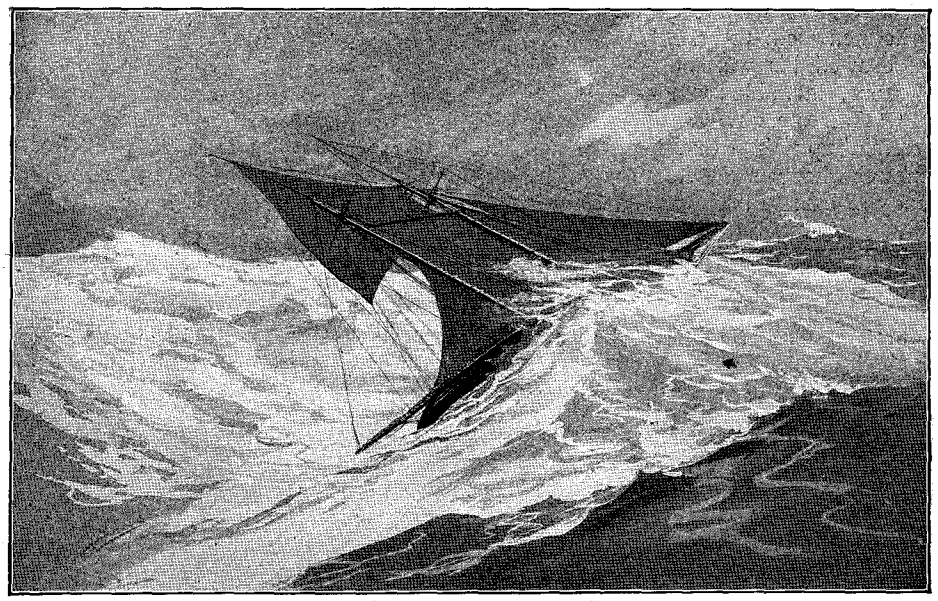

If she was leapin' before, she was high-diving now.—Page 226.

and a few others of that model struck 'em dumb. Anyway, to get along with the story, the Englishman was surprised to hear that the Lucy was a fisherman—he'd an eye for fine vessels, you see—and had noticed her in the harbor. But he didn't know much about our kind of people and Wesley kind of explained some things to him.

"Then the Englishman told his story. He owned the big schooner yacht, the all-white fellow with the varnished top-rails and yellow stripe along the run. We'd had an eye on her by the way and a handsome craft she was. That was his cruiser. He'd come in the day before from some queer place on the coast of Norway and he didn't see anything in Rikievik to hold him. He was bound for America next by way of Boston, Newport, New York, Baltimore, and so on down, so's to be among the West Indies for the winter.

"Well, he was a pretty hot sport, this one, and you all know the kind of a boy Wesley used to be when anybody spoke against his Lucy. They had an argument, back to the days of the old America and all that. Finally, they 'greed to race to Gloucester. The Englishman said he'd just as leave run into Gloucester so long as it was so handy to Boston.

"This Englishman was all right. He says about the money: 'Your word is sufficient for me, Captain. Men that look like you will pay up. If you lose, you pay over a thousand dollars. If I lose, I pay over to you a thousand, to settle as soon as both boats get into Gloucester. And in the matter of time allowance—the Bounding Billow, you must have noticed, is half as big again as you are. She isn't loaded down like you, and I can afford to give it. She has never been beaten at ocean racing, by the way, and I am willing to give you time allowance for our larger measurement.'

"'To hell with time allowance,' says Wesley. 'When fishermen race, they all start together. And first vessel home wins. You're a little longer and more beam and draught—let it go. And 's for being loaded down—the Lucy could stow away half as many more halibut, and I wish she had it, the way halibut's been this summer. Don't worry about the Lucy. Those couple of hundred thousand of fletched halibut down below 'll just give her a grip on things—sort o' stiffen her up and keep her from layin' over too much when it comes to blow—and it's coming to blow or I don't know. There'll be wind stirrin' before you or me see Eastern Point, and the vessel that'll carry the sail 'll be the lad for the trip. I tell

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you, man, with all of these September gales coming our way, you won't think you're yachting off Cowes. I hope your gear's been overhauled lately,' says Wesley. And with that they left to get things ready.

"There was a gentle gale stirrin' from the no'th'ard when we sailed out of Rikievik next day, Friday. Wesley liked the look o' things pretty well. We put out behind the Englishman, him under two-reefed mains'l and the Lucy under a single reef—two jibs and whole fores'l, both of us. That was along 'bout dark. Wesley didn't make any attempt to push by the yacht—just laid to wind'ard of her. He did love to get to wind'ard of a vessel—lay off her quarter and watch her. And for most of the rest of that night, we stayed there so.

"When the sun ought to have been pretty near to showin' up again, Wesley says: 'Boys, I can't see but what the Lucy's holdin' her own, and I guess we'll wear off to the east'ard just a little. We might's well get out of sight of this fellow quick's we can now. I've a notion, too, this breeze 'll be coming from that quarter before a great while, and there's nothing the Lucy likes quite so well as to take it just a tri-i-fle slanting when it blows.'

"I don't know whether the Bounding Billow people saw us get away or not—p'r'aps they didn't care. Anyway, they didn't come after us. We sunk their port light down afore daylight, and by good sun-up there wasn't a sail of her in sight.

"Well, it didn't come to blow same's Wesley thought it would and, nacherally, he was roarin' 'round fine. We shook out the reef in the mains'l before noon-time of that first day, and later we set both tops'ls and that whoppin' gauze balloon of the Lucy's. And she carried 'em easy, too. We warn't loafing altogether; we was makin' nine knots right straight along. But that wasn't pleasing Wesley.

"Next day and the next it was the same story, and part of the next day it was lighter yet. We hove the log, and got only eight knots for twenty-four hours hand-runnin'. Then, almost all at once, from a nice summer breeze it jumped to a gale. And it was a gale—one of those healthy, able zephyrs that makes up north there and gets a good runnin' start afore it tears things loose in the forties.

"Whoo-o-ish it whistled! A regular old buster of a no'theaster—whoo-o-ish!—and Wesley dancin' on and off the break while he watched it comin' on. 'I'm thinkin',' he says, 'we can stow some of those summer kites for a while. Might put the tops'ls in gaskets, boys, and that balloon in stops. We won't be likely to need them any more this trip. This is the breeze I've been waiting for—struck in a little late, but it'll make up for lost time soon.'

"And it sure was making up for lost time. The mains'l pretty soon had to be tucked up, and on the next day tucked again. And before another day we had to take it in altogether, get the trys'l out the hold and fit that on. Now you know it was blowing some when Wesley Marrs had the Lucy under a trys'l and a yachtin' fellow somewhere 'round racing him for a thousand dollars a side; and, what was more, the name of the thing after they got into Gloucester.

"We went that way for thirty-odd hours, and Wesley was almost satisfied. 'Maybe,' says he, 'if this fine breeze holds, we'll make up for those yachtin' days in the fifties. What kind of weather, fellows, do you s'pose, the Bounding Billow's making of it? Think now she's handling it like the Lucy, hay? I'd give something to know if she's carryin' a whole fores'l and both jibs right now. Boys,' he says, 'but this is fine weather. In forty-eight hours, and this fine breeze holds, we'll be raisin' Thacher's twin lights!' Wesley was mighty well satisfied with the way things was lookin' just then.

"That was Friday night late. After midnight it was, for I went on watch at twelve o'clock. I remember well Wesley and Murdie Greenlaw at the wheel when I came out of the cabin door to go for'ard. We was driving through it and she layin' over. Man, but she was layin' over. I'll tell you how she was layin' over. That very afternoon it was that Billie Henderson had walked along her weather run from her stern to her fore-rigging. You've heard of that trick, some of you. Yes, sir—we had a line on him in case he slipped—that's the truth.

"Well, it must have been getting on towards one o'clock, for I was figuring on being called aft to take the wheel for my second hour; and then in one more hour

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a fellow could go below and dry off and have a good sleep. We were driving through it—two jibs, fores'l and trys'l. We hadn't seen the top of her port-rail for more than two days: and this was one of those nights when the water gets full of phosphorus. It 'd been a new moon gone down, and rain that morning, and you all know how the water fires after rain and a new moon. It was fair afire now. And the Lucy! she was leapin' from the top of one sea to the top of another. We made a lane you could see for a cable length behind, and there was blue smoke, I swear, coming from each side.

"Her nose would poke under and we would get it all over. I had my elbow crooked in the fore-rigging so I wouldn't wash off. When she'd rise, she'd throw the water over her shoulder, and it'd run the whole length of her deck and race over the taffrail. That was only the spray, mind you. She was taking it over the rail all the time, besides, as if she had no rail at all. The skipper and Murdie at the wheel must 'a been pulp. Three or four others were in the waist—five or six men besides the skipper had to be on deck all the time. We was all in oilskins and red-jacks, of course, and we was all properly soaked.

"Well, we was whoopin' along; we'd just shot by some lumberin' old tramp steamer that was making awful bad weather of it, and somebody in the waist'd just called out, 'We're this far, anyway, thank the Lord.' The cook had his head out the fo'c's'le gangway—just a narrow slit to sing out to us on deck—when we saw the skipper jump into the main riggin' and look ahead, and then jump back on deck again as if he saw a ghost. He hollers:

"'If there ain't the Englishman ahead, and carryin' a two-reefed mains'l! A two-reefed mains'l! And goin' like a liner! I'll be damned if I'll stand on the deck of the Lucy Foster and see the Bounding Billow beat her home. I'll bust the Lucy's spars, but I'll beat him. Bend on the stays'l. I guess the Lucy can carry as much sail as that window-frame boat. Bend on that stays'l.'

"You can bet that shook the boys up. A stays'l! And her planks rattlin' then! Dan Ross—most of you know Dan—big Dan, that was lost on the Fredonia afterwards—Dan was nearest me under the weather rail. He says, 'I'll fix that stays'l.' And he did fix her, as he thought. He yanks the halliards loose and they goes flyin' aloft. We could just make them out slinging between the fore and main rigging—like long devils, with the block on the end.

"Dan hollers out: 'Stays'l halliard-ends loose and can't get hold of 'em—they're aloft.'

"The skipper says: 'Go after them.'

"Dan roars back: 'What do you take me for?'

"'For a man,' hollers the skipper; 'but I guess I was mistaken.'

"'Show me a man crazy enough to go after them,' says Dan.

"'Here's one,' roars the skipper, and so help me, if he didn't start aloft. Blowing? My blessed soul, we needed cotton hooks to hang on by. The boys was curled up under the wind'ard rail with their fingers into the ring-bolts. And up went Wesley Marrs—to le'ward, mind you. And however he managed it—we couldn't half make out what he was doing up there—but he got hold of them.

"Down he comes with the ends fast around his waist. 'Here,' he says to Dan, 'take hold of that.' He unwound about two fathom of it. 'That's one end of the stays'l halliards you run aloft a little while back. That snaps into the after upper corner of the stays'l, so long as we got to make things plain to you. And this'—he gave him the other end—'this is what you haul on. Is that plain enough? Then see if you can hang on to it, so's better men than yourself won't have to go aloft in a gale to get them down again. Now then, up with that stays'l. Call all hands for'ard there, cook—and call all hands aft there, Murdie—and up with that stays'l! Up with it."

"And up she went. Such a slattin' afore we got her up! But she got there—and then! If she was leapin' before, she was high-diving now. The water was firing like I was telling you, firing like an ocean of big diamonds and white sulphur mixed; and there was that blue smoke you could almost smell coming out from both sides of her wake. I misdoubted if we'd ever get home. If I'd had a knife handy, you'd have seen the stays'l go into

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the sky. But I didn't have a knife, nor nobody else on deck, and all we could do was to hope we'd get in to walk down Main Street just once again, and swearin' we'd never ship another trip with that crazy Wesley Marrs, so long's we lived again. Yes, sir, that was an awful run home. We carried our stays'l past the Point. And that's the same Lucy and the same Wesley Marrs coming in the dock there now."

"And what happened to the Bounding Billow? Did you pass her?"

"The Bounding Billow? Hell, no. We got in Monday morning at five o'clock. There warn't any Bounding Billow in sight that night—just one of them ghost dreams of Wesley's. The Englishman didn't get along till about the middle of the week."

"And what did he have to say?"

"The Englishman? Oh, that was funny, too—but hold up a second and see what that telephone wants, one of you."

"It's the office, Petie. They want to know what Captain Marrs got."

"Oh, all right. He'll make fast and be up the wharf in a minute, tell them. He's getting ready to step ashore now."

It was a man of medium height and easy swing who came up the dock with half his crew in tow. He had the sunburned skin of a healthy boy and the vigorous jaw of a man of action. He spat out tobacco-juice as he rolled along, but his teeth showed white and unconquerable when he grinned up at the look-out. It was the voice of a moderate blow, a summer gale at play, that answered the hail from Crow's Nest.

"Hulloh, Peter," it roared. "Any signs of fish up there, boy?"

"Hulloh, skipper. What you got?"

"Four hundred barrels."

"Good. Where'd you get 'em?"

"Off Monhegan mostly. One school off Middle Bank on the way down. All medium schools. How's the market?"

"Fourteen and a quarter to-day."

"Good. Report me to the office, will you? — four hundred barrels. Come along down, Peter, and wash the gurry out your throat. Tell 'em all up there to come."

"In a minute. Here, Johnnie"—Peter lit on a boy of tender years, a boy of an age that ordinarily would not have been allowed to breathe this smoky atmosphere, but in this case a boy who was sometimes suffered to skirt the edge of the blessed circle because of his tractable ways and certain useful connections. He was a purveyor of supplies and a nephew of the firm, a willing boy and not too obtrusive. "Here, Johnnie, telephone the office that the Lucy Foster hails for four hundred barrels, small schools and fine fish—and take charge while we're gone. We'll be at the Anchorage—if anything heaves in sight. But make sure before you disturb us; don't get worried by any coasters or yachts, mind. Do a good job now, and I'll tell your uncle about you, and maybe some day he'll let you have a vessel of your own. Come along, fellows, and p'raps we can get it out of Wesley himself just what the Englishman did say after he got in and found the Lucy three days before him. And p'raps we c'n get a word out him 'bout his marriage—if it *is* comin' off this fall."

And down the winding stairs the chief look-out and his staff worked their way. It was tack and jibe, until they reached the street below; then it was wear off and a straight run of it, in the wake of Wesley to the Anchorage.

Up in the Crow's Nest the flag went to the mast-head for the Lucy Foster, arrived with four hundred barrels of fine mackerel. And Johnnie, a born hero-worshipper, looked out to sea for incoming fishermen, bravely singing all the while:

"I'll bust her spars,"
Says Wesley Marrs,
"But I'll beat the Bounding Billow."

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THE MEMPHIS PACKET

A MISSISSIPPI RIVER STORY

By Willis Gibson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

BUSINESS was brisk in the St. Louis - Memphis trade during the summer of 1880, but not brisk enough to support both the St. Louis Packet Company and Captain Jo Benton. The St. Louis Company, fresh in the field with half a dozen fine new steamers operated on a daily schedule, was steadily increasing its revenues. Captain Jo, with his single steamboat, the Southerner, was as steadily losing money.

The Southerner was a stern-wheeler, of moderate size and ante-bellum design. She leaked unreasonably, and was, as a rule, a day or two behind time. But the Captain cared for none of these things—to him she was, by all odds, the finest packet on the Mississippi. Where she came from originally no one knew, although tradition favored Pittsburg. She had been on the Memphis run so long that even the oldest authorities were uncertain as to the date of her maiden trip.

Captain Jo was something of a veteran himself. The son of a pilot, from his earliest remembrance the intricacies of the profession had been pushed and pounded into him. At ten he had become a helper in the engine-room, at fifteen a cub steersman, at twenty-one a pilot, and at thirty a master, and a good one. He was a master of the old school, however. Such improvements as electric lights and steam steering-gear he regarded as "frills"; and the Government engineers, with their elaborate plans for taming the unruly current, he abominated. But outside the engineers' department he was so universally popular, and his boat so widely known, that in the past he had prospered greatly.

With the advent of the new line his passengers and freight rapidly diminished. At first he was unruffled, but the defection increased day by day, and before long his income began to resemble the river during a dry season. He realized, at last, that he must do something to protect himself, and quickly. He decided upon a reduction in running time, and accordingly arranged a new card which would have worried the great record-breaker, R. E. Lee. The new card was not a success. The engines of the Southerner, accustomed to long years of deliberate, peaceful motion, balked at the racing speed now suddenly forced upon them—the very first day a steam-pipe burst, a shaft broke, and a cylinder head blew out. As a result, the steamer was compelled to lay up for two weeks, and when she came back the cause was lost. The luxury and frequency of the rival boats had securely anchored both tourists and shippers. The Southerner made a few trips with an idle crew, and a cabin full of waiters and empty chairs, and then the Captain gave it up.

It was not easy for him to abandon the scenes of his former glory—in all his forty-two years he had been outside that five hundred miles of river but twice; in the settlements along its banks he knew nearly every man, woman, and child—but there seemed nothing else to be done. So one October day he said good-by to his agents, collected all the musty stationery of the line, and steered away to his Illinois farm, a few miles above the city of Alton. There he hauled his steam-boat out of water, propped her up on his front lawn, and then retired to a quiet agricultural life.

At least, that was his intention when he came ashore, but he soon discovered that the habits of his steam-boat days were not to be shaken off. The management of his farm, which he had partially assumed at the start, he relinquished more and more to his men, until, at the end of six months, he gave scarcely a thought to the property.

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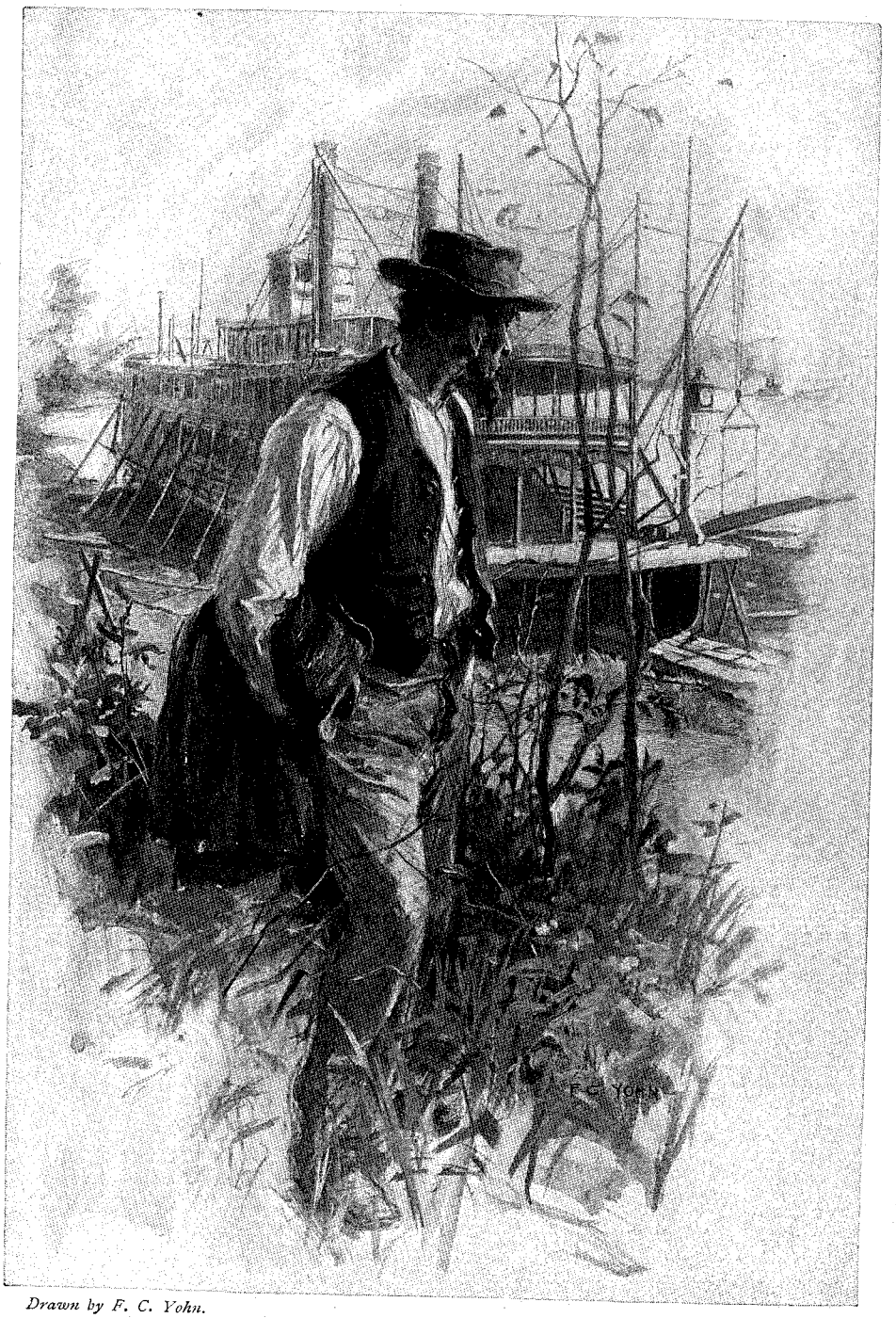

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Some day he would resume his place in the trade.—Page 230.

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Then it was that Captain Jo came into an ill-defined, glorious idea : some day he would resume his place in the trade. Sooner or later there must be an opening. As for the present, it was his plain duty to keep the Southerner in instant readiness for her return.

So reasoning, he devised for himself a daily routine. Immediately after breakfast he hurried over to his steam-boat and went to work. Naturally the steward's department first took his attention. One hour was allotted to a scrupulous sweeping of floors, promenades, and roof, a task which he disliked, but thought necessary. Next came the inspection of the cabin. The Captain took more interest in this—there was some variety to it. There were chairs and tables to be dusted, and table-covers to be shaken, and the piano had to be looked after. The Captain regarded the piano with a good deal of awe. He was densely ignorant of its construction, and, as for playing upon it—"Home, Sweet Home," with one finger, was beyond him. Still, he felt it needful to test the instrument in some manner, so every day he threw back the cover, and sent both hands crashing into the key-board—after which he retired, satisfied. He was as particular about the arrangement of his cabin furniture as an ambitious housekeeper of her parlor. He was continually shifting about his rugs, pictures, chairs and tables, but was never quite able to decide whether the chairs appeared to better advantage circled about the tables or placed, with hair-line precision, along the walls. A glance at the pantry and another into the linen closet, and the cares of the Steward were ended, and with them the second hour.

He now descended to the main deck and became the Engineer. The engines, swathed, like Esquimau youngsters, in many thicknesses of tarpaulin, were tenderly uncovered. Every part was oiled and polished, an occasional nut tightened, and the covers replaced.

Then, as the Carpenter, he made a lengthy trip over the boat in search of possible broken boards and frayed rigging. This accomplished, the strenuous part of the day was over.

Now came dinner at the farm-house. The Captain's meals, by the way, were bright spots in his existence, for they were cooked and served in strict river style, by three ex-employees of the Southerner.

Dinner over, Captain Jo returned to his steamer, but as the Captain now. If the weather were favorable, he sat for hours at a time, either on the hurricane deck or high up in the pilot-house. If it were stormy, he retired to the clerk's office and pored over the old passenger lists, on which appeared the names of many notables, including one President.

He rather enjoyed these long afternoons. Close beside him, his beloved river—the resistless, giant Mississippi—swept silently by, carrying on its surface the variegated pageant of river craft—the down boats slipping along with the current, the up boats fighting hard against it. Every passing steamer, from the wheezy tow-boat to the majestic packet, saluted the Southerner with a mighty whistle blast, and every master and every pilot shouted a cheery greeting across the water to Captain Jo. The Captain had no steam with which to blow his whistle in reply, a circumstance which he regretted keenly, but he possessed a capable substitute in the steamer's big bell.

At two o'clock the mail arrived from Alton, and with it the St. Louis, Cairo, and Memphis papers ; and for a time the Captain was perfectly contented while he studied the steam-boat columns.

At six he departed to supper, and with the twilight revisited the old packet long enough to hoist on her chimneys the red and green lanterns which marine law demands of every floating steam-boat. The introduction of this novelty was not accomplished without opposition. The inspectors declared it ridiculous and misleading that a boat high and dry on land should display these signals. They ordered them removed. But the Pilots' Association could see no harm in the Captain's little pleasantry, and came to his rescue. There was a discussion, during which many weighty opinions were unloaded on both sides, and the order was revoked.

The night boats were as anxious as the day steamers to salute the Southerner, and disturb the Captain at outrageous hours ; but he enjoyed it all, and, in order that no one's feelings should be injured,

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One hour was allotted to a scrupulous sweeping.—Page 230.

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strung a wire from the Southerner's bell to his bedroom, and was never too sleepy to bang away whenever a steamboat passed.

Sunday was an exception. On that day Captain Jo omitted his sweeping and dusting, and in the early forenoon transferred his commissary staff to the kitchen of the Southerner, with full directions for the preparation of the Sunday dinner. This Sunday dinner was an important event. It was served in the steamer's long cabin, with all the splendor of linen, glass, and silver that the pantries could muster, and was largely attended by the Captain's neighbors. Usually a few old river friends ran up from St. Louis by train. The menu was elaborate, the Captain and his friends told improbable steam-boat stories, the

He possessed a capable substitute in the steamer's big bell.—Page 230.

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The Sunday Dinner.

rural belles rattled away on the patriarchal piano, and the unaccomplished guests earnestly devoted themselves to the eatables.

Every summer the crops were allowed to shrivel while the farm hands joined with the Captain in the annual two weeks' renovation of the steamer. During this period dust rose like smoke from a prairie fire. Paint was daubed about recklessly.

For eight years Captain Jo swept and scrubbed, and patched and petted his steamboat. For eight years he watched the river items and waited for his chance —and at last it came: the St. Louis Packet Company dismally collapsed. He read the news on a Monday afternoon; the following Wednesday night the Southerner, with a light crew and a lighter head of steam, was slowly but surely working her way St. Louisward. Captain Jo was jubilant—his steamer was no longer the stranded relic of Benton's farm, an object of curiosity for the travelling public, but once more the Memphis Weekly Packet. The wash of the water along the hull, the hum of the pent-up steam about the boilers, and even the rattle of the dishes in the cabin, delighted him. With the enthusiasm of a new-fledged Master, he raced from deck to deck, watching his boat's every

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move, cramming his officers with countless instructions.

The trip was successfully completed. At ten o'clock the Southerner passed under the Eads bridge, and tied up at the St. Louis levee. On the wharf-boats the Captain learned for the first time that he was to have competition. Somebody from the Ohio River had built a new boat, the Telegram, for the St. Louis-Memphis trade. She had already left Memphis on her first trip. But the Captain was in too good spirits to worry over the matter—there was room enough for two.

The next afternoon, at the good old-fashioned hour of five, the Southerner cleared for Memphis with a good patronage. Captain Jo dreaded this first trip not a little. He looked for many unwelcome changes in the river; he feared his old friends had forgotten him. In both instances he was mistaken. There were a few strange boats, and here and there a new building stood on the shore; but otherwise the Mississippi was as it should be. The water was low and troublesome, a familiar condition; the same number of treacherous snags and shifting sand-bars lay in ambush; and the crew, as in the old days, shamelessly stole the eatables, and slumbered in hiding whenever there was any work on hand. The Captain noted all these things, and was relieved.

And when the Southerner whistled for St. Genevieve, the first landing, at ten, he learned a good deal about the memories of his friends. As the first jet of steam shot up from the whistle, there came from out of the darkness an answering uproar. The flickery headlight, turned on the landing, dimly disclosed a wide area of waving hats, canes, and umbrellas, under which the best part of the town's populace danced about. In the foreground the local band panted futilely. Captain Jo, hat in hand, came down on the forecastle, and from the capstan bowed his thanks. At Chester, far after midnight, there was a similar demonstration. As for the following day—it was a sort of triumphal tour. The news that Captain Jo Benton and his famous Southerner were coming down river travelled fast, and every landing did its share to swell the welcome.

Toward four in the afternoon, Cairo was sighted. The Captain, from his vantage ground on the hurricane deck, noticed a large side-wheeler approaching from the south. She was a stranger to him.

"What boat, Arthur?" he inquired of the pilot on watch.

"The Telegram," was the answer.

"Umm," commented the Captain, interestedly. "Get in ahead of her if you can."

"Yes, sir," replied Arthur, and rang for more speed.

The Southerner managed to arrive opposite the city a little in advance, and, after a warning whistle, commenced to turn about with the intention of crossing in front of the Telegram just before making the landing. The manœuvre was nicely executed, and as the two boats neared the shore the Southerner started to make the crossing. Captain Jo was admiring the skill of his pilot, and idly watching the spray tumbling from the cutwater of the Telegram, when he suddenly felt the Southerner swerve sharply toward the oncoming steamer. He knew instantly what had happened; the well-worn wire tiller-rope had parted somewhere.

"Set her back on both!" he shouted frantically to the pilot. As he spoke there was a furious jangle of bells below, a hurried rush of steam, and the engines backed powerfully. The pilot of the Telegram spun his wheel hard down, and set his engines back also, but it was a wasted endeavor. There was a few seconds helpless interval, then, with a terrifying sound of breaking and splitting woodwork, the steel bow of the Telegram ground its way far into the flimsy hull of the Southerner. A moment after, the entangled boats jolted against the levee, and the frightened passengers of the Southerner, and most of her crew, scurried ashore.

Captain Jo saw at once that the accident, while serious, was by no means fatal, for the water at the levee was slack—barely five feet. But the catastrophe had just begun. The pilot of the Telegram, in his anxiety to get clear of the Southerner, and unmindful of possible consequences, attempted to back away. The Southerner refused to be shaken off, and, still locked together, the two steamers floated from the bank. Captain Jo was horrified to find his boat being towed out into deep water, and rushed to the side,

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

When the final smash came, Captain Jo was standing well forward.—Page 236.

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protesting wildly. By the time the flurried pilot saw his error he was fully fifty feet from shore. He reversed the wheels, and tried to push the Southerner back again, but the stiff current, crowding the stern of the old-timer, freed her from the grasp of her assailant, and exposed to the water an unhealthy chasm in her side extending almost to the keel.

Rapidly the Southerner settled, until in ten feet of water she touched, and the Captain breathed more freely. He did not foresee the startling climax. The steamer was aground at bow and stern only, and her centre continued to sink. One after another the stanchions bent and snapped, lower and lower sagged the decks; then with a dull report the keel broke, and cabin, texas, pilot-house, and chimneys folded and twisted themselves into a tangled wreckage, like the remains of a telescoped express train. It was as if a mighty hand, sparing the boat's ends, had seized upon her middle, and relentlessly crushed it flat against the river bottom.

When the final smash came, Captain Jo was standing well forward. The hurricane deck, breaking away at his feet, left him perched high in air, gazing dizzily through the choking steam into the débris below. He was stunned by the magnitude of the disaster. The spectators on shore saw only the loss of a wornout packet of small value, but the Captain saw the wiping out of his grand hopes and plans, the absolute end of his career.

A boat came out quickly and took him off, together with Arthur, who was seated nonchalantly astride a capsized chimney with a spoke of the wheel in each hand. Once ashore, the Captain was hemmed in by a crowd of sympathizers and advisers. One friend suggested a possibility of raising the Southerner. The Captain glanced toward the wreck, then turned away; he could not bear to look at it.

By the first train he went back to his farm and tried to forget, but it was no use. His occupation, and his beautiful steamboat—all he had in the world—were gone. All day he smoked on his front porch, wearily watching the river. His neighbors called, but he took no interest in their visits, and after a time they stopped coming. He tried to comfort himself with the St. Louis and Memphis papers. One day he read that the engineers had dynamited the sunken Southerner from her obstructive place in the channel. After that he threw the papers away, unopened. The passing boats saluted him louder than ever, but he no longer had any means of reply. Often, when awakened by a whistle echoing through the valley, he reached hastily for his bell-cord, only to let his hand fall sadly when he remembered that the big bell of which he had been so proud was slowly rusting two hundred miles away.

Six months dragged by in this fashion, and then a new chapter was added to the Captain's history. One night he was aroused by a whistle, a weird, jumbled roar, that made him sit bolt upright in bed. He knew that whistle—there was not another like it from St. Paul to New Orleans—the whistle of the Southerner. Some one had raised her, after all. Breathlessly he listened for the pounding of her machinery, but could hear nothing. Then he thought of the item about the dynamiting.

"A dream," he remarked, grimly, and lay back on his pillow. He was half asleep when he was again disturbed, this time by the tolling of a familiar bell—the Southerner's—calling for soundings. But he was prepared this time.

"I'll wake up in a minute," he commented, and, so soliloquizing, went to sleep.

He rose early and began his dressing, pondering the while over his vivid dream. Chancing to glance out, he saw something which caused him to start violently. There was a boat moored at the bank—a wonderful white monster, all glistening in the early morning sun. Above her steel hull mounted tier on tier of fanciful woodwork, terminating in a marvellous pilot-house with a gilded roof. Above her chimneys hung a picturesque haze of light brown smoke. From her restless engines clouds of steam floated lazily up. And on her paddle-boxes, in letters of blue and gold, was painted the name "Southerner."

Captain Jo gazed fixedly in admiration and astonishment. It had not been a dream after all—this was the boat he had heard in the night. What was she doing at his farm, why had she taken his old name, and whence came her bell and whistle? He finished dressing and, breakfastless, ran down the river-path.

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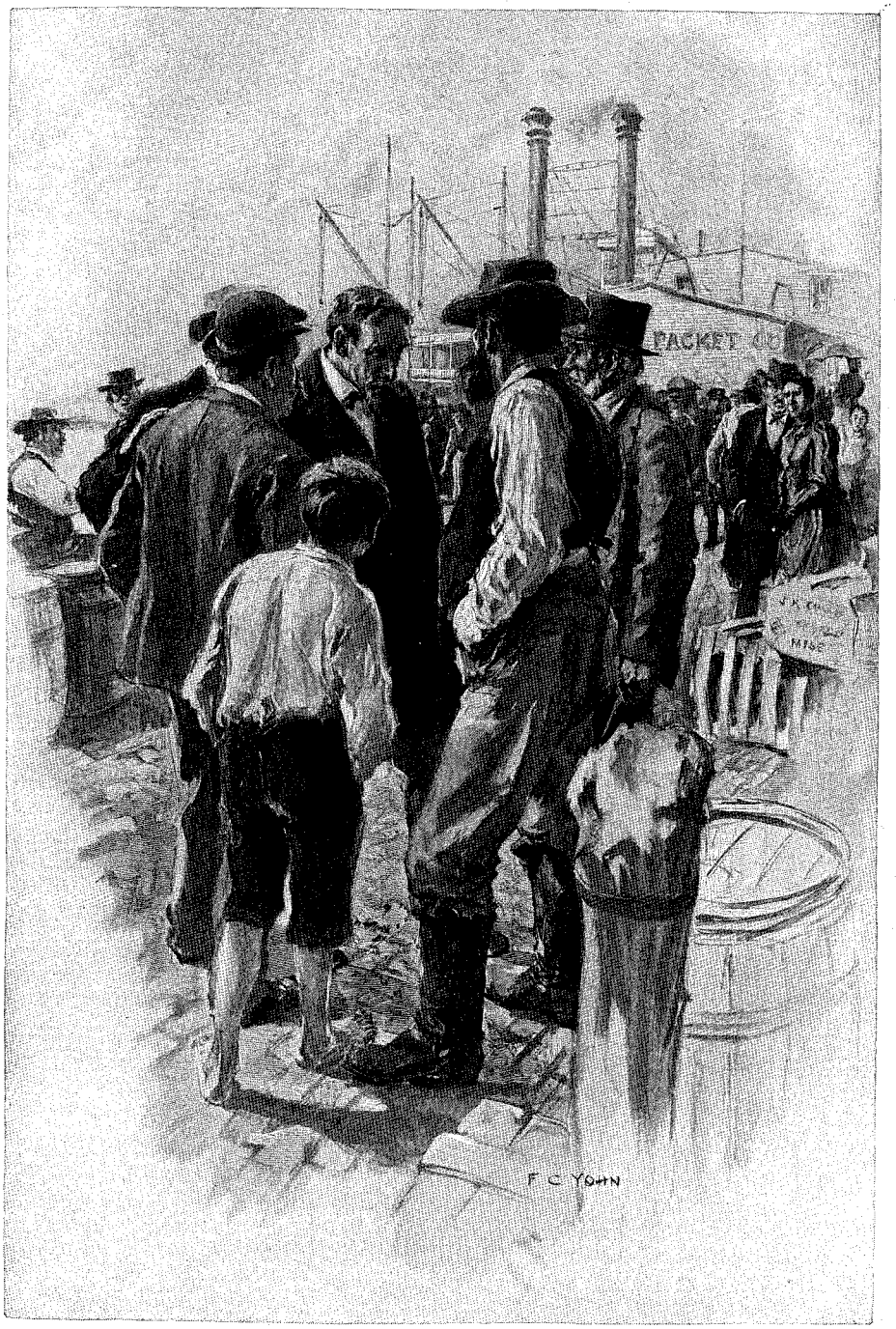

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The Captain was hemmed in by sympathizers.—Page 236.

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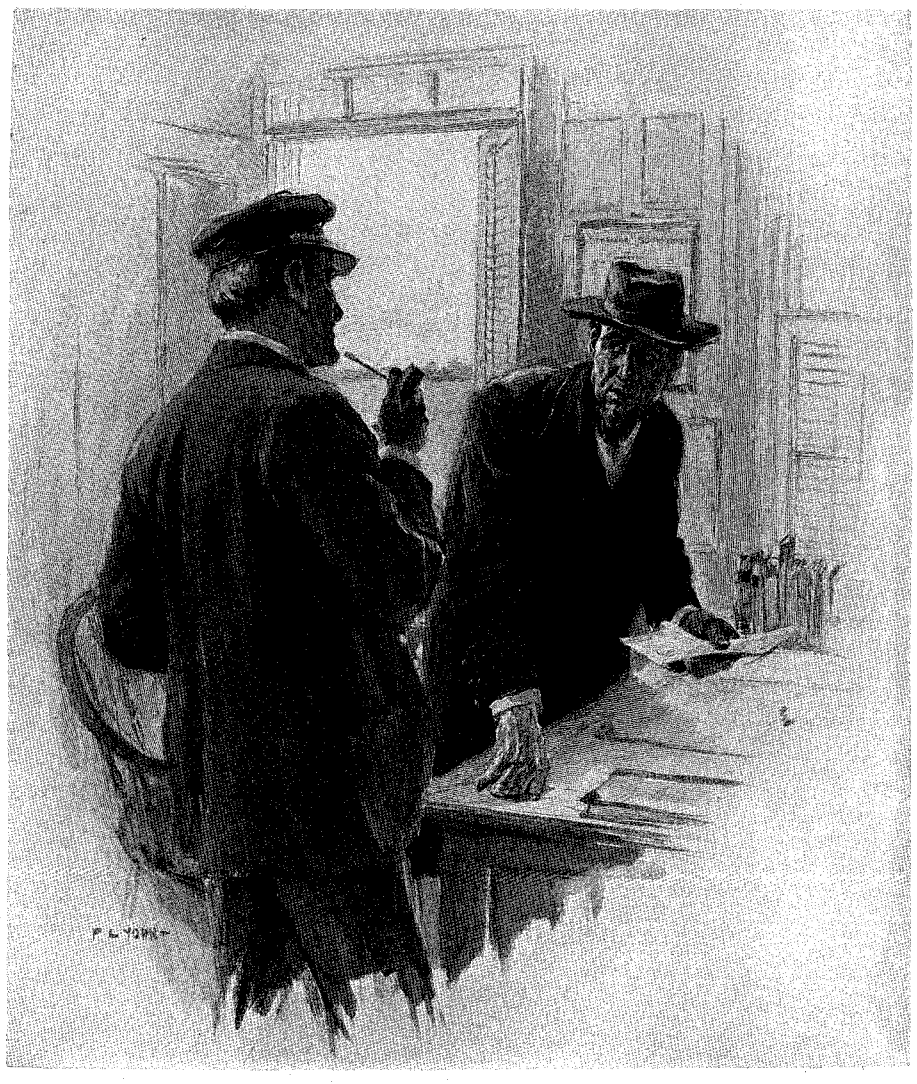

"This is no joke, Arthur?"

Boarding the steamer, he climbed the stairs to the boiler deck, and entered the cabin. He stopped, bewildered. Here was a cabin twice as large as the old Southerner's, carpeted the whole length, and furnished with a lavish display of electric lights, mirrors, and colored glass. Parlor for the ladies, smoking-room for the gentlemen—but at this point he was interrupted by the appearance of Arthur Wilson, his former pilot, in a brass buttoned uniform now. Captain Jo viewed him with undisguised amazement.

"Who's the Captain of this boat, Arthur?" he asked, weakly.

Arthur grinned. "I brought her up, sir. She hasn't a master as yet."

"But what is she doing up here?"

"Come upstairs with me, Captain. The explanation's all written out for you."

The Captain, very much puzzled, followed the young man to the Captain's cabin, where the following letter lay spread on the desk:

SOUTHERN LINE.
ST. LOUIS AND MEMPHIS,
OPERATING THE MAGNIFICENT NEW
SIDE-WHEEL STEAMER
SOUTHERNER.
CAPTAIN JO BENTON.
General Offices, St. Louis.

CAPT. JO BENTON,
Benton's Farm, Ill.

DEAR CAPTAIN: We, the undersigned, residents of the river towns between St. Louis and

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Memphis, inclusive, realizing the lack of proper steam-boat facilities since the failure of the St. Louis Company, and the sinking of your own steamer, have decided to enter the packet business.

At a recent meeting of the stockholders you were chosen to act as the practical man of the Company. We therefore take pleasure in offering you the Captaincy of the new Southerner, and a half interest in the Southern Line.

We sincerely hope you will look favorably on this proposition, as we have taken great pains to persuade you. As a little compliment we have renamed this boat, formerly the Valley Queen, of the St. Louis Company. And in order that you might feel at home on board, we spent a week poking around in the mud at Cairo in search of the old Southerner's bell and whistle.

The Southerner is advertised to leave the city on her first trip this afternoon. We trust you will be able to arrange your affairs so as to be on hand for her second trip, a week hence.

Yours very truly,
STEPHEN MALLOY, St. Louis;
JOHN A. GREYSON, St. Genevieve;
HORACE EALEY, Cairo;
HENRY WELLS, Memphis,
Directors.

For a second time in his life, the Captain was stunned. He read the note through again, dwelling with scorn on the passage, "We trust you will be able to arrange your affairs so as to be on hand for her second trip."

"This is no joke, Arthur?" he hazarded.

"No joke, sir," smiled the pilot.

Together they went out on deck. Captain Jo pondered. Some men would have scented charity in this new company, but Captain Jo saw only a good business undertaking. He looked toward the farm house—his foreman was lounging doubtfully out.

"I'll write to-morrow," the Captain howled.

The foreman stared, open-mouthed.

The Captain straightened with a quick return of his old-time dignity, and touched the pilot's arm.

"Ask the engineer if he's ready," he said.

Arthur took his place at the wheel, and in a few moments announced, "All ready, sir."

Captain Jo seized the bell-rope, shook himself to see if he was really awake, then sharply struck the one tap "let go" signal.

"All ready, Arthur!" he shouted. An engine bell tinkled. All at once the wheels churned the shallow water viciously, and the big steamer, with becoming dignity, backed out toward the channel.

Captain Jo Benton was in the trade again with his steamer Southerner, the Memphis Packet.

THE OBJECT OF THE FEDERATION

By Octave Thanet

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"I JOINED a woman's club in the Federation a little over two years ago," said Mrs. Hardy, "I didn't know what was the object, then; and to tell you the truth, I am no wiser, now."

"You know as much as I," was her neighbor's reply, politely given, the neighbor, however, feeling no real interest, at the moment, in anything outside the approaching election of president, and the gossip regarding a possible "dark horse" which was buzzing behind her, between some better informed members of the delegation.

The babble of mighty waters is like the noise that filled the theatre. It surged from the plant-bedecked platform (where it might be likened to nothing more resonant than the hum of insects of a summer night) through the auditorium, to the dais under the balconies. The dais was noisy, always, not because its occupants were any more inclined to talk than other women, but because it was the rarest thing in the world for them to hear anyone either on the stage or the floor; and generally, they had to vote by their eyes, watching the advocates of their pet measures; and rising or sitting by their example; hence they solaced themselves with conversation.

At this moment, however, the quiet gentlewoman with the gavel, behind the long table, had not lifted her hand; and the upper part of the hall (which being in

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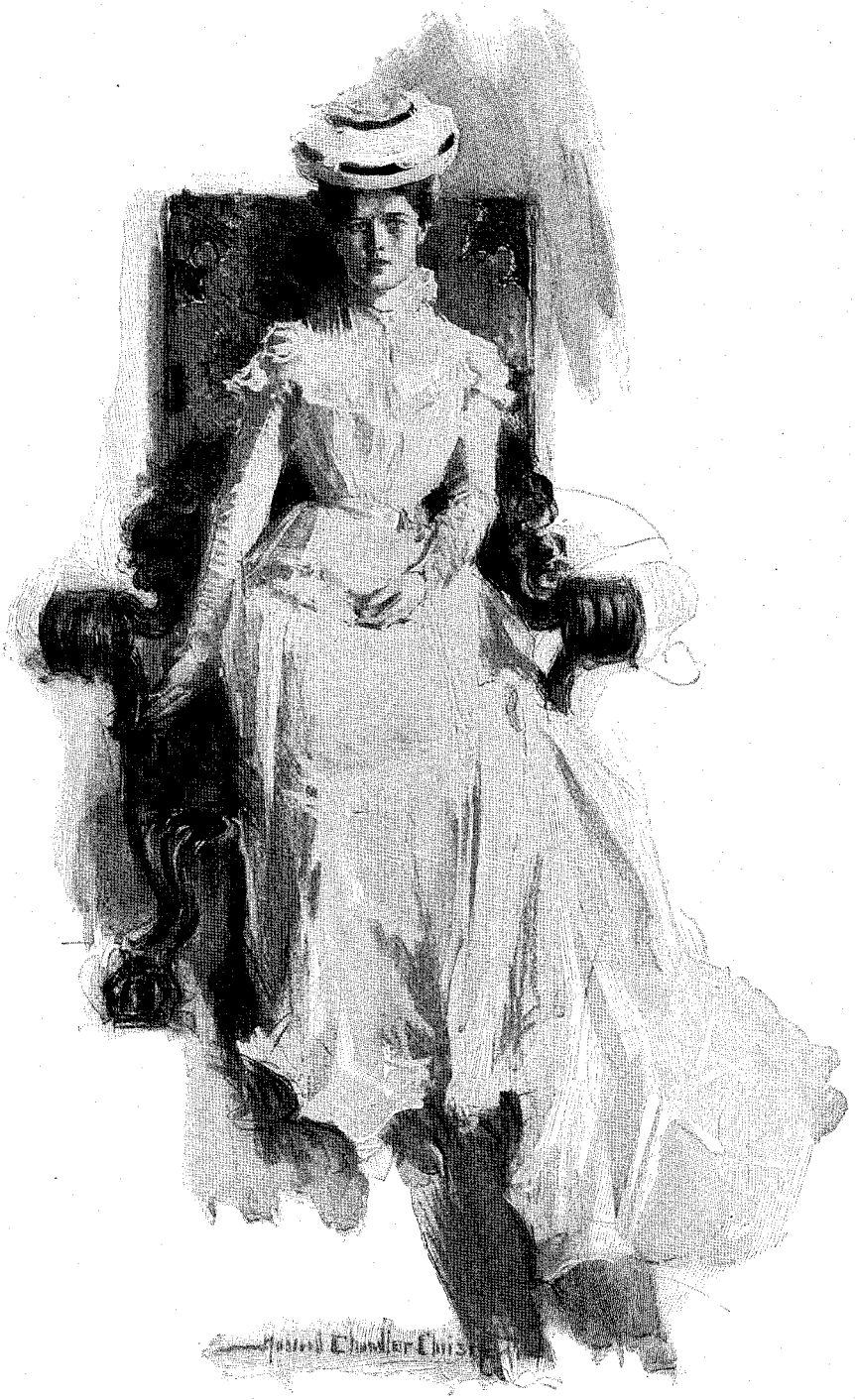

Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

Myrtie came back from College.—Page 243.

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good hearing distance, was used to keep silence and criticise the talkers) was as busy with tongues and hands as its neighbors. So Mrs. Hardy, smiling a little at her neighbor's absent glance, listened until her thoughts wandered far afield. She only half caught the enthusiasm of the neighbor to her right, over an address on village improvement, or the indignation of the dames to the left, who were rehearsing the political baseness of Massachusetts. She was recalling a day thirty-three years ago. She did not see the secretary behind the table, whispering to the president; she did not notice a little group to the left near where the silk banner of Massachusetts fluttered, putting their heads together and gesticulating above their whispers. She forgot her surroundings and saw only a tall young man whose ardent eyes sank as they met her own, a handsome young fellow, who caught her hand in his, as they sat alone in the carriage, driving to the depot, and kissed the fingers and the wedding-ring, crying out he was not half good enough for her. "He was in love with me, *then!*" she thought. But now? Well, it was not to be expected a man with a great business and cares and money to think about and political affairs (for they were importuning Darius to go to the Senate) should be paying romantic compliments to his middle-aged wife. Nevertheless, Darius had never forgotten their anniversary until last year. On her reminding him, he had whistled and laughed. "So it is," says he, "we ought to spend it together; it's a shame I have to go to Chicago; why don't you come with me?"

Smiling (yet a foolish something not merry was twitching at her nerves), she had declined. But she made a good excuse; Darius never guessed that she was so silly as to mind; and he brought her a sweet pigeon-blood ruby ring, set in diamonds, from Chicago; and he kissed her when he slipped it on her finger—kissed her cheek, not her hand. She wondered, at this minute, why she should wish that he had kissed the hand instead; an elderly woman ought to be content with a calm, assured, faithful affection, and let beautiful youngsters have the frills. That evening, she planned a dinner carefully to his liking, and she would not let herself be disappointed when he brought a political magnate, who talked politics, from the terrapin to the coffee. She smiled, again, as she thought how much more of interest she would have found in the conversation, today, after the club's year on Our Colonial Policies. This last anniversary Darius had clean forgotten. In fact, he had advised her to go to the Federation meeting; saying, lightly, that it came at an opportune moment because he must be away, that week, himself. "Milwaukee is a pretty city," he ended, amiably. "and there will be lots of hen-functions and you'll enjoy yourself; but what's the object of it all, your Federation?"

"I don't know"—she astonished him with her frank levity—"when I do I'll tell you."

"Well, don't get into any rows you can help," said he, easily; "want any more money? Got plenty?"

"Plenty, thank you," said she, "although I am going to be rather extravagant and get some very smart toilets."

He looked over his glasses at her; and she was not able to decipher his smile. Didn't he approve of her clothes? she sent her fine eyes into the mirror of her dressing-table, after he had gone, and studied the picture there with a frown and a smile, at last with a moisture over her eyes.

But, although he said nothing, when she next examined her bank-book she found her credit larger. "Maybe he *does* like my spending more money on my gowns," she thought.

She went to Milwaukee. She did not remind him of the anniversary. She said to herself that she would seriously try to discover the object of the Federation; then, she would tell Darius. Her daughter-in-law accompanied her; and her daughter was to meet her. "Quite a family party," said her son; "well, I hope you girls will have a good lark! And, I say, Hester, find out what it's all about—if you can!"

At first, Myrtle Hardy was more bewildered than excited. The scene was unlike anything in her experience. The hotels glittering with feminine finery and humming with feminine voices; the placards over doorways in rotundas or corridors, announcing head-quarters; the vast crooning bulk of the lake, the iridescent gleam of water that came to one in glimpses

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as one was whirled down the wide and breeze-swept avenues, amid a dazzle of lovely fabrics and smiling faces, blooming like flowers in swiftly passing victorias or rattling cabs, or rippling over the sidewalks into the wide vestibules where Milwaukee welcomed her guests; the noisy rush of the city; the ceaseless rattle and clang of the electric-cars which were like an orchestral accompaniment to the magnetic excitement pulsing under the decorous calm of the meetings in the flower-decked theatres, or eddying through the foyer these at first dazed the woman unused to clubs. But only for a brief time. Presently, she began to be consulted; her advice was asked; she made a speech in a meeting of the state delegation. There was, in the speech, her natural clear sense—which goes for something always and everywhere—there was, also, the mark in voice and speech and pose, of her years' training with the teachers. "I believe you could be heard all right, in the theatre," said the president of the state delegation, afterward, "will you make a motion or two for us, this afternoon?" She made the motions; and, strangely enough, she wasn't so frightened as she had been in the state delegation; in fact, she proposed a simple short cut through an unnecessary dilemma with not much feeling beyond wonderment that so many clever women could get themselves into such a tangle. The applause and delight of her companions of the delegation touched her. "I'm in it, again," she thought, railing at her own vanity, but curiously pleased. Now, her thoughts were back, groping through the years when she was not "in it." Not the days of her youth, not at all; she had been the leader of her mates, an ingenious, tolerant, easy-going leader, admired and loved, shining among them by right of two years in an Eastern boarding-school and a trip to Europe.

Not in her early married life, either; although, at first, Darius was poor and the great wagon manufactory was but a daring experiment. In those days she knew all her husband's hopes and plans as well as his troubles. He used to say, often, that she had a good business head. Those days they lived in a little brown wooden house with a five-foot piazza; and Darius mowed the tiny lawn himself; and she put up her own preserves and made all the children's clothes—pretty clothes they were, too; she was a housewife whose praise was in all the churches. But it does not follow that she had ceased to be a leader, far from it; she was the president of the "Ladies' Sewing Society" of her church; and of the first woman's club, classically named the "Clionian." She was a progressive spirit; she it was who introduced the regular motion into the business meetings; before her reign it having been the artless custom of the societies to talk until the discussion either languished or grew too violent, when some promoter of harmony would call out, "Let us put it to vote," whereupon there would be a few timid ayes and a self-respecting silence instead of no; and the measure would be adopted. Pertaining to this custom was an inevitable sequel of plaintive criticism from all the modest souls who "didn't like to speak," but who were full of foreboding wisdom. Myrtle Hardy was one of the few who could speak; and she was considered to speak very much to the point. Those days, she was keenly interested in all the life of a young, hopeful, bustling little Western city. She belonged to a musical society and would rise at five in the morning to practice, and she was one of an anxious band of women who had bought a library and were running an amateur entertainment bureau to support it. Then, Darrie was in home-made knickerbockers; Myrtie was a sweet, little, loving hoyden who was her mother's despair because she would climb trees in her white frocks; Ralph was a baby, and the two little girls that died were their mother's tiny helpers, with the willingest little hands and feet. Sitting there in the crowded and noisy theatre, a quiver ran over the mother's face. Her friends had forgotten, the brothers and sisters had forgotten, even Darius seemed to forget; but, day and night, she remembered the eager little faces, lighting so happily at her praise, the shining little heads that used to nestle against her heart. The two died of scarlet fever in one terrible week. In that week, the first gray threads had crept into Myrtle Hardy's beautiful brown hair. She was nurse and comforter and helper, then, to Darius. She felt her eyes cloud with the vision of him, as he flung himself on the babies' little bed,

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sobbing in the terrible, racking passion of a man's grief. "Not now, dear, not now, not till the others are safe," she had whispered; "we have them still; they need us."

She wondered was it after the babies went that she began to drop out of things. Somehow she was so busy comforting Darius and nursing the others back to health, and crowding back her own ceaseless grief out of sight; and thinking of cheerful things to say and new interests for the others, that the library passed out of corporate existence and into endowed rest with hardly a thought from her. Nearly at the same time, the musical society perished in a cataclysm, due to the sensitive musical temperament; and the literary society died of inanition, after browsing through literature from Milton to Dante; and after each member had written one or two papers, thus sating the natural curiosity of the other members. Myrtle did not lift a hand to save either of the societies. She heard the wrathful accusations of the musical warriors, and put in the unappreciated word for peace, but did not resent its failure. She consoled the literary mourners with the reflection that they could read up about things in the magazines or the books of the new library; and masked her secret listlessness with perfunctory regret. Long after, she came to wonder whether it was not she who went into prison, then; rather than the world that left her on one side. Did she not gently but rigidly exclude the friends who would have called upon her, and shut herself apart with her own? Continually, she used to pray for cheerfulness, for patience; but it never occurred to her to pray for interest. When other societies were formed, she did not care to join them; she followed her own advice and read apart by herself. By and by, although so much more of a personage, she was no longer beset with invitations. The younger women organized a new club with new methods; and Myrtle Hardy read her books, peacefully, on her wide piazzas, amid her plants and flowers. When Myrtie came back from college, Darius asked her wasn't she going to help Myrtie by joining the club with her?

"Dear, no," said she, blithely, "they are all so young."

"Why don't you get up a club of your own, then, and take in the other left outs?" said he.

"I don't fancy women's clubs much; you know I did belong to them; they are half-baked things, and they take their own improvement with such deadly seriousness. And it is such a smattering that you get in them. A smattering is always forgotten; unless you know a lot about a thing you forget it all."

"Oh, well, you know best what you like," said Darius, easily; "I only thought you seemed a little dull." He dropped the subject; but she repeated his words, often to herself; he never had thought her dull, before. She noticed that Myrtie did not talk of her club. She was puzzled. Outwardly, Myrtie was a handsome young woman with a highbred repose of manner which she had acquired as a college editor and the protector of new girls; inwardly, she was still shy, desperately in dread of awkwardness, and brimming with enthusiasms. Not until she was about to be married did her mother find a trace of her little girl in this gently haughty young creature. And, then, there remained only Myrtie's last photographs and Myrtie's empty chamber, and the weekly letters for her mother's hungry heart. "I am not sure I know her," she would often muse, those days, "I am only sure she doesn't know me!"

Myrtie lived in Chicago; she had married very well indeed; and had a prosperous husband who was a graduate of Harvard and dallied with Reform; and there were two sweet little children who called Mrs. Hardy "Granny"; and Myrtie always consulted her mother when they were ill; she was a devoted daughter. "When my dear mother was alive," said Mrs. Hardy, smiling rather grimly, "grannies were not very nice old crones who smoked pipes in the chimney corner; and 'Grandma' was good enough for any grandmother; now, 'Grandma' is provincial and *I* am a granny, myself. It is a little puzzling."

The children were all out of the house, now. Ralph, the youngest, was at college; she was well acquainted with him; she used to write him about the books she read and he wrote her about the boys and football; she knew a great deal about football. She lived in a stately new colonial house

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with quaint little window-panes wherever they would not obstruct the view, and snowy tiled bath-rooms, such as no colonial ever knew; and terraces decked with pink and blue hydrangeas; and dazzling window gardens. Myrtie had been as kind as possible about the house; and Myrtie's taste was charming; it had been an education in colonial history as well as architecture to have Myrtie help build the house; even the architect was deferential to her. Across the street was Darrie's less costly but no less correctly charming house. Hester had done Myrtie's architectural bidding, also. Darrie was the best of sons. She was proud of him; and his father depended more and more on him. She loved his wife; and his children were her vivid delight. Darrie used to fetch her flowers and new plants for the window gardens; and tell her about the children's funny sayings. Darius, her husband, grew kinder and more generous all the time; he gave her a check-book of her own; she told her old friends that she had the best husband and children in the world; and that she was a grateful woman: she duly remembered her abundant mercies in her prayers; and yet—and yet she began to feel herself retired. A most respectable position, that of a retired officer; but, somehow, generals and admirals do not covet it. Nor did Myrtle Hardy. She had been in the centre of her own stage; now she felt herself most gently, most civilly, pushed into the wings. Her daughter-in-law, with all her admiration and her dutiful respect, had interests which she never discussed; had a point of view and ideals which were outside her comprehension. She felt fatigued and puzzled when she heard the younger generation's familiar speech with itself. "I am not in it," she said to herself. Darius, too, no longer consulted her; the old fashion of confidence had somehow slipped away; he had not very much to say when they were alone; and he was beginning to call her "Mother." Myrtle Hardy considered. She thought for weeks and thought hard. She sat in her sewing-room, upstairs, where were the only two rocking-chairs that Myrtie's impeccable taste had allowed to abide in the house. She sat first in one and then in the other of the chairs, her needlework unheeded in her lap; and watched her little grandson and his sister playing while the nurse made an interminable German lace on the back porch; and just across from her window, Hester, her daughter-in-law, sat amid a heap of books, reading and making notes. "That child has been studying for three months, every spare moment, on her paper about 'Scientific Plumbing in the Modern Mansion.'" Mrs. Hardy muttered, with a frown, "well, I hope she will know something, if she keeps her mind! That was not the way we prepared club papers in my day; we decided on our subjects one meeting and we read our essays on them the next; and two weeks was enough for us; now, they spend a half year making a programme and have it hanging over them a year in advance." She watched her daughter-in-law, smiling grimly; then, suddenly, she rose, with the motion of one who has come to a decision. "At least they are not superficial, nowadays," she said, "and perhaps it is better to take one's self too seriously than not seriously enough. And after all, Hester did find out what was the matter with the laundry faucets."

One day she told her daughter-in-law that she wanted to join a class in parliamentary law.

"But we haven't any," objected Mrs. Darius Hardy, Jr., meekly.

"Then get up one," said the one time president of clubs. "Get all you can to join a class, send for a teacher, and I will make up the deficit, in the subscription list."

A parliamentary teacher of renown came; she was also a teacher of expression—that was her poetical word. Hester caught her breath the first time her mother-in-law rose in the class to "speak to the motion." She embraced her with beaming eyes and the prettiest rose of delight on her cheeks. "Oh, how did you learn it?" she sighed, happily, "you are the best of us all!"

"I took some private lessons in Chicago," said Mrs. Hardy—her quiet manner did not betray an unexpected thrill.

"You're *beautiful!*" cried Hester.

After that, Hester always seconded her mother-in-law's motions; and fought in the mimic debates as valiantly on her side as a natural, timid reticence would let her.

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

Hester . . . sat amid a heap of books.—Page 244.

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It was odd (to Mrs. Hardy) what a different relation grew up between them; a sense of comradeship and the pleasures of partisanship, wherein it is not only the leader who exults in the winning fray, the follower has a simpler and a nobler joy. The first natural consequence of Hester's admiration was that she begged her mother-in-law to join her club. Before the end of the year, Mrs. Hardy was elected president of the club; before the end of the next year, she was burrowing in books and magazines, as absorbed as Hester, in the conduct of Great Britain to her colonies. She found herself suddenly interested in the newspapers; Darrie talked politics with her; and they were no longer unintelligible.

"Whew, isn't mother getting cultivated!" Darius whispered to his boy; and they both grinned.

"She's growing handsomer, too," said Darius the younger.

"I hope she won't go to any of those fakirs in the newspapers who paint you all over, so's you crack when you laugh," commented Darius, anxiously, "and, say, Darrie, there's a way they have, nowadays, of burning off your skin and giving you a new skin—they call it being '*done over*'; it must be frightful torture—I'm not going to have your mother's face sizzled up, that fashion."

"She doesn't need it; mother's skin is lovely," said the loyal son.

"Her not needing it is no reason why she won't want it—being a woman—Darrie. Your mother is the most sensible woman in the world, Darrie; but she's a woman. And I'm not sure whether a woman ought to monkey with her age, the way mother is doing. What do you suppose I saw with my own eyes, yesterday? There was mother, swinging her arms over her head and bowing like a heathen Chinee, until her fingers touched the floor; and then she went to kicking over the chairs—high kicks!"

"Oh, that's only Delsarte—they only do that to limber up and make themselves graceful. Hetty can kick the chandelier."

Myrtle caught echoes of this conversation; and was base enough to listen behind her sewing-room curtains, giving no sign. It was true that a change had come over her, and that her mirror reflected smarter toilets, a different carriage, and a fresher charm. For one reason, she looked younger because she was much more cheerful. "I am a child with a new toy," she would say to herself. But there is no question that she found a pungent enjoyment in her new activity. One of the perpetual wonders of life is how small a figure the stake cuts in the game. It is infinitely more exciting to make money, for example, than to have it. To keep our souls in repair they need exercise; and the vicissitudes, the emotions, the excitement of a career happily do not depend on the size of the stage. The great stake, the large stage, count; but they count less than their claims. What comes to more than the pomp of success (as the vulgar name an intangible thing) is the elation of using all one's powers; nor is there any tawdry applause comparable to the rich and fine content of accomplishment. But often Myrtle caught Darius's pondering eyes and wondered to herself what he was thinking. Really, Darius was experiencing the rather piquant emotions of a man who discovers an entirely new creature in his own wife. By a natural transition his thoughts went back to the days when he was courting Myrtle Danforth, and "couldn't make her out;" by an equally natural process of selection, he fumbled through dim passages in his soul, striving to see the relation between this assured and graceful woman of affairs and the joyous young beauty that he had won, the high-hearted comrade of his poverty and struggles, the tender comforter of his sorrows. A hundred little trivial, affecting incidents rose out of the hazy years to gripe his heart. He felt a novel shyness, however; and the only token of his feelings (outside the checkbook) was a habit he had fallen into of watching his wife when she was not looking.

Of course, she was aware of it; she was thinking of it at this moment, while the Massachusetts woman behind her unpacked her conscience on her nearest Indiana neighbor.

"And how does Indiana stand?" said the evangelist, finally.

"Well, if you ask *me*," said the Indianian, wearily, "we have troubles of our own; and we are not thinking much about it!"

At this, her companion (also from Mas-

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sachusetts, but with a sense of humor), giggled and essayed to cover her indecorum by asking Mrs. Hardy if she had attended the industrial sessions. "I have tried to go to them," she confessed, later, after they had become confidential. "My husband is a manufacturer, and I was anxious to see whether they would try to get light on the questions that they are tackling, or would simply form an opinion beforehand and talk about it."

"Oh, how did you learn it?" she sighed, happily.—Page 244.

"Well, how did they strike you?"

"They didn't strike me at all; I went to two of them; but the first one, two Southern acquaintances of mine lured me out into a committee-room, to tell me the dreadful things Massachusetts was going to do about the color question—not one of which had entered our heads, by the way—and the other meeting, I sat back in the hall and couldn't hear anything, and a Massachusetts friend came in, very calm but deeply excited, and got me out in the hall to tell me the plots of the Georgia delegation. Between them, I didn't hear a word of the industrial question. I'm told Missouri has been studying preventive legislation in regard to woman and child labor for the last year; what did they decide to recommend?"

"Well," said Mrs. Hardy, drily, "you see they were studying for a *year*; if they had taken the subject for a month or two, no doubt they would have had opinions; but as it was, they didn't recommend anything. But what you say about the sessions made me think. I find that there are two classes of delegates, those who are interested in the meetings and those who simply go to the meetings to get a better chance to pull wires. It makes me more at sea than ever about the object of the Federation. What do *you* think it is?"

The Massachusetts woman meditated. She was a handsome woman, a woman with ancestors, it was evident, for the blue and gold of the Colonial Dames badge,

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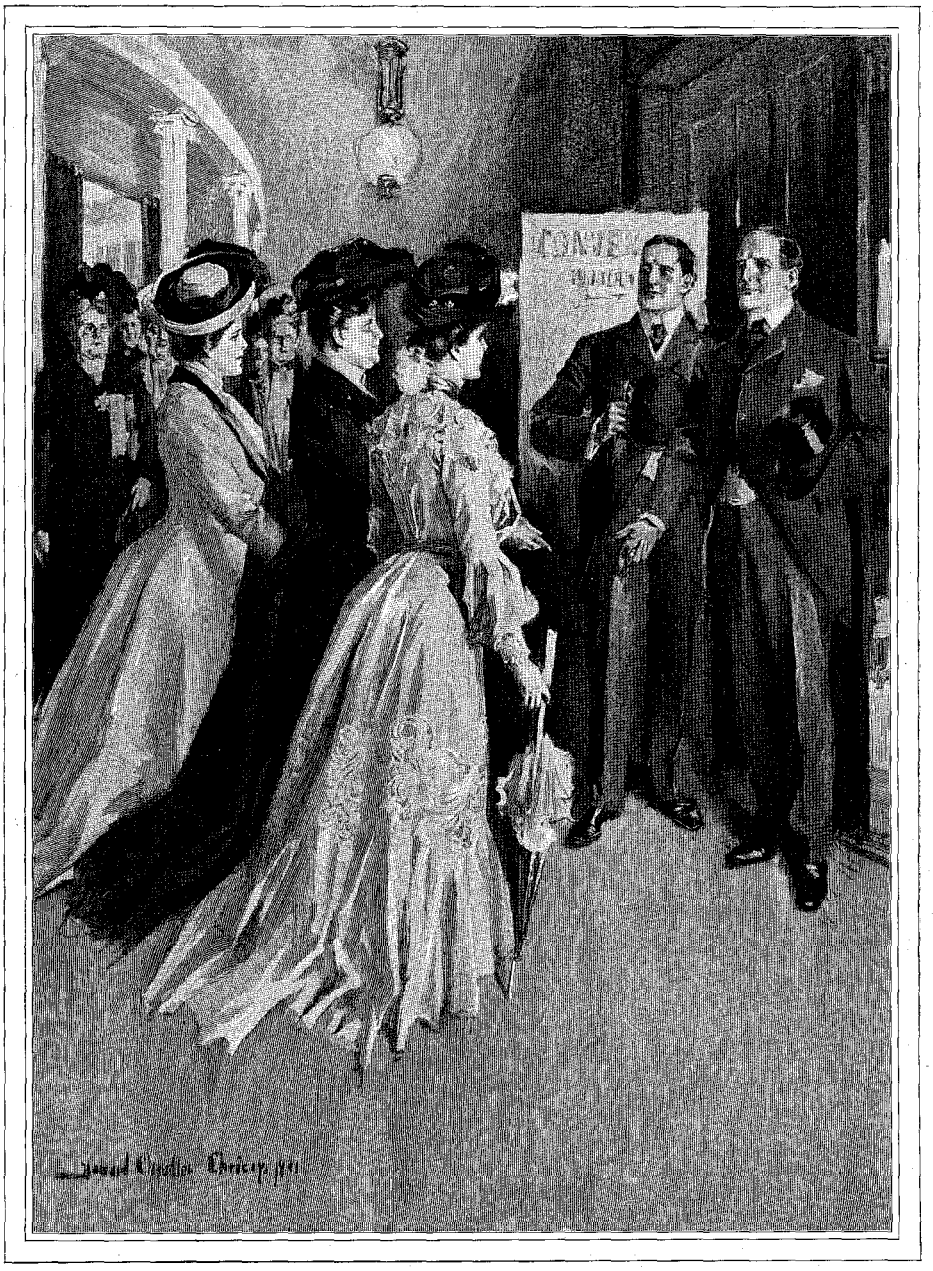

"Hasn't she covered us with glory?" one of the followers called.—Page 250.

and the enamel star and scarlet ribbon of the Order of Colonial Governors illuminated the white chiffon of her bodice; and there were five bars on the scarlet ribbon. "My idea of the object is simply that it is a clearing-house," said she; "and so far it is democratic, for it brings us all together; and I," said the descendant of governors and warriors, "*I'm* democratic. Look at us, it is not only that we represent so many different classes, we represent so many sections of the country. In fact, about this color question, I feel that it is more important for the North and the South to get acquainted and friendly, working together, than it is for us to give

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the opportunities of the Federation to a few colored people."

"I don't look at it that way, it is a question of right and wrong"—thus the earnest sister from Massachusetts unfurled her banner to the breeze—"are you going to do what is right or what is expedient?" The smouldering fire which had made the deck hot walking all through the meetings, showed signs of breaking out of cover; everybody in hearing craned her neck; there were murmurs of approval and polite sniffings of dissent to the right and to the left. The Massachusetts woman said, "Life is a compromise;" and shrugged her shoulders. Mrs. Hardy put up the white flag in a mild sentence: "Mrs. Lowe is calling us to order, I think."

The convention had passed safely to the ballot. The opposition had sprung its mines; and the regulars had discharged their heavy artillery behind the proper parliamentary subterfuges. The undecided voters had, as usual, asked to take back their ballots, and as usual had been refused. The excitement had risen until it showed in white or flushed faces and strained voices, in clappings, and hisses; but the chairman's inscrutable calm never changed, and through it all she held the convention perfectly in hand.

Two men had safely run the gauntlet of ticket takers, and were seated in the lower gallery. They were a middle-aged man, dark, portly, carefully dressed in silver-gray tweeds, with a silk shirt; and a young man, dark, slender, in a lighter suit, with a stiff white collar on his pink negligee shirt. There was an air of distinction about both men; they looked to be men of importance in their own locality, men accustomed to command and deference; but nothing of gentler modesty and meekness than their demeanor can be imagined. They shrank back in their seats and sat close to each other, as one will observe timid children sitting, who have wandered into a strange house.

"You—you don't suppose they will put us out? eh, Darrie?" said the elder, in a low voice, "not *now?*"

"Of course not," responded Darrie, with simulated lightness; "look there to the left, there's Myrtie. That president is a good presiding officer, you would not guess all this row is over her, she's absolutely impartial—by Jove!"

"What's the matter? Do you see Mother anywhere?"

"No, sir; did you catch that, the secretary's explanation of the parliamentary question? Pretty clear, I call it; but their getting in all their points, I observe, working questions of privilege for all they are worth."

"Very clever, very clever," assented Darius; "there's Hester, mother isn't with *her;* you don't suppose mother would stay away, this afternoon?"

"Never; this is the election afternoon."

"Myrtie said mother was very much admired and sought after, lots of invitations; maybe she has gone out to some tea——"

"They wouldn't have anything this afternoon; don't you see how keyed up they all are?"

"I thought I was monstrous clever planning all this," pursued Darius, with a knitted brow; "your mother forgot this was our anniversary, but I didn't; I have her present in my pocket; and the dinner ordered; and I was expecting to surprise her; but if she isn't here—she couldn't have gone *home?*"

"Of course not—there she is, don't you see her? looking fresh as paint!"

A lady had risen, her voice, mellow and clear, dove through the sonorous buzz of the hall.

"Why it's *mother!*" cried Darius, "and if she isn't taking an appeal from the chair; mother has her nerve with her, to-day."

Darrie grinned; but as he watched his father's face kindle, his own changed; he laid his hand on his father's, nodding, softly: "I tell you, mother's *great;*" said he.

"That little dark-eyed lady is speaking on mother's side"—Darius was leaning forward with excited interest—"isn't she a pretty creature, she's little—but, oh my! How clearly she puts it; these Southerners have a natural gift of oratory. Don't think much of that woman who's trying to call mother down!"

He was as eager as a boy, the man whose cool head and hard sense had won him a great fortune; his eyes glistened, the color crept into his cheek; and he

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drew a long sigh when the appeal was withdrawn. "Very pretty, Darrie," he said, "appeal withdrawn, but they have got in their work on the voters; chairman had to decide against her own friends, and did it like a Roman soldier. The extraordinary thing to me, Darrie, is how well they are all keeping their temper. Darrie, didn't you think mother's voice was good when she spoke; how'd she learn to speak so well?"

"Oh, she took lessons," returned Darrie, easily; "Hester got her into them; Hester and mother are great pals."

"I know; Hester is a remarkable girl, Darrie; she has always appreciated your mother. Begun again, have they? started something else while the ballots are counted, good deal of a continuous show, isn't it?"

He listened with a slackened zest while the questions of reorganization and details of the duties of chairmen pattered through the hour, the rain after the thunder-storm. Then, unexpectedly, Mrs. Hardy made her little speech. It was an excellent little speech, good-natured, full of sense, and with a dash of humor. At first, she was a little nervous, but she was too interested in her subject to be nervous more than an instant. Had she known of the presence of two auditors in the gallery, perhaps her composure had wavered. There could be no doubt regarding their agitation. They turned pale and clutched each other; then, first on Darrie's, next on his father's features, dawned and spread a light of exceeding confidence; with shameless effrontery—considering their relationship—they stimulated the applause; they beamed over the hits; and at the close they were radiant. Without a word Darius held out his hand to his son, who wrung it. Then, they both took a long, long breath of relief and satisfaction. Darius was the first to speak: "My son," said he, "I have known your mother for forty years and have been her husband for thirty-three, but she can surprise me still!"

"Mother certainly *is* great," assented Darrie, solemnly; he added his own little feather of marital triumph: "Hetty always told me so," said he.

"Look at those women all around her," said Darius, "patting her on the shoulder and whispering; *they* know. Darrie, I'll bet you anything, there hasn't been another speech in this convention that has put things as clearly as mother's."

Myrtle started when she saw her husband and son smiling in the doorway. Her daughter-in-law was on one side her, her daughter on the other, half a dozen of her delegation radiated complacency in her wake. "Hasn't she covered us with glory?" one of the followers called, gleefully to another. And a little din of compliments fell upon Darius's ears. It is pleasant to reflect that all over the hall similar groups were exulting unselfishly over their own prowess and their own heroines. Little did Darius Hardy concern himself with them. He took his wife under his arm with a proud and blissful smile. He waved a direction at Darrie: "You take the girls, Darrie, you'll find a cab, somewhere; I want your mother to myself. Now, Myrtle, if sated vanity can demand any more, I'll give it to you in the carriage!"

A few minutes later, she was gazing, through a happy mist, at the gems on her heart-shaped locket, murmuring: "And I thought you had forgotten the day! And you planning this lovely, lovely surprise for me. Oh, I am so glad, Dar, I didn't know you were there, I couldn't have said a *word!* Did I—were you—was it *passable?*"

"You're fishing!" chuckled he; and he kissed her hand. But he whispered in her ear; and she blushed like a young girl.

Presently he laughed. "By the way, Myrtle, you haven't told me; have you discovered what is the object of the Federation?"

"Certainly," said she, "I don't know what it is for others, but in my case it is to help me find myself—and my husband!"

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THE POINT OF VIEW

Fountains in Modern Cities.

IT is much to be wished that some such beneficent societies as those which occupy themselves with the planting and preservation of trees and the improvement of villages, would take up seriously the subject of fountains in our cities. It seems a propaganda especially adapted to feminine activities. So much enthusiasm is expended by women, here and there, on civic matters; why not some of it on this vital question of beautifying the town?

Probably the new type of commercial city has lost in nothing so much, to the sight and the imagination, as in the suppression of those multitudinous water-jets, falling into shallow basins, which were common in the towns of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Fountains against palace walls, in the centre of market-places, in the courtyards of houses of the more important sort, had, to be sure, a long period of direct utility, and were not provided solely for embellishment. When every housewife could turn on a faucet in her own domain a source of inexhaustible civic picturesqueness was, by the same token, turned off. But fountains were not among the most salient and significant possessions of the town of the Middle Age and later, for nothing but the daily procession of women carrying water-jugs to their sparkling rivers. The jugs filled, there was a loitering; groups of idlers and gossips formed naturally at that spot; it was a place for usefulness, but it was also a place for sorcery. For there is strange hypnotizing power in the sight of water purling up and out amidst paving-stones and masonry. Whether it pours forth in an iridescent shower from the monumental fountains of Paris and Rome, and dimples in the great basins of Versailles and Caserta, or drops noiselessly into a cracked marble receptacle at the street corner of an old, obscure, little provincial town, it catches the eye, and arrests and prolongs the attention in a measure equalled by no other feature in the outward physiognomy of a place. Of the thousands who in the course of a day pass the base of a statue, perhaps less than a hundred glance above the level of their heads and receive an impression of beauty from the marble. They are the fraction who are prepared for such impressions, and are looking for them. All the rest barely know that the statue is there. But a fountain is not thus passed by. Not everyone is conscious that fountains can stir and stimulate him; but to watch a circle of heavy-visaged park-loungers staring absurdly into one by the hour is to gain a strong idea of the way in which they may unconsciously affect the most dormant, or the most embryonic, beauty-sense. Fountains are, altogether, to the public life of cities, what the open hearth is to the private life of homes. An open fire draws the gaze continually, brings all the room about it as if it were a magnet; and this not half so much because of the physical reason of the warmth it gives as because of the escape that it provides for the imagination. To pause and watch the silver spray a moment is to feel the lure of watching it indefinitely. The play of the changeful water speaks of spontaneity, of spiritual freedom; it is ecstatic; it is neither to hold nor to bind; it is pure, soaring inspiration. It is everything, precisely, that the life of the busy man or the plodder of either sex is not and can't be.

Just because of this is it so greatly a matter of regret that fountains enter so little nowadays into our plans of municipal improvement. Their practical utility may be at an end, but their æsthetic influence, should not on that account be foregone. It is strangely short-sighted to ignore that influence. The modern feeling with regard to the importance given to fountains at the close of the seventeenth century in France, for instance, is rather, that it was founded on a puerile fancy. Yet Le Nôtre was a genius in his kind, and what he did with the parks of Louis XIV., and with the water brought into them, would satisfy the taste and feeling of the most brilliant minds that France ever had. The liking for the spectacular use of water, such use of it as was exemplified in the "grandes eaux" of Versailles and St. Cloud, has been lost by modern society. One might say that its substitute in our times was the popular liking for pyrotechnics. As food for the lover of suggestive beauty and of romantic effects, it may safely be asserted that the "grandes eaux" were far better than fireworks.

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But fountains need not be spectacular. They can be touching and interesting when they are quite humble. They can also be—such is their unique prerogative—full of inspiration and delight when they are quite baroque and ugly. Then why go on building miles of stony thoroughfares in our great towns without so much as a spray of water, in any part of them, to make rainbows in the sun, and to cause our spirits to take wings a little at the sight? We build under conditions which shut out inexorably the pleasantness of gardens and other verdure; and we lament the fact; but fountains demand so little space that we could have them where traffic most presses. Our forefathers placed them as often as possible down in the street itself.

Scholarship and Poetry.

THE old dispute whether a little learning is a help or a handicap to a poet, has lately been revived in connection with one of the lower flights of the Muse. Who can best do comic verse, metrical caricature, rhyming political squibs? If we accept Nodier's definition of the poet as a man who makes verses, we must admit that many poets are engaged in that branch of versification; and the question is if they do more clever work for having had a scholastic training. In England, the universities have it. From Canning to Calverley, and from J. K. Stephen to Owen Seaman, the classically educated competitor has carried off the prize for lightly tripping *vers de société*, for rolling burlesque of public men and measure, for the poetry, in short, which, if not a criticism of life, has at least the old ability to tell a pungent truth *quamquam ridentem*. The explanation given after the fact is that the capacity for neat and crisp expression in English is directly developed by familiarity with the weapons of precision stored in the arsenals of Greek and Latin. It would seem that recent American experience tends to bear out this theory. As the demand for lighter verse has risen with us, its production has become more and more a specialty of the young graduate. The successful author of poetical trifles in college papers finds, more readily than any other outsider, a market for his wares in our multiplying journals *pour rire*. But the young poets of our hours of ease, who first fleshed their maiden pens in the *Lampoon* or *Courant*, can boast in but few cases of the long familiarity with Persius and Juvenal and Horace and Aristophanes which is held to account for the lettered felicity of their brothers across the sea. Yet it is hard to resist the conclusion that, somehow, it is the university which must be considered, in either case, the nourishing mother of the best poetical *jocoseria*.

As for the general effect of scholarship upon poetry in general, a safe conclusion would be, as the diplomatic student said when asked what was the Anglican doctrine of good works, "a few of them won't do any harm." There are here two fallacies to avoid. One is the assumption that the true lyrical *cri du cœur* must necessarily be untutored. The other is the notion that exact scholarship will surely narrow the poet into a precision. Tennyson was a scholar, if he knew half the books that Mr. Churton Collins makes him out familiar with; yet whose lyrics are fresher of wood and field and the common joys and tears of life than his? Browning's apparatus of scholarship was more in sight, yet few men could produce broader effects when he set about it. Matthew Arnold's case, indeed, seems more to favor the conventional view. In spite of his unconsciously complacent view of himself, expressed in his letter to his mother, as a kind of happy combination of the best qualities of Tennyson and Browning, he often has the air of a poet oppressed by too much learning. Yet perhaps it was the inspiration that was lacking more than the scholarship that was superabundant. In a less degree he displayed that Hamlet blight on the productive faculty which Clough, with so many others, was said to have fallen into by way of reaction from the over-strain and precocity of the Rugby ideal. Yet Clough's poet that was to be was surely thought of as a scholar, since part of his task was to aid those who

> —trembling on the brink
> Shiver, and know not how to think.

At any rate, with such a man as Lowell before the mind's eye, last of the race of giant readers, as he humorously but truthfully described himself, one need not fear that the true poet will not make wings of his scholarship. And to all others than true poets, be they learned or simple, our kindly question should always be that addressed by Lady Holland to Lord Porchester: "I am sorry to hear you are going to publish a poem. Can't you suppress it?"

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE NEW HERITAGE OF PAINTING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

I

IF one were asked what contribution the century just closed had made to the art of painting, and which branch of painting had most advanced, it would be a question well put and one well worth considering. As England held supremacy in the eighteenth century and gave, as we shall see, the impetus to France, it is to France we must look for the greatest achievements in painting in the last hundred years; and it is along the line of landscape that the century has made greatest progress. Let us trace briefly the development of painting in France since the year 1800. At that time David and Ingres were the notable figures in French art. Cold, formal, and traditional in their methods, with no sense of color, from the painter's stand-point, they built up their compositions on conventional lines. Painters they were not, but draughtsmen, rather, and everything they did was a reminder of the academic spirit of the "School," although Ingres, in his portraits, showed a strong feeling for individual character and often a searching sense of line. It was not until the reaction of 1830 against this pseudo-classic sentiment, a revolt which occurred almost simultaneously in literature, that France produced canvases characterized by that freedom of brushwork which stands for competent and cultured painting. These came from the hands of Géricault, Delacroix, and other of the Romanticists who did much to break down the barriers of the so-called classic school. Delacroix drew his inspiration from some admired master or masters who worked before him in the free ages of painting. Great Nature was not his mistress, nor the loving recording of her truths his preoccupation. Men like Géricault, Delacroix, and others who emancipated Painting from the bonds of the cold antique did not yet free her completely, for they employed her in a kind of large and heroic illustrative service, where their ease and manner of production yielded a more intimate suggestion of Nature, but that which was not yet Nature herself. Géricault's "Wreck of the Medusa" thrills by its vivid pictorial power, by an energy of statement that would have been beyond the compass of the arid classic period preceding him; but as for truthful presentation of natural effects, the result of an intimate knowledge of the color, moods, and structure of the sea in motion, such as might be given to-day, thanks to the new school of light, this work as painting judged by modern standards does not truly exist. A histrionic and forceful portrayal, but revealing no proof of the painter's closeness of observation or fidelity in recording certain truths concerning sky and sea. No, it was for a later set of men, under the stimulus received from Constable and others, to place France in the foremost rank of nineteenth-century painting.

II

IT was for them, as though scales had fallen from their eyes, to look out upon nature and see light and air, planes, surfaces, and "values" which seemed suddenly, as it were, to be born into the world of landscape art. It was a revelation—a surprise. Easels went up by the roadsides, in the forests, by the sea. Sunlight pierced leaves with yellow glow, or shone on their polished surfaces with the blue glint of steel. A whole new world of beautiful visual facts was revealed to them through the new scrutiny their new curiosity concerning nature had taught them to employ. And this brings us to that group of painters who, enamoured of this new light and stimulated by a new sense of sight, sought the Forest of Fontainebleau for inspiration, and year after year produced canvases which are the glory of France to-day—Rousseau, Troyon, Millet were the shining representatives of that brilliant circle, the high priests of what is now known as the Barbizon School. Corot, that lyrist of landscape, was also of this time, and nothing that has succeeded this splendid period has diminished the lustre of their fame. A "new day" dawned for French art, because

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nature, not tradition, swayed the minds of these painters of rural scenes. No phase of nature seemed to daunt them; with clarified palette and penetrating sight they appeared rather to seek subtleties of sky and air; and in this search, although mists might rise, dew glisten, sun blaze, clouds float, sea dazzle, or storm rage, each and every mood found a ready and competent interpreter. Now, in studying to adequately convey these effects and impressions to canvas these men became conscious that the historic palette, or in any case, the historic method of manipulating pigment did not suffice for recording with the vivacity of their actual vision the thing seen. Little by little new and more vibrant notes of color would appear in their foregrounds, trees, and distances; how to make more resonant and telling a green, how more light-emitting a cloud, was earnestly discussed and experimented with. These men found no more reason for "placing" their "brown tree" than Nature did, or Constable, who, when solicitously asked by Sir John Beaumont if he did not find it sometimes difficult to know where to place his "brown tree," replied, "No, for I never paint one." And yet, with all this heritage of "light" and revelation of color and "values" that the new century has entered upon, there are doubtless men still painting landscape who have the "brown tree" in their property-room. These Barbizon painters discovered through the initiative possibly, of Constable, that color retained or rather gained in luminosity the more lightly it was mixed, and that a color arrived at by, as much as possible, the juxtaposition of pure pigment was more effective, nearer to the brilliance of out-door nature than that which, by over-mixing, had lost its property of reflecting its own peculiar color ray. Now, in thus experimenting with, and as it were, dissecting the solar spectrum, the great landscape painters of this time threw wide the doors of the outside world. New emotions, stirred by pictured nature, which their great science permitted them to portray in full color, filled the human mind, and landscape struck, in art, the highest note of nineteenth-century achievement. After the Fontainebleau group appears one of the boldest innovators of them all; one who would be supposed to appeal only to those who could follow, with unblinking eyes, his eagle glances into the blinding mysteries of light—without sentiment as conventionally accepted—but stirring sentiment, as nature does, by the blazing splendor of its truth. Whoever in the presence of the volume-weighted tide has been impressed by its fateful, slow, but overwhelming approach—whoever on clear, sunny days has seen this sea dash joyously on wind-swept rocks, catching color from the sky, the clouds, the very reflection of itself against itself, and has felt in any of these phases of the natural world the emotion that is named sentiment, then Monet can supply it also; and he may not narrowly be charged with the lack of a quality which is his in a large measure.

III

IT would be well if the public could be convinced that by experimenting in impressionism, in vividly striking the eye in order to touch more potently the mind, Monet and others have been, and are, an influence for good. We are not lauding this painter to the exclusion of other successful workers possessed of this new faculty of "seeing"—he is cited as a distinguished disciple of "light," and as one of the most brilliant accessions to the ranks of those who have given to art a new and clarified manner of using pigment to express certain aspects of nature not heretofore attained by means of color. When phases of nature are thus realized they touch the imagination, and in turn become recognized as representing the natural aspect of the world by those who regarded its normal shape and color as something quite other than it is. To then go back and study what has passed for its natural appearance in the dark-brown transcripts of the early landscapists, is to feel that these earlier painters saw "as in a glass, darkly," while we now see "face to face." For it is undeniably true that a new and finer vision has been developed in recent years which has made it possible for painting to touch a wider range of emotions than it awakened in the past. This is of great importance, for it adds much to the value of all painted art. Painters may now express their thoughts about nature because of remembered natural effects, not of remembered methods. Géricault and Delacroix remembered methods in order to picture a scene or an idea—Rousseau and Millet remembered Nature in order to express their thoughts about her—their emotions.

This, indeed, is the great gain to painting. Men who to express their thoughts must make

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use of the images and sights of nature which are modified, in landscape, by every accident of atmosphere, and by every hour of the day, have inherited from earnest workers of the century just gone, a finer sense of vision, and a palette of greater clarity and wider range. The gain has not been without its revenges —its losses. For this advance has been achieved through a certain laxity of form. Drawing has suffered many neglects. If, however, the fascinations of light and new secrets of color have carried painters' thoughts away, for the time being, from the virtue and integrity of form, there are already indications of a return to the sincerity of the Renaissance with the added treasure of a subtler appreciation of the bewitching charm of light. This light-emitting palette bequeathed us by these men was discovered by long experimenting and patient practice. The former mixing of color was arbitrary and heavy. Men knew that the mingling of certain pigments would produce nominally other colors. This mixing then was done, but with no lightness of hand —no living tint was the result. A hard, nominal red or green or gray was produced, without vibration, and practically dead. There was, indeed, an early method employed by painters of laying in their pictures in what they were pleased to term "dead color," as a kind of foundation or preparation for their succeeding painting. In many cases the "dead color" was never called to life. This was because even in the subsequent painting the new manner of manipulating pigment was not known. It was not known that the more freely the primary colors were permitted to reflect their respective rays, the greater the vigor and vitality of the tone produced under such conditions. If the work of a master in this new method of painting be examined closely, strands of pure color will be discovered in the greens or blues or reds he has made use of to record those corresponding tints in nature. Through a magnifying glass the effect is amazing when applied to the green of a tree or the blue of a painted sky; the same test to most early landscape art reveals the traditional and nominal green and blue. Under the new conditions of painting one can look into the colorful depths of trees and into azure distances of sky. Atmosphere, ether, is more largely the possession of recent landscape art than it has ever been in the past. Thackeray's Clive Newcome, a comparatively recent hero, for our purpose, exclaims, somewhere, at the futility of achieving color as compared with form: "A line *must* come right; you can force that into its place, but you can't compel the circumambient air." Since that time Monet and others—Monet, perhaps, above all, have succeeded in a large measure in "compelling" the all-embracing ether, and their contribution to landscape means a revelation of the possibilities of pigment. Art could no more evade this modern note than could other fields of human thought escape the stimulating effect of widening horizons. Nor is this note confined to landscape painting. It sounded in the schools and ateliers of the figure painters as well. The painter Monet struck it when his portrait study "Le bon Bock" was shown, and he, too, was hailed as an innovator, a deliverer.

Conventional lighting and arbitrary color received a shock that was wholesome. Surface lights on garments, varying textures, hard or soft, were given with a truthfulness and with an authority that truthfulness inspires. No more "studio" painting, or if, indeed, in-doors, with the fidelity of vision and faithfulness of record that the "plein-air" painters practised. Accidental lights, happy reflections, a frank statement of in-door effects make as imperative a call for truthful record as the more transient and evanescent movement of light and air outside. Monet believed this, and said so in his work. He established his planes, values, and play of surface lights with a precision that was convincing, and although not in a great sense a colorist, he contributed much that was sound to the painting of these latter days.

IV

BUT it is the unfamiliar, the unusual which always excites suspicion, if not ridicule. When Constable painted the lilac, or even bluish or whitish light which exists on the varnished surface of a violin, or on the sparkling, glistening surfaces of green leaves, reflecting from their polished planes the blue or white light of the sky, then "Constable's snow" became a witticism with connoisseurs and critics. But thanks to the steady and persistent practise of landscapists since that time, and to the public whose eyes, through their efforts, have become more sensitive and more attuned to the harmonious sights of out-door nature, there is to-day no surprise

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when these obvious facts are stated. It is now, rather, if they be missed, that criticism takes up their cause and condemns—it is no world of ours to-day without them. And our sense of outside things has become so keen, that the visual aspect of all objects under all conditions of illumination, in-doors or out-of-doors, seems in fair way to become the general property, the common attribute of human sight. Progress may be recorded here, undoubtedly; and so subtle are the statements now sometimes made in painted art, that one is moved to speculate as to the limit of the suggestive possibilities of human vision. Surely, with this new power of obtaining verisimilitude of a high order, painting may stride into a new realm of suggestive thought—interior work become more interesting and varied, portraiture more intimate, and still-life painting, even, less lifeless. Every object on which the light of heaven falls becomes a problem of fascinating and picturesque importance, a more beautiful world is disclosed to the sight, thence to the mind. It is very possible that the decline of panoramic art is due to the fact that mere breadth, extent, physical bigness, yields no such mental elation as does the contemplation of a corner of the world viewed by an artist of distinguished temperament, lyrical in his emotions, and possessed of all those sanctities of sight that a loving study of, and living with, nature has endowed him.

This searching inquiry into the visual potentialities of outward things has really affected all branches of painting, so that mural art, even—a comparatively recent revival of painted thought—has been touched by it, and one has only to compare the Raphaelesque designs of Baudry with the primitive simplicity of form, but thoroughly modern note in color, of Puvis, to be convinced of this. In Puvis we have the modern vision trained into the service of decorative art. His mind, richly stored with the multitudinous facts of sight, is so controlled, that in his use of them, in mural art, he always obeys the demands of architectural fitness. With the material in his hand to create a world of realistically natural images, he has the conscience and the character to so transform them, as never to offend the laws of mural rectitude. But the note is modern all the same, and has given a new life to pictured walls. In making legitimate use, as Puvis does, of this "new sight" in painted panels, the heavens are brought down and vistas opened: still ceiling is supported and walls stand firm. The bogey of "holes in the wall" need not be feared, if tempered and intelligent use is made of this new visual sense. This sense has penetrated and influenced all recent painted art—there is no getting away from it, nor any evident disposition to do so.

A resistless curiosity to peer into the world of things, to understand the laws which affect the semblance of any and all objects in nature—without and within—accidents of proximity, reflections, variations of color, the natural aspect of the different hours of the day, or the gloom of night—for night, too, has never been so adequately presented in art—all this, and myriads more of beautiful visual truths have been found in that great arsenal of nature, the storehouse of all facts, and been brought out by the painter to make use of in his art. In this limited review there has been space, perhaps, for an encouraging glance. Let us hope that, after all "fads" and neglects have passed, drawing will again assert itself and the artist of the future be equipped to tell, in fairer colors and purer form, the radiant story of the world.

FRANK FOWLER.

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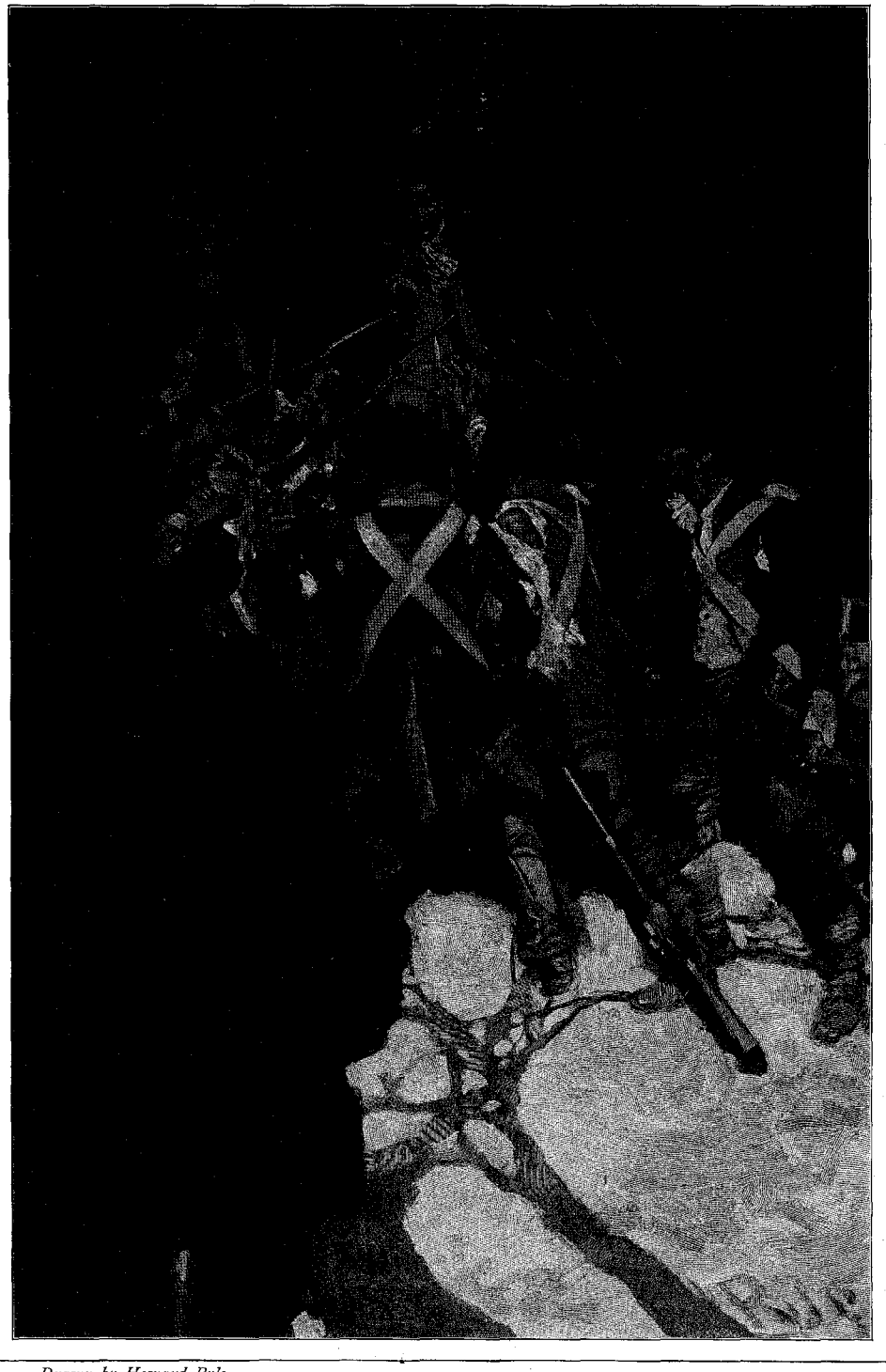

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

GENERAL WAYNE ENDEAVORING TO QUELL THE MUTINY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA REGIMENTS AT MORRISTOWN, N. J.

—"The United States Army," page 300.

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